# A MONTH IN ROME

ANDRÉ MAUREL

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*By André Maurel*

**Translated by Helen Gerard**

# Little Cities of Italy

*2 vols.*

# A Month in Rome

**1st Day:** As the Crow Flies. **2nd Day:** The Marble Thicket. **3rd Day:** Snuffers and Spinning-Wheels. **4th Day:** The Rival of Versailles. **5th Day:** The Lacus Curtius. **6th Day:** The Kiss of the Belvedere: **7th Day:** Turinus and Niobe. **8th Day:** The Crowned Ephebe. **9th Day:** The Cold Venus. **10th Day:** The Unpardonable Sin. **11th Day:** Church Drawing-Rooms. **12th Day:** Country Pleasures. **13th Day:** The School of Glory. **14th Day:** Under the Eucalyptus. **15th Day:** The Paternal Mansion. **16th Day:** The Mausoleum. **17th Day:** Michelangelo's Great Invention. **18th Day:** The Fornarina. **19th Day:** Modern Rome. **20th Day:** Affectations. **21st Day:** Annibale's Violins. **22nd Day:** Urban Pleasures. **23rd Day:** Resurrections. **24th Day:** Tellus Magna Virum. **25th Day:** The Voice of Juvenal. **26th Day:** The Triumph of Endymion. **27th Day:** Ruskin's Mistake. **28th Day:** Cinderella. **29th Day:** The Throne Room. **30th Day:** In Exitu.

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# A MONTH IN ROME

BY

ANDRÉ MAUREL
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE CITIES OF ITALY," ETC.

AUTHORIZED ENGLISH EDITION
TRANSLATED BY
HELEN GERARD

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# AUTHOR'S PREFACE

MONTH in Rome! Thirty days in a city that could not be exhausted by thirty years of profound study! Thirty days of the light impressions of a traveller who is amusing himself —as are all travellers.

"Rome is a world in which one must live for years before he can know his way about in it. How I envy the good fortune of those travellers who merely pass through it!" Goethe never intended to have his "envy" taken seriously, but I confess that it is just one of those passing-through-travellers that I wish to be. This is not the book of a man on his tenth visit, but of one who has passed little time in Rome. Neither archæologist nor critic, willing to accept all hypotheses, even the most contradictory, I am ready to beg the erudite scholars not to drive the wolf away from the Palatine. I have come here for the pleasure of wandering innocently among the ruins, listening to their faint voices on every side. Not a stone that bruises my heel fails to sound its note, and the chorus swells into a great hymn that stirs my heart.

Among the best-known of the recent conquerors of ancient Rome, M. René Schneider has said of her soul and M. Émile Bertaux has said of her treasures



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all that can be said at present, but it is some time since we have had tne fresh,—naïve, if you will,—impressions of the tourist of average culture and unlimited interest, the well-intentioned traveller who sees what he sees and thinks and feels without premeditation, a book that the hurried visitor may thumb as he walks about, in the hope of finding therein expressed some of his own rapid sensations.

Little now exists of the Rome described by President de Brosses and Stendhal, whose literary and familiar style I imitate without hoping to equal it. The discoveries made and the changes wrought in a hundred and fifty and in eighty years have so modified the aspect of the Eternal City that the impressions of the twentieth-century visitors must be quite different from theirs. In the course of the last thirty years a new Rome has been born, and that is as true of the ancient as of the modern city. In the Forum, for instance, Taine and Gaston Boissier, whose works must always be incomparable monuments of judgment and taste, would not know where they were. I should be proud to walk behind those writers who knew so well how to question and to count the stones they found here, but I pretend to do no more than simply to say what the new state of the place may inspire in the neophyte of today, that which impresses a student in Rome made young by a thousand ruins, thanks to the zeal of that clever artist, that learned archæologist. They fixed for all the world whatever was known in their time and whoever treads the pavements of Rome walks in their footsteps. They and

their followers permit me to be happily at ease before these marbles and in these ancient, newly re-made gardens. I hope for nothing but to share my pleasure with those who would like to accept me, not as their guide, but as a companion.

We shall go out to walk thirty times, we shall choose thirty interesting subjects from among the hundreds offered us in the inexhaustible supply which would fill thirty more days and yet other thirties. If, sometimes, our days seem short, you must remember that I am compelled to condense my descriptions and to sum up what we see in second, third, and even fourth visits, taken for granted, since every tourist in Rome goes back to places he has seen, and, on the way, he steps into buildings not down on his programme for that day. One might see Rome in fifteen mornings and fifteen afternoons, if to see a city were but to open one's eyes upon it; but with thirty days we shall be able to see even this ancient mistress of the world with some understanding and to hear her voice in our ears forever after.

Her voice is ringing in my ears as I write, for the truth is one writes first of all for himself, not daring to strive to please others lest he miss his mark, but content simply to follow the counsel of Ernest Renan: "Lift your soul, feel nobly, and say what you feel." This book, then, is merely what a friend once said of my *Little Cities of Italy*—the work of a happy man. May others share my happiness once more!

A. M.

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First Day

# AS THE CROW FLIES

## The Streets

MOST people form their mental pictures of Rome in advance, and even imagine the sensations they are going to experience when they see her, loyally opening their hearts to her in their day-dreams. By means of a course of historical reading and attempts to recall schoolroom tasks, they try to commit to re-

calcitrant memories some pertinent artistic chronologies and the gist of a few biographies and manuals. Above their lists and schedules, shines a vision of the Roman Catholic Church, typified in Saint Peter's—gorgeous, enormous, amazing, with the Vatican beside it, containing the immortal Greek statuary and Renaissance frescoes. To them, Rome is also the Forum, of old walls and scattered débris, solitary and mute, a mass of ruins which can be known intimately only by archæologists, but which every traveller must be able to say he has seen. Their Rome is, too, a permanent exhibition of masterpieces saved from barbarism and heaped together in two or three papal palaces. As for the city itself, it is to the average visitor-to-be a disordered vision of heaps of poor buildings closely packed together around other and tottering palaces which are, undoubtedly, of great interest to one who knows the intricate histories of the old Roman families. Perhaps they think of it as did Chateaubriand when he said: "Death seems to have been born here. There are more tombs than dead; it seems as if the skeletons must go about from coffin to coffin during the night." The stranger to Rome thinks of it as smothering under the weight of its history, a city one wishes to know for the sake of its past, for its much vaunted scenery, its Campagna, the Janiculum, and so many remains which are sure to be disappointing, their splendour being but that of Cæsar dead and of popes long since passed away.

Come, let us look at this Rome with unclouded eyes. As we go down from the railway station, across

the Piazza delle Terme, towards the Tiber, this is what we see: opposite the door of a church, a fountain with lascivious nymphs commands the vista of a long and wide street where the trolleys weave their web, where great modern shops spread out their luxuries; here and there a new palace stands between a bazaar and a tobacco shop. Soon this boulevard runs into a vacant lot about which it makes a curve to arrive at a noisy square as animated as the Place de l'Opéra in Paris. On the left of this square is the Vittorio Emanuele monument and on the right a swarming street lined with red palaces. Disdaining both obstacle and invitation, our avenue goes on, still broad, filled with shoppers, humming with activity, apparently always in a hurry. On either side and at every few steps, streets branch off, which lead, after many circuits and suffocations, to squares with glittering columns, or where fountains play, or where old walls elbow enormous white buildings for their share of the sunshine. On the streets and on the squares, everywhere are the encumbrances of the constructor, the perspective of vast enterprises of demolition and up-building.

Bewildered by so much confusion, so much activity, we look for some quiet centre, some place to take our bearings,—a refuge. Shall it be the Quirinal? Lost on a hill gained only by stairs or by the beds of torrents, the Piazza di Monte Cavallo will no more serve our purpose than would the apex of a pyramid. Indeed the Romans have pierced the hill with a tunnel, in order to pass from one side to the other of the Quirinal.

Shall we find our breathing place in the Piazza Colonna? The Corso cuts that in two, putting the low and mellow fountain and the Column of Marcus Aurelius all awry. But why the Piazza Colonna, when two steps away, at the end of the Corso, the Piazza di Venezia squares itself out? No, that is the chosen spot for a ganglia of the tramways and for the glorification of Victor Emmanuel. The Piazza di Spagna might do, or the Piazza della Cancelleria still better. What a centre is the Piazza of Saint Peter's! But the Vatican encumbers one side of that, and it is over there, on the other side of the Tiber, so far away from everything else that the cabmen have a special tariff for driving there. The seven hills still scatter Rome into pieces in spite of men and time, nor can the Forum, in its hole, bind it together.

We must give up trying to stand upon the hub of this universe, turn to details, and try to find order in the chaos. On our first stroll, let us look at whatever attracts our attention. The churches are innumerable. The Romans have an old saying, "As many churches as days in the year"; but they add immediately: "New ones have been built since that was invented." Whatever their number may be, they are all indifferent, if not repulsive, of aspect. One who goes to them with his head full of the inspirations of the Renaissance, with visions of Florence and Venice, looks at them in vain for a smile or a feeling of solemnity. They aim only at decorative, or rather, stupefying effects. They have been made to dazzle the pilgrim and the populace. The Baroque in art

is master among them. If you want to find a quiet retreat for a pure and noble prayer, you must go to look for it in the worst quarters of the town, among the poor for whom no money was wasted in expensive renovations.

The palaces, on the contrary, remain much as the princely families built them. Their cornices and windows proclaim that the great art of Alberti and Palladio was sown as far as this. The Palazzo di Venezia, the Farnese, the Caffarelli, the Colonna, the Sforza-Cesarini, the Madama, the Chigi, the Giraud, the Aldobrandini, the Ruspoli, all are here, witnesses of the restrained heroic time. Modern life has begun to eat into them, too; they are being transformed under the hand of the Madernos of today. Shops are installed on the ground floor, banks on the second —the Banco di Roma bought the Simonetti, on the Corso, where the sumptuous Cardinal de Bernis and Chateaubriand, French ambassadors, gave their great entertainments—while the proprietors, for the most part noble Romans, live on the third floor where there is more light and air.

In the midst of these modern improvements, the visitor runs against scattered ruins at every step. It is not possible to go a hundred yards without coming upon some tragic débris. You step out of the train and into a tram under the formidable and desolate vaultings of the Baths of Diocletian, surrounded by a garden, but still frowning across the young branches of the newly planted square. In the middle of a great avenue, encumbered by tramways, the Column of

Trajan, flanked by other columns cut off a yard above the ground, appears in the clear light of an alley at the end of a ditch. Farther on, an ancient circus has been made into the semicircular-ended Piazza Navona.

Through one street running this way and another that way, we come to a sublime portico with three rows of columns sustaining a frame-work as seamed, in spite of its relative newness, as the mutilated shafts that carry it. This is the Pantheon. Farther on in our stroll, we come upon another portico, with eleven columns on whose Corinthian capitals we no longer see either the vine or the acanthus, merely the outline of the sprouting stem. This is the Exchange, formerly the Custom House. Again we stand before the Curia Antonina of the Empire. That other building is the Temple of Neptune. This round church is a hall of the Thermæ of Diocletian. That pediment retreating behind the two half-buried columns, that frieze recording the good deeds of Minerva are the Forum of Nerva. At one side, three columns touching the wall worthy of a fortress are remains of the Forum of Augustus. On the left is the Forum Romanum and its rubbish. The Palatine shines green, not without opening a thousand black and toothless mouths and threatening heaven with its great, rusty arms. Here is the Arch of Janus Quadrifrons, scarcely disengaged and barring the street. There the vaulting of the Cloaca Maxima lives on its memories. The Temple of Vesta, covered with a petasus, is sheltered under the declivity of a quay.

Anderson

View of Rome from the Dome of St. Peter's

Anderson

The Island of St. Bartholomew in the Tiber

Anderson

The Palace of the Quirinal

As we go on we see the Portico of Octavia. The engaged columns of the Theatre of Marcellus frame sordid shops. The curve is still visible in the workmen's houses built upon the foundations of the Theatre of Pompey where Brutus killed Cæsar. The old Colosseum is capable of furnishing the material for thirty more palaces and another hundred churches before it becomes a veritable ruin. The Arch of Dolabella is there and the Thermæ of Caracalla hold their ground, while those of Titus are but a few bricks. The stretch of wall near the station is all that remains of the enclosure of Serius, and this roofless temple was dedicated to Minerva Medica.

Do you see the foliage behind the church of the Trinità de' Monti, with the flowers in rows upon the steps forming the most wonderful of pedestals? That verdure, on the left side, marks the site of the ancient gardens of Lucullus, where Messalina met her lovers; and on the right lay the gardens of Sallust, now built up in a rich and tree-planted quarter of modern Rome. Columns and obelisks are so numerous that one would think that Egypt had been rifled to the very sources of the Nile! One great name recalls others: there is testimony to fix them everywhere. In the Corso, the Palazzo Fiano stands upon the holy ground of the Ara Pacis. A concert hall has been built on the base, still to be seen, of the Mausoleum of Augustus. The Aventine, protruding from its rocks toward the Tiber, looks menacing still as in the time of the obstinate Decimvirs. The Cælius is yet the desert it became when sacked by the hordes of Robert Guiscard.

The early Christians hid themselves in the Esquiline. The Trastevere cherishes the prestige of the Fornarina, watched from every door. The Island of the Tiber seems to grow from all the seed that legend has given it for foundation. The Borgo is a sulky city still keeping to itself. Over there, on the edge of the landscape, are the still mysterious mountains of the Sabine and the Alban ranges, charged with heroism, with fertility, and with history.

Over all, everywhere, the nothings one touches with every movement are eloquent of the past. Here, on a street corner, is a single column standing close to the stones of a house the angle of which it rounds. Along these walls, and built in also, breast high, is a series of Ionic capitals whose columns have disappeared under the ground. Alone, between two old houses, or behind a railing, if the passing crowds make it necessary, are bits of ancient wall whose bricks have been rebaked by the sun of a thousand years. On and on: inscriptions, a fragment of cornice, the bare shaft of a column, half a pediment, a broken arch, like that out of joint above an old door on the quay of the Tiber, over opposite: the old door of the Albergo del Orso.

What a precious memory! Behind that little inn wall, Rabelais hid in the bottom of his deep pockets some seeds of the pink, some melon, artichoke, and lettuce seeds, destined for the gardens of Légugé from which they have spread over all France, giving to her their perfume and heaping her tables with savory dishes for four hundred and fifty years.

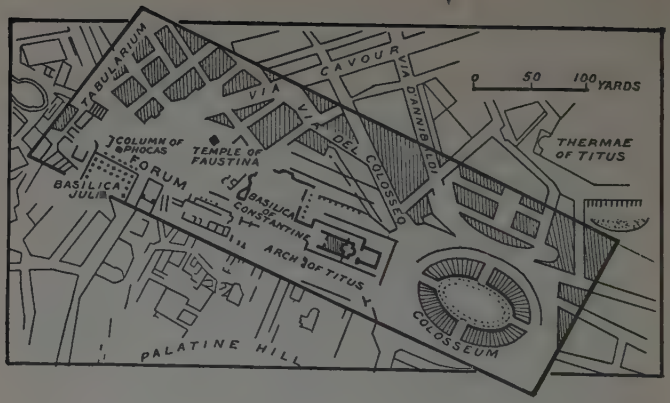
We have been thinking of a mouldy city, haunted by phantoms materialized in past centuries. Rome is, on the contrary, a most modern and noisy city. Although far from denying anything of her past, indeed putting herself to great pains not to forget it, she wants to keep pace with the times, to be a great modern capital, to show, as Italy has done, that she is worthy of the destinies over which she presides, to enjoy the comforts and conveniences enjoyed by her rival capitals of Europe. Every one of her days marks an effort to rise out of the tomb in which she has been mouldering. Her ruins are ruined twice over, marbles dragged from their places, carcasses mangled, the rotting boards of an empty coffin; but life is born out of this death. For almost half a century, Rome has been coming to life. Has she done so without destruction? Soon I shall seek to find in what measure, with what respect, modern Rome is coming to life over ancient Rome, what she disdains, what she preserves. Today I wish only to see her as she is, right or wrong in what she does. This contradictory Rome with the Via Nazionale running to the Thermæ of Diocletian, with the Colosseum echoing the gongs of the tramway, with the Pantheon measured by the strides of the *carabinieri*, with the Janiculum the pedestal of Garibaldi, with Neptune become the god of wealth, with Marcellus and Pompey sheltering little booths, with the Palatine Square, with the gardens of Lucullus used for the concerts of the military band—this Rome, where everything is so mixed up, is what no other

city of the world can be to such a degree: a living museum.

I have looked for a centre in it; the centre is in the soul of the city. A city in the process of formation is a beautiful spectacle, the more so when it is forming among ruins, but ten times more so when it knows the value of the ruins. To give it a centre would be to refuse to remember that it is built on seven hills! The house of Livia, which we are going to see, is all Rome brought to light. The dust has been brushed away, the roof repaired, but nothing essential has been changed. The city has grown, her people are settled comfortably among the surroundings of antiquity and go about their affairs without fear and without insolence. I shall not see here a Pompeii, a Mantua, the past twice dead, but the miracle of a past lending itself to the most familiar contact of the present. Two existences mingle and make but one, the first embellishing and instructing the other, the second taking counsel from the first. It is this second thread that we spin. The two cities are closely united, and, living as we are in the world of the present, the two seem to be equally at our service. No! It is not a new city that we have been looking at just now, but a city which has taken up the thread fallen from the fingers of Lachesis. Nowhere else have I had the privilege of entering whenever I might choose to do so the centuries which time has swallowed up. One cannot take a step without being called upon to let one's self go on some delightful excursion into other days. One enjoys one's own times and former times,

one can live and be a ghost, too. We realize the dream, common to all of us, of being ourselves and others at the same time. But is it I who follow back the ages, or the ages which reappear in me? Virginius, Melius, Chateaubriand's *Eudore*, they are all in me, wanting to know what is going on. . . .

A living museum, unclassified, wide open and without glass cases, where each object comes naturally under the fingers which recognize it and handle it with the skill of an expert! An inhabited museum in which the products of the Sicilian potteries and Myrrine cups are upon our tables, or the woollens of Padua and the silks of Tyre decorate our couches, where we drive the horses of Castor and Pollux, where our house is shut by a door from the temple of Janus, where we drape ourselves in the toga with the ease of a Roman citizen. That fabulous history which in our childish minds prolongs the fairy lands of the Bible is not only revealed here, "come true," but is accessible and palpable. Again we think how right was Rabelais with his salad. It was he who brought to us Frenchmen the perfume and the taste of Mother Rome from the ashes he tread underfoot. Let us interpret and make good the symbolical lesson he taught us. Let us perfume ourselves and enrich our Latin blood! Always wonderful in flexibility and assimilation, Rome mingles together all epochs and modernizes herself for our convenience. Weak indeed should we be, if, with all she does for us, we were unable to understand her!




### Second Day

## THE MARBLE THICKET

### The Forum

TO see Rome in detail I begin at the Forum. This is the source, and my plan being to know the Eternal City by following up her life through the course of the ages, what better method can I adopt than to seek the testimony of her first days in the places where she began to have some consciousness of herself? From here she spread throughout Italy and over the whole world. But we shall find this maternal breast ravaged, with scars that tell us how the city was overcome by those whom she had absorbed. The scars are tenderly cared for now. Nothing could be more emblematic of the undying city than these bandaged wounds, the remains so wonderfully festooned with growing plants, the altars strewn with fresh flowers, as we find them today.

I come to the Forum soon after midday. All Rome, citizens and strangers, alike, are either at luncheon or taking their siesta. The sun and I, only, look upon these scattered marbles; we are alone in possession, breathing the perfumes which arise from death purified. For this first sight of the Forum, I have chosen the balcony of the Tabularium. Not even my shadow must disturb the shades. In my black recess under the immense vaulting, I shall not frighten any memories. The birds nesting in the oleanders may sing undisturbed of the new miracle of spring and of the ideals of young Rome.

The sun does me sumptuous honour, shining with such brilliancy that the things sheltered by wall or column are almost as bright as if they, too, felt his caress. An equal light plays upon all the débris, indifferent to the tragedies of time. The blue of heaven throws a soft azure tint over this crude whiteness, bright enough to open the blind eyes of Homer. In the sun's quivering rays, columns and arches stand out rose colour, like the porticoes of Pæstum which repulse the Tyrrhenian Sea. The three columns of the temple of Castor and Pollux lightly carry aloft the three stones of their entablature, like Cupid perched upon three fingers of Mars, sporting in the day god's caressing rays.

The eight columns of the Temple of Saturn have none of the light gracefulness, the piquant air of those other three.

The Dioscuri on the architrave—those nude boys on horses as white as themselves, who saved Rome at

the time of her birth—do not follow each other laughingly, but are mighty serious, without filets to give them line. After the three columns of the Castor and Pollux, the columns of Saturn seem to me, like a façade of Palladio beside another by Sansovino, very pure, but a little severe; whereas Sansovino's is full of joy. I promise myself that when I go down among the ruins, that smile of Castor will often take me back to him for I may need his encouragement, if the Forum is too much of the character of the Saturn. From the height of my balcony, as yet I hear but one voice from the past, and that is full of piety and heroism.

My eyes now go to the mutilated Arch of Septimius Severus, a tortured Hercules, the members palpitating, the flesh alive, oozing a black blood, carried away by the waters of heaven from the thousand wounds inflicted upon him by the barbarians of time. The red wall of the Curia complains of its solitude, left outside of the new enclosure, far from friendly neighbours. The portico of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina is full of the pride of having overawed the sacrileges perpetrated all about it. The little round Temple of Romulus seems to tell how glad it is at being forgotten in its modest seclusion. Farther on, my gaze penetrates under the vaulting of the Basilica of Constantine, formidable, indestructible. Away over there, the Arch of Titus opens its one eye upon the thousand of the Colosseum. And, on the right, the verdure of the Palatine crowns the great toothless mouths of the imperial palace, vast caverns where

the Rome of the emperors lay until the trumpet of our own age brought her back to life.

What shall I say of this first meeting, this first embrace of the city? Once before, on the little terrace of Petrarch's house at Arquá Petrarca, I caressed the stone of the loggia on which the great citizen of Italy had laid the trembling hand of a tired old man. I breathed the perfume that he used to breathe of the eternal wild rose, and my eyelids fluttered to keep my eyes from showing that they were wet.[1] At this moment I am played upon by no such tenderness. I bruise my hand on the rail of the balcony where now I overlook the world, but my eyes are dry, and my mouth opens not for a sigh, but to utter a cry of victory, of possession. I have it at last: here it is, calm, tranquil, sure of itself, proud, frank as the sky, a great open book whose pages any one may turn! Some people have said to me that the Forum is little; others, that it has been desecrated by the houses that overlook it. I, at this moment, find it infinite, grand, like the world to which it gave birth. My eyes fixed upon it, see nothing else, and when I am obliged to turn away, they retain only that one great image. Why should I look at the surroundings of this wonderful picture? Not a sound do I hear, not a breath do I feel that does not reproach me for not having come before, and, if I am afraid of the majesty of his wide-open white arms, why there is Castor's smile to reassure me! The treasures are spread at my feet;

[1] *Little Cities of Italy*, vol. i., part ii., chap. viii.

they seem arranged for my coming, set in order, after so many centuries for the visit of all those who can be moved at the sight of ruins, who know their eloquence and the pleasure they can give.

A well-made path invites me to leave my dark corner and stroll between rows of irises standing under the shadow of fresh mauve and white lilac bushes. For two hours, while the heat of the day passes, I wander about among parterres of roses and crumbled decorations, under the surveillance of the unobtrusive guardians, faithful watch-dogs, sleeping with one eye open in the shadow of a wall. I tread the pavement of the Basilica Julia, and respectfully step over the lines made for playing draughts, as in a church one steps over the stone whereon is graved some mitred image. Before the Rostrum, I look at the broad face of Cicero, grinning from the platform, and, in the silence, I hear his maledictions against Verres and Cataline. My ample toga flutters, I am jostled by an excited crowd. There is not a corner of the Basilica Æmilia that I do not explore. I mount the wooden staircase which leads to the portico of the Temple of Faustina. The custodians sweep away the heaps of dust for me to see the green and red pavement of the Basilica of Constantine, that red of blood, washed off, but indelible. I enter the Temple of Cæsar, and, with my head in my hands, I sit resting among its four earth-covered pillars. I climb even to the columns of Castor. I go over the dwelling of the Vestals. I cover the plan of the Regia and linger by the Latus Juturnæ, the spring where the Pala-

tine nymph used to rest near her modest and charming little altar. For a long time I stand before the frescoes, sole remains of that Christian sacrilege, Santa Maria Antica, which was installed in the Temple of Augustus to its cost, but is now cleared away. I have seen everything, verified everything, adored everything, and all the time I have been feeling how vain a task it would be for a simple traveller in search of joy, to try to name over these remains, to attempt to raise them and people them in his imagination. They have raised themselves before my eyes, and filled themselves with crowds out of which have emerged the greatest of their children. To the most ignorant man who looks at it, this rubbish is full of poetry. Surely, he is fortunate who can give to each of these stones its name and place,—and I should like to be he. But would it not be at the expense of pure emotion? The Forum Romanum, so smiling and so severe, is spectacle enough without the ornamentation of any forced memories. One cannot but yield to the attraction of this fallen colossus, admire the pride still glowing in its destroyed and scattered members. Equally impossible is it not to think of what it would be if still standing, in use, a hundred times transformed, freshened, rebuilt, a museum, a church, government offices, commercial exchange, theatre. How beautiful it is, broken to pieces, ruined! Is it not enough to have it cleared of its dust and open to the daylight? The great eras of the ruined Forum are written there; first the time of Theodoric, last witness of the basilicas and the temples as they stood; then the time of

Guiscard; then the ages of night. In the fifteenth century Poggio Bracciolini wrote: "Virgil described the state of Rome at the epoch when Evander welcomed the fugitive from Troy. The Tarpeian Rock was covered with bushes. A golden temple soon covered it. A revolution of the wheel of fortune and briars and brambles again covered the sacred soil. The Forum today is surrounded by a hedge, and vegetables are cultivated there, or it serves as a promenade for swine and buffalo." Notwithstanding certain works toward redemption, it must have remained like that up to our own day. Poussin and Chateaubriand saw it in almost the same state as Poggio describes it. We, knowing this as we walk about the Forum today, filled with amazement and joy, must think what good fortune it was that the swine and buffaloes found herbage here, that under their hoofs the Forum slept to awaken in the twentieth century.

Not a step can we take in this astounding, bewildering mass without striking against a marble. The eye cannot look in any direction without seeing a string-course, a cornice, a capital, a sculptured base, a pillar, the very undergrowth is scattered with crumbs of débris. Nothing is intact, nothing is complete; everything is in broken fragments. Yet how full of joy it all is under the deep blue sky; vibrating to the sun which passes light fingers over the jagged flesh. We feel our deepest emotions touched by its contrasts, its happy death, its abandonment, and its confidence. Thousands of these fragments, lying about on the

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**The Forum**

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**The Colosseum and the Arch of Titus, from the Palace of the Cæsars**

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The Details from the Hall of the Vestals

ground, you might carry away; these passive witnesses of their past are within your reach, but they have confidence in you, in the respect of the world, like children who know nothing of evil, they stand here against their flowering background making us welcome their innocence thrown into pure relief by their beautiful setting. For this, at every step, we bless and thank Signor Giacomo Boni, artist, poet, scientist, and archæologist. Signor Boni's excavations have, during the past ten years, almost doubled the riches of the Forum, of Rome, which is of all men.

Formerly nature had conquered the Forum; now she has it in her embrace. It is the most wonderful garden imaginable. Not a corner where some bush is not growing. Is there a dead wall, it is enlivened by rhododendrons, oleanders, or lilacs. Is there a dark corner, a re-entrant angle, a copse makes it cheerful. Approaches to the great monuments, the Basilica of Constantine, bases of the temples, all are embellished. Each ruin with well-defined boundaries has been set off by its own balmy cluster of verdure. Sweet-briar and roses spring from the interstices, crown dismantled walls, making death gay with their freshness. Each stone is a tomb and the master cares for it as if it were that of his ancestor. Little trees, small wreaths, pliant bindweed, all show the filial piety that wishes to rob the tomb of its terror, without hiding from faithful eyes. This is a true cemetery, but of the fields, invaded by spring, where the dead smile at—and teach—the living among the perfumed growing things of earth.

If it were necessary to detail the care or insist upon the delicate feeling bestowed upon this pious work, if it were necessary to prove what cautious and vigilant tenderness holds sway in this formidable place, undiminished by a single failure in good taste, or by any act of indiscreet zeal, would it not be enough to say that the Temple of Cæsar is decorated with oleanders? Who would not be moved at the sight of oleanders growing there where Cæsar burned upon his funeral pyre! Great Cæsar's dust gives life to oleanders! His ghost walks among the oleanders! See the Lacus Juturnæ, the beautiful and limpid fountain to which the waters of the Palatine were coaxed. To-day it is full once again, and the little altar, replaced in its angle, mirrors its gods and its garlands in the same waters that used to reflect them long ago. Farther on a column stood for ages looking at its architrave lying at its feet and longing for the sister column which had helped to carry its fallen burden. Now the architrave is replaced and is sustained at the other end by a brick pillar covered with an entwining wistaria in full bloom. Every shaft that has been deprived of its marble casting is similarly caressed by nature and festooned in gladness with the resurrection of every April. The purest flower of this awakened park is in the Atrium of the Vestals. Around that great area the statues of the priestesses are placed upon their pedestals with nothing to distract attention from them, shining white against the walls or mauve against the sky. Witnesses of art and of history, have not they also the right to live again and

does not modern Rome magnify them still in giving them back their setting? The old basin has been cleared of its rubbish, water again runs there, reflecting the goddesses while dwarf rose trees, simple, uncultivated little red roses, the maternal sweet-briar, form a girdle around the curb, throwing their colour into the water, from which the reflection touches the cheeks of the statues.

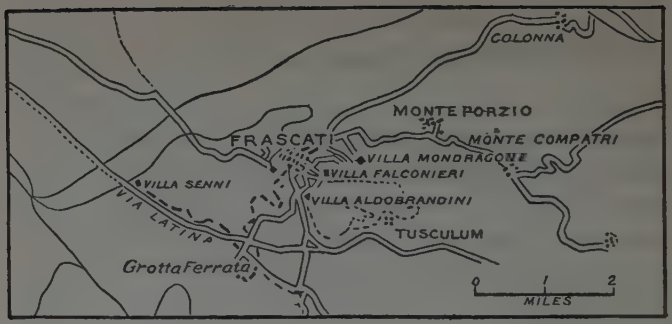
Words are cold: if there is one that can suggest the beauty of this Forum garden, it is the word of impuissance, the word *inexpressible.* To describe these decorations is to exaggerate them, but no one must think that they are excessive. It is only after hours of wandering about that you can perceive the light hand that has woven them. You will for a long time think of the thin bushes of the time of Evander. So sure is the taste which has inspired the arrangements that it is only little by little that you will find them out. The Forum of today, twice the size of that of the time of Poggio, in those days when the flocks used to graze there, has as many flowers now as then, but they no longer choke up the marbles and the memories. All are in their places, lending aid to one another, mutually exalting one another for our enchantment. Marbles and oleanders have their fruitful existence side by side, equal and harmonious. Nothing is lost to the mind, nothing is lacking to the heart. After you have seen and admired and remembered under the charm of the Forum of the twentieth century, then you will be able to bless the barbarians.

The sun has long been hidden behind the Capitol,

and I cannot tear myself away. It seems to me that I could pass the rest of my life here. I look with envy at the guardian down there who is beginning to show his impatience for closing time. Tomorrow he will come back; he will pass all his days here. Rome echoes all around me. Before my eyes stand all the monuments that I had a glimpse of yesterday, my ears ring with the calls of the Vatican, the Thermæ, the Appian Way, but, strong as was their appeal to me when I was still far away from them, now, lingering here in the bottom of this revivified tomb, I feel insensible to them all. Michelangelo, Raphael, are but men, whereas here I am near the gods. Many times, in this land of Italy, have I thrilled with pleasure, have I been stirred by the pride and joy of living. Never have I known hours so happy, so pure, so full of that joy and pride as those passed here. When, from the height of the Tabularium, I first looked upon the serene and indestructible grandeur of this field of marbles, this orchard of columns, I apprehended the meaning of those great words: nobility and majesty. I lifted my head, carried out of myself by the thought that I, too, was a part of this noble and majestic humanity. Familiarity has taken away nothing of that exaltation, only deepened it with tenderness.

It is time to go. With the most solemn vows, I say good-bye. Tomorrow, every day, I shall come back. Here in this valley is all Rome, its strength, its poetry, its heaven, and its soul. My own soul lives here, also. And who am I to have such happiness? Why, after so many centuries have rolled

away, am I, the son of a foreign land, so moved by a spectacle, which after all, appears to be nothing but colours and contours, which is supposed to recall nothing but school-day memories? The men who made my country had no part in this. I owe it nothing . . . at least. . . . And as I walk back among the lilacs and the irises, I wonder if I have gone because I feel at home in the Roman Forum?




### Third Day

## SNUFFERS AND SPINNING-WHEELS

### Frascati

YESTERDAY having been surcharged with marbles, as was the pasture of Poggio's buffalo and of Chateaubriand's "oxen with enormous horns," I dreamed all night of the Forum where I had been overfed, and felt like the herds of the Campo Vaccino, chewing their cud in the stable. If I stay in Rome today, my feet will carry me back there in spite of me. I shall again be subjugated by the exaltation which laid hold of me yesterday and made me despise everything not Cæsarean, and I shall spend there every one of the few days that must be so divided that I shall see something of all Rome. It would be wise to put a broad piece of the Campagna between me and the Forum. I must go up in the

mountains, and breathe the spring air, perfumed with recent life. The shady places, the running waters, the attractive villas of Frascati will help me, by their familiar association with the everyday life of a most recent past, to come back to the present century. Tomorrow, once again in the varied city, I shall be able to look about me without so many sighs, and may I see something that is not *It!*

Once outside the city gates, we may read any descriptions of the Roman Campagna, however old, without perceiving how many generations ago it was written. "For a long distance on our left hand, we have the Apennines, the prospect of an unpleasant country, humpy, full of deep cuts, incapable of receiving the attack of an army in order, the ground without trees, and a large part of it sterile, the country very open all around for more than ten miles in extent; and almost all of it is of this character, with very few houses." As Montaigne saw the surroundings of Rome, so we see them today. Should I try to describe this Campagna, attempting a task before which such a realist as Taine fell back? Chateaubriand, in perhaps the most beautiful of his pages, certainly in the most magnificent ones that he wrote, has made it sublime; the child of Brittany was touched to his soul by this integral solitude without trace of human remains other than ruins. Pasturage, nothing but pasturage without flocks to crop it, without cabins to hold possession of it, without labourers to take the trouble to plough it—an absolute, wilful, systematic waste! This was the Campagna of the lethargic

Rome whose sinister portrait was traced by Stendhal, in certain fragments, and by Taine, in his *Travels*. Like the pontifical city, it was deliberately kept asleep. However great the shock we may feel upon going out upon it from the capital of the Kingdom of Italy, we must not fail to recognize its grandeur. Cultivated, the Roman Campagna would appear to our Parisian eyes, like the plain of Pierrefitte and of Gonesse. We like it better sterile, wild, glacial, funereal, and made the more sinister by the large torsos of the crumbled aqueduct. The Alban and Sabine mountains form an incomparable background; the Campagna spread out as it is against their masses of colour and shadows is imposing and attractive at the same time, embracing the rich and blustering city like a vast moat which bathes the castle walls, or, to change the figure, like the spring where swims the ancient nymph.

The train crosses the Campagna so quickly that I am consoled only by the thought that on another one of my thirty days I shall see it for its own sake, with its ruins, and that then I may attempt to understand its character and significance. Its arid soil seems like a fantastic hunting field reserved by the Romans for their pleasures of the chase. As I think of the Forum with its flowers, how much I wish that the Campagna had its growing grain today, as in the time of Camillus, when the people, excluded from a share in this fertile land, revolted against the patricians.

Horace was, perhaps, the only Roman of them all who did not look at Rome from the windows of his

villa. The children of the heroic race who were centuries in conquering these mountains could only rest in them by assuring themselves every time they lifted their eyes that Rome was so near that they could not be robbed of her. From the Alban mountains the Romans came and to the Albans they returned when their fortunes were made, but from every point they chose for their showy villas, they could see Rome shining brilliantly, spread out upon the plain. The olive trees of their vast plantations do not interfere with the prospect; the orchards on the hillsides seem to flatten themselves in order not to spoil the view.

Frascati was the advance post of the old Tusculum which took refuge on this promontory when the Romans of the twelfth century, by one of the most odious crimes of their history, had ruined the granddaughter of Ulysses and of Circe. Shameless, salubrious Frascati stands out gaily, facing the pride of Rome, seated broadly upon the banks of her superb river. What remains to us of its history is modern. The villas of the princely families who took possession here were built at the end of the sixteenth and during the seventeenth centuries and lack the purity of the villas that I have seen in Tuscany, in Venetia, in the Marches, and in Umbria, all flowers of the divine Renaissance. These are dominated by a bad taste scarcely held within bounds by the traditions of the great epoch. Built by nobles who drew as they chose upon the bank of the Church, nephews of the popes or cardinals who had fallen out with the papacy, they

advertised opulence; all of them were made for turbulent pleasures, and rang with that song by Horace after Actium: "The trouble is over, every one is pledged in Italy, pacified at last. Let us drink, let us dance!"

The papal princes no longer made war; they had even lost the interest in letters and the arts which had once consumed the souls of a Piccolomini, a Barbo, a Borgia, a Rovere, or a Farnese. What did they do the livelong days? For their amusement, they utilized the waters that gush out of the flanks of these precipitous mountains, making grottoes, cascades, jets of spray rising in the air, tumbling in masses, twisting and tangling, adding their falls and their trickery to their fresh voices. Almost nothing now remains of these puerile amusements. In the past century, one still enjoyed them, and President de Brosses, jovial man, laughed himself ill over them. He has left us testimony of how the gay cardinal-nephews amused themselves at the Villa Aldobrandini.

A great jet of water, "one of the most beautiful things that one can see in the world," spurted out with a frightful noise of air and water ingeniously combined to make a veritable concert. A centaur played a cow-herd's horn and a faun played a flute. They really played them, the air being forced through tubes into the instruments hung from the lips of the gushing statues. "Ear splitting music," said Brosses who was amused by it, nevertheless. He proposed to send the centaur and the faun to the school of Apollo who gave a similarly discordant concert in a neighbouring hall, with the aid of the nine Muses.

Farther on, Pegasus, with an impetuous foot, made the water burst forth in fountain Hippocrene which also sings. All this can hardly have been as painful to eye and ear as the mischievous President would have us believe, since, as he says:

"We were seated very seriously to hear the centaur play on his cow-herd's horn, without noticing a hundred little traitorous pipes distributed about between the joints of the stones which suddenly parted above us, forming arcades."

The party ran away, laughing, and the evening passed in the enjoyment of similar tricks.

"There is, especially, a nice little revolving staircase, and as soon as one steps upon it, jets of water spring out, crossing one another in every direction,—from above, from below, from all sides. One is held there, unable to escape. Under this stair, we had our revenge on Legouz to whom we owed the inundation of the hall. He started to turn a cock to dash water upon us, but that cock was made on purpose to deceive deceivers; a torrent as big as one's arm struck him with incredible force, squarely in the stomach. Legouz fled, his breeches distilling water into his shoes. We laughed until we fell on the floor."

I can well believe it. At the local fairs, to this day, is sold a cravat pin with a hidden attachment to a bulb filled with water, hanging on the wearer's chest, and he has only to press it while you respond to his invitation to examine his pin, to make it give you a dash in the face. Gentlemen of the seventeenth century

and magistrates of the eighteenth century amused themselves with these diversions. The custodian of the Villa Aldobrandini did not even ask me to regret them: he does not know that they ever existed. Less fortunate than our Burgundian, I was obliged to resign myself to looking calmly, and without being spattered, at this aquatic architecture. From the loggia of the casino, under the vaulting of the vestibule, these stages, these water stairs, these columns sown with precious stones are interesting with the charm of old spinning-wheels in the corner, of the candle-snuffers on the chimney-piece. Trees have grown around and above the cascades, some of which still have a thread of water, the foliage adding a mystery, a shaded intimacy that makes them more pleasing. But we must remember that time and solitude only have bestowed this character upon them. In the days of Clement VIII., trees were more rare, the waters more abundant, and noisy people were about. Perhaps my judgment is too severe upon such works as the Aldobrandini Villa, which, although less rich, is quite as brilliant as the Villa Medici where my asperities are softened by the Domenichino frescoes; but I can no more forgive Giacomo della Porta, who made this agreeable dwelling upon this incomparable site, for his rustic concessions to bad taste than, at Mantua, I can excuse Giulio Romano for his shell grottoes.

The other villas here also have their mechanical contrivances which have been overcome by ruin while the prosperity of nature has favoured their gardens. They lie along the mountains, hidden un-

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**Villa Aldobrandini, Frascati**

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**The Fountain above the Villa Aldobrandini, Frascati**

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The Cascade of the Villa Conti, Frascati

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The Cascade of the Villa Aldobrandini, Frascati

der the oaks and the olive trees which open their majestic parasols above the roads. The Falconieri, standing upon a terrace from which one sees Tivoli, is however, simple and upon beautiful lines. The two cities, Rome and Tivoli, the two mountain chains, the Albans and the Sabines, watch each other across the plain struggling to see which is to be the more resplendent. Two gardens lie about the Falconieri, one cultivated, the other abandoned, a moderate number of parterres and low, shadowy bushes. In their midst is a great basin surrounded by cypresses, gigantic candles around dead water. I sat down in the shade of these funereal watchers, asking impartial nature to teach me indulgence toward all these affectations over which, little by little, she is taking back her rights.

The masters of these other villas, which I have just visited, have always followed the example of the Aldobrandini, formerly the torture of trees and waters, today the example of allowing leaves to grow and waters to run naturally; they let the centaurs crumble, and plug up the pipes, the flutes rust to pieces, and the obscenities shrivel out of sight. The present masters look at nothing but the freshness of nature and the background it affords. They live in the old casinos and make no effort to keep up the child's play in which our only interest is that it once existed and, above all, that it exists no longer. Yet, what a lesson the Falconieri of today gives us; the gardens scarcely saved from the caterpillars, the house, on the contrary, given over to the renovation of modern

masons, the paintings of Maderno vigorously restored. Those decorators of the seventeenth century were full of ingenious fancy, they knew all the subtleties of their trade, they were ignorant of what gives the flavour to art, that is to say, restraint, taste. At least, they had the merit of putting nothing on their interior walls that swore with the proclamation of the exterior—the triumph of futility. As for the lesson: I asked the workmen the reason of all these changes. They told me, "For the Germans who are establishing an artistic institute here."[1]

Yesterday in the street, I heard from a passing voice: "It is like those Germans to come here and give us lessons in ethics!" And at dinner an Italian said to me:

"The hill of the Capitol belongs to us no longer! It is occupied almost entirely by Germany. As for Austria, two of her palaces in Rome are on the two most famous squares of the city, the Piazza della Colonna and the Piazza di Venezia."

The Italian is somewhat uneasy at seeing the German install himself in Italy; but he must admit that the Triple Alliance has this important result for Italy: it has made her work. The great industrial and commercial effort of Italy dates from the hour when she

[1] The reader is reminded that this book was written before the peace of Europe was broken. This and some other passages were suppressed, with the author's consent, in the first draft of the translation, for the reason that in English-speaking countries M. Maurel's astute observations upon Germany and Austria might be regarded as mere French prejudice.—H. G.

was no longer in a position to ask France for everything she wanted; from the hour when, entered into the European civilization, she adopted its tastes, gave herself up, if you will, to its excesses. Then, once again, Germany invaded Italy, and an economist might write a pretty story of the German financial invasion in a poor country, pushed into enterprise by necessity. Here at Frascati, I am not so far from Rome that I forget her history from the invasion of Charlemagne to this day.

We Latins do not sufficiently appreciate that the Germans, still the old Saxon-Germanic race, knows nothing of the Latin amenities, of the refinements, that charm of life as we understand it, that compound of urbanity, "politeness," as foreigners say of us, and a certain indifference to the material profit when the spirit or the mind, by which I mean the same thing, is satisfied. In spite of the appetites let loose today, at bottom the Latin culture still remains of the first order. We shall always think, as Diderot said, that "the things of life have their price, but we must always ask ourselves what is the price of the sacrifice necessary to obtain them," and as Renan did: to meditate, to conjecture, to speculate upon matters that interest us must always be the most agreeable of occupations, whatever may be the reality. The German does not understand this language, and he brings into his relations with those whom he selects for his business affairs a brutality that the Latin mind—nor yet his cousin the Anglo-Saxon—cannot comprehend, nor even admit the existence of when it is

pointed out to him. The German soul is that of the brutal and insatiable conqueror. To him might is the law of the world, and as, in his own opinion, he has the greatest strength of any nation of the earth, he claims all right as his. No doubt this is more true of Prussia, that artificial military nation, than of the kingdoms over which she presides; but the others follow her so obediently that the world cannot be expected to differentiate amongst them. Prussia gives the key-note, the others take their parts, and all Germany sings in unison.

Such as she is, Germany has come into Italy, shod with her heavy shoes, which she rings on the pavements wherever she goes, that everyone may know that she is here and that first place is hers by right, as she is the strongest of any present or to come. She must have the Capitoline, where the Palazzo Caffarelli, which had long been the property of Prussia, awaited her. But she must double the area, and today she occupies more than half of the hill. An oversight on the part of Napoleon III., at the drawing up of the treaty of Villafranca, left to Austria the Palazzo San Marco which should have been returned to Venice. Austria is not Germany, you say. Is it not? Perhaps no less in Austria, it may be even more than in Italy and everywhere else in the world, —and we are not forgetting that there are great countries across the seas,—does Germany strut about, talk loud, elbow her neighbours, and protest as if she had been injured whenever any one does anything without having asked her permission. She has in-

augurated in all of Europe, if not in other continents, the rule of the big fist. Her fist is the biggest and she shakes it at Italy and the rest of us, ruling, reprimanding, ordering us about and spreading herself grossly over us all.

After giving to Italy the rank of a Great Power, by the Alliance, which it suited her convenience to make, Germany has felt that the new kingdom was the special object of her condescension and benefits, and she rubs it in on all occasions. The long-suffering Italian, surprised and happy to find himself no longer forced to be a mendicant on the face of the earth, has endured these grand airs with such patience that his worst enemy, if he has one, cannot accuse him of ingratitude. But he now begins to feel that his patience is being overstrained. He cannot understand such manners, he who is always so full of courtesy and goodwill, and, although, perhaps a little sharp at a bargain, always so happy when he has "speculated." When he sees the German come elbowing his way like a prize-fighter through his Italy, vaunting his superiority in all things Italian as well as German, seeming to say with every gesture, "Fortunate I am here," the Italian begins to look up and to scold. Oh, he scolds as he does everything, nonchalantly, smilingly, but he is scolding. "Have the times of Otho and Barbarossa come back?" he asks. His fathers have too long looked with terror in the direction of the German Alps for him not to be quick to take up the old alarm. He knows all about the Italian servitude that followed upon the coming of Charlemagne and

of Charles V., when the Germans came down to protect Italy and watch over her welfare! The Italian, his own master at length, does not look on at any twentieth century imperial visitations with forgetfulness of the past and tranquillity for present and future. His nature, so fundamentally antipathic to the German character, may not fully understand the meaning of the Teuton's actions, but he is rubbed the wrong way by them and is growing to hate his insolences and brutalities and give to them a significance, an importance that is greater than they merit; and now, every time that he sees him plant his foot on another piece of Italian land he shivers with repulsion and anxiety.

**Fourth Day**

# THE RIVAL OF VERSAILLES

## The Vatican, the Palace

BEFORE looking at the furniture it is well to see the house, and, even if it were empty the Vatican would be worthy the most careful attention. First monument of the Roman Renaissance, it has been enlarged, embellished, transformed—a hundred years in the building—without losing its character; the old wing of Nicholas V. still plunges into the Piazza. This vast residence of the popes has followed all the vicissitudes of its princes; it has been modest, gorgeous, prudent, and thrifty. To us, it may be, first of all, the servant who explains the master, and we shall find it as eloquent as the Forum or the Palatine, perhaps more so, since it is still standing in grandiose

majesty, unchanged in form during three hundred years and occupied by the race of its ancient lords. For four centuries, the life of almost half the globe has revolved around the Vatican. Even now, how many people still regulate their actions, all their thoughts and actions, according to its opinions! Yet, reverie before its walls is impossible, everything is so solid, intact, precise, and clear. To see it, such as it is, is to see the growth of the centuries in beauty, in piety, and in liberty. And not the least interesting of the lessons it teaches us is its immobility, since the day when Pius IX. shut up the Cortile di San Damaso —the great entrance court, originally open to the Piazza just in front of Saint Peter's and around which stand the three vast wings of the palace.

On the right of the Tiber and far enough from the bank, the Vatican Hill rises, steep and covered almost entirely by Saint Peter's and the palace with the dependencies and gardens. The surroundings, except the ancient Borgo, that quarter of Rome particularly of the Vatican, limited to a few streets before and at the right of the Piazza di San Pietro, kept their ancient character until the recent construction of an entirely new quarter in the old fields—*the Prati di Castello*. But that has not thrown down the cold and inaccessible walls of the Vatican. Seen from the Prati side, the long, yellow expanse is glacial, with its rare windows, perched upon its forbidding rock. Only the light irregularities of the Belvedere smile a little at the right end of the surly flatness.

On the side of the Piazza, the palace is less severe,

but still the self-contained and distant Vatican that overlooks the magnificent square which has taught the world the altogether modern feeling of the majesty of space. There, on the right, above Bernini's Colonnade, show three great, square storeys in a mass of noble line and reddish tint that braves the sun. This is the new part, the last wing, built by Sixtus V. and Clement VIII., finished in 1600, and where the popes have lived ever since; it has the only façade looking toward Rome and from its great windows they can see all of Rome, even their Lateran, abandoned for the exile at Avignon and to which the papacy never returned. They can watch the tide of pilgrims and tourists crossing the Piazza to disappear under Bernini's Colonnade and mount his resplendent Scala Regia on their way to Bramante's loggia and the unassuming old palace of Nicholas V., now celebrated the world over for the Raphael Rooms and the Borgia Apartment.

This old part stands opposite the present pontiff's new wing, across the formerly open entrance court, the ample rectangular space where Innocent X. placed a fountain to the memory of his sainted predecessor, Damasus. It is much older than the building across the end of the court, connecting the old wing with the new one and which was raised by Gregory XIII.

You see at a glance that the old part, close to Saint Peter's, is altogether unlike its younger sisters: redder, flatter, more thickset, with less symmetrical windows. Standing behind Bramante's loggia, it has a modest air, suggesting a venerable personage invited to a

ceremony of great pomp, but who keeps in the background that his old age may not cast gloom over the brilliant company. This is the original Palace of the Vatican, built in the fifteenth century by the Humanist Nicholas V., on the site of the enlargements made by his predecessors of the simple house where, some ten centuries earlier, the Pope Symmachus had lived to be near Peter's tomb, already surrounded by churches, monasteries, and hospitals.

When the popes came back from Avignon in 1377, and from Constance, some forty years later, they heard but faintly the grand voice of the Renaissance which was singing round about them throughout Italy. Almost another quarter century passed before Nicholas V. began to listen to the literary hymn that had been swelling ever since the cardinals, bishops, monks, and laymen who attended that famous Council at Constance had brought back to Rome the old Greek and Latin books found in the convents and villages of Germany, Poggio Bracciolini more than any of the others. You remember the reason why in Rome it was the Renaissance of letters that began the great awakening from the mental sleep of the Middle Ages. When Nicholas V., with the thrill of this new life in him, conceived his plan for an ample pontifical capitol, a Vatican which should be the largest palace in the world, he faced all the obstacles of the barbarism still surrounding him. He could buy manuscripts and have them copied more easily than he could find architects and painters. But, besides Bernardo Rossellino, to make a new Saint Peter's, he called Fra

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St. Peter's and the Vatican

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The Court of the Vatican

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The Vatican Gardens

Angelico to him, and the painter before his death here, covered with frescoes the little retreat known in our day as the Chapel of Nicholas V. Still turning toward the Florentine source, the pontiff called upon Alberti to draw up magnificent plans for the great palace, from which was built only the modest house which Julius II. afterwards hid behind Bramante's loggia. Sad evidence of the ambitious pope's weakness as this was considered beside the building done in other parts of Italy at that moment, the little palace was enough for the humanist and artistic popes of a century and a quarter: Pius II., more interested in letters than in the fine arts; Paul II., under whom the Renaissance made some progress in Rome, but whose resources were soon exhausted by the Palazzo Venezia, and who was before everything else a collector of gems and jewels; Sixtus IV., so eager to decorate his library that for some time he did not think of calling Signorelli, Perugino, and Botticelli for his chapel. The awakening spread under Innocent VIII. who built the Belvedere in the farthest corner of the garden. Alexander VI. Borgia called Pinturicchio and added a so-called tower to Nicholas's palace which we do not forget was open to the Piazza in front of the time-worn little church of Saint Peter's and the scarcely begun Rossellino tribune of the new church Nicholas V. had hoped to build; there was no colonnade to hide it from the Piazza and no loggia to cover it on the side of the garden.

Hidden though it is now, the tide of the world's travellers flows daily to see the two storeys of five or

six rooms in each, the Borgia Apartment on the first floor, where lived Alexander VI. and his family; and, above, the Raphael Rooms which were occupied by Cæsar Borgia. When Julius II. Rovere came to the papal home, after the death of Alexander VI., he swept away every souvenir of his notorious predecessor, up stairs and down, summoning several painters to redecorate the walls, and among them was the young Raphael who made these immortal frescoes in Cæsar Borgia's apartment. Julius even went so far in his purifications and alterations as to commission Bramante to hide the façade of the palace giving upon the Cortile di San Damaso with the loggia,—which Raphael decorated,—and to unite the palace to the Belvedere with the galleries, forming the court of the Belvedere afterwards divided into two parts by Sixtus V.'s library.

Not forgetting the importance of the initiatives taken by the preceding popes, one may say that the blossoming of the art of the Vatican began with Julius II., the only pope, up to that time, who was able to realize his undertakings on the scale on which he planned them. Italy's production of beautiful work of every kind had reached the apogee and had even begun to decline when, at length, Rome made her contribution to the new life of art. And in Julius's galleries and the Belvedere grew the Museum as we see it today.

The Museum of the Vatican is the work of a century, the eighteenth. Timid beginnings were made, it is true, by Sixtus IV., by Paul II., Innocent VIII., and

also by Alexander VI. But it was Julius II. who undertook the systematic gathering of everything of artistic interest out of the Roman ruins. Two hundred years later their arrangement and classification was begun. The first skilled workman in this magnificent undertaking was Clement XIV. The most ardent were Pius VI., who went to die in France, driven out of Rome by the Revolution, and Pius VII. who also was carried away to France, but after enduring Napoleon's outrages, saw the fall of his enemy and returned to take up his task. His successors finished it, and to Gregory XVI. we owe the Etruscan and Egyptian museums.

The work of Pius VI., principally architectural, consisted in disguising the original arrangement of the Belvedere. Time had come when people liked regular and symmetrical constructions. Three halls, the Sala a Croce Greca, the Sala Rotunda, and the Sala delle Muse, were brought into the new harmony. They present a profusion of marbles of all colours, of columns, and of rich ceilings; but profusion, variety, and harmony. Nowhere can one see a museum so wisely sumptuous, or one better planned and arranged. The works keep their value, rest easily against a favourable background, under an equal light diffused in the right places. They are not heaped together, but judiciously placed. The Sala Rotunda, especially, is incomparable, with its immense niches, each occupied by a single statue. The Sala delle Muse, so restrained in its luxury, leads to the Belvedere—the charmingly beautiful Belvedere. Around a flowering

court, kept fresh by a cistern, extend the halls, for the most part decorated at the purest moment of the Renaissance. Here are the Sala degli Animali, Galleria delle Statue, the Atrio del Meleagro and that of the Torso, and, above all, the small, round rooms where we see the *Apollo*, the *Mercury*, the *Laocoön*, and the *Perseus*. They give upon the open gallery which surrounds the garden. Here, too, we find the charming taste of those clever Romans who know how to mingle their eloquent marbles with flowers. Farther on, backing up against the library with which Sixtus V. cut the old Belvedere Gardens in two, is the Braccia Nuova, the New Arm, which we owe to Pius VII., admirable in arrangement, decoration, and light. Last of all, the half of the old Belvedere Gardens thus cut off and lying between the Braccia Nuova and the Belvedere, with the galleries extending on either side, was made into the Giardino della Pigna—the Cone Garden—with its two gigantic palms, its antique column, its semi-circle where stands the pedestal of Antoninus Pius, the peacocks from Hadrian's Villa, and the colossal pine-cone from the Pantheon, from which this delightful garden takes its name.

After the last effort of Cæsar Borgia to unite the country under his own powerful hand, Italy's death agony began, and in that hour began the triumph of the papacy and of the Empire of Charles V., of the collecting of artistic treasures torn from no matter whom or where, which has been continued for eight hundred years. The popes settled themselves amply,

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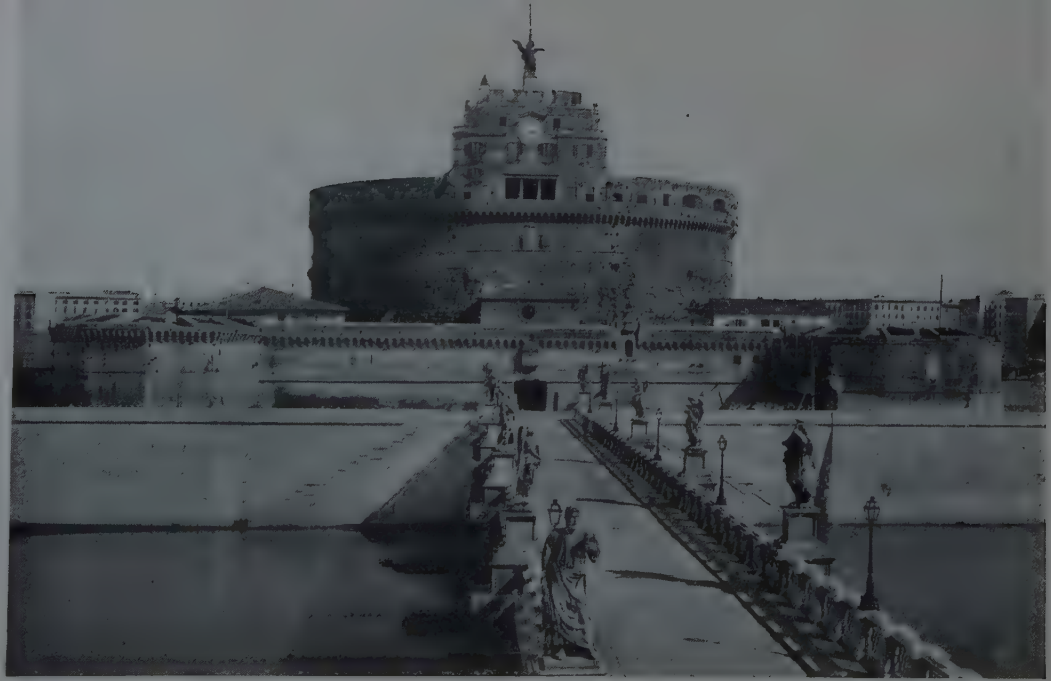
The Vatican Library



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The Castle of Saint Angelo

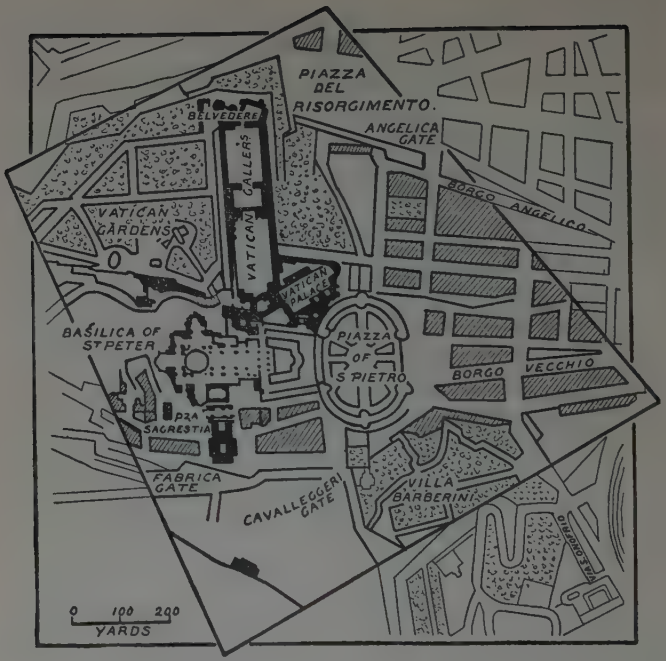
making the show of rich and mighty sovereigns in a flash of splendour typified in the art of Michelangelo and Raphael. Gradually, the world came back to the road to Rome, money flowed, artists found their way here in search of work and subsistence under Julius III., under Leo X., and under all the others. It was the epoch of the Medicis and the Farnese. Their collections were soon scattered by a saint, Pius V., who distributed the treasures of Rome to all the sovereigns of Europe, but also enriching the Roman Museum at the Capitol with thirty statues and some hundred busts. In building, however, nothing was done. Saint Peter's absorbed what little money the nephews left to uncle pope.

It was not until the coming of Gregory XIII., when Saint Peter's finished, the nepotic anarchy dammed up, and order established in the finances, that it was possible to think of enlarging the Vatican. Building was resumed toward the year 1575 and in twenty-five years it was done. The time had come in which Divine Majesty was to be represented by an imposing terrestrial majesty. The papal power was then undisputed, everything was under it, and enthroned it should shine. There remained one last step to take, however. The wide-open Vatican was decidedly familiar, its doors might be entered by everyone who came; the palace should have some of the mystery and awe which surrounds majesty. How could he who ruled within be indeed a king until, like a king, he became inaccessible? Bernini's colonnade, de-

signed as the portico of Saint Peter's, served this royal purpose. The pope was walled in behind a door hidden by these columns which were linked together by chains: "the palace without façade and almost without access," says M. Anatole France. It was a coincidence only in appearance that Bernini's colonnade was built precisely at the moment when Versailles arose from the ground.

There still remained to furnish this dwelling, which was in all respects the equal of the palace of the Most Christian King, but which was designed to surpass it in testimony of the superiority of its papal master over all other earthly rulers. This was the great epoch of the Aldobrandini, the Borghese, the Ludovisi, the Barberini, the Pamfili, the Chigi, the Rospigliosi, the Albani, whose names today call up visions of magnificent palaces and villas. The heads of those families were popes, and the Vatican led the pillage of ancient Rome to enrich its own gallery, encouraging its nephews and cousins, also, to lay violent hands upon the spoils for the decoration of their palaces, villas, and gardens. Up to the time of Clement XIV., papal Rome was given over to an orgy of marbles: we see the effects of it everywhere. In 1769, Clement XIV. began to arrange the Vatican treasures methodically in the Museum, a great work which has been continued up to our own day by popes who not only respected the past, but appreciated what a source of income their treasures might be to the budget of the Vatican. The remarkable care expended upon the Museum shows that those sentiments still live. We

are in a money-making age; everyone exploits his capital, and from hers the business-like Vatican, with the foremost capitalists of the world, draws now and always will draw most legitimate profits.




**Fifth Day**

# THE LACUS CURTIUS

## The Vatican Antiquities

IT is an undertaking merely to walk through the Vatican galleries, but exaltation leads and joy sustains the hardy enthusiast so long as he but dreams and feels the wonder and beauty amid which he walks. When, however, the moment comes for him to recapitulate, to verify and

analyse what he has seen, his elation collapses, he stops before an abyss. For three days I have been refusing to look at it, turning this way and that to flee from its mirage. Every outlet is now shut. Like Curtius, I must jump into the chasm, even though it be to bury myself there with him. For so many years, I have been dreaming of Rome, preparing for this happy moment. I have been all over Italy to make myself ready, wanting to come on a chariot armed with knives. Tuscany, Venetia, Emilia, the Marches, Umbria, were but stages where I studied for Rome. Then, for yet another winter I worked, so that, fresh with art and history, all my faculties might be awakened and in harmony with what I should meet. And here I am stricken dumb. "I did not think," said Goethe, "that I should have to go back to school. I am like an architect who has begun to build a tower and finds that he has placed it upon a poor foundation." That is my case. If any one should ask me what has been my strongest impression since I alighted from the train upon the Piazza delle Terme, I should only say: Pity for myself. How I felt it in the Forum! But a certain happiness of having verified the causes and the values of things, which comes to me every evening, is helping me to overcome my discouragement. A fresh wind seemed to cool my forehead yesterday, as I looked while I ran at the things which I shall *see* today. I have but felt as Goethe felt, as everyone feels, when among the marbles of Antiquity for the first time, a derision of one's self, a feeling that nothing was

worth while in all the other places where one has been living.

After a visit to the Greeks, a man who has any thought for his intellectual power, for his real taste, finds that he must set up new standards and ideals for himself. If he is not a weak fool, he must admit that he has never seen and never learned anything worth retaining if he has not seen, learned, penetrated to the heart of that beauty. All his former ideas of beauty upset and fall down around him. Some in which he used to delight are thrown away, and others, a very few, are brought into a new place in the front ranks; but everything must now conform to his new standard, and when he goes back over his memories it is like walking through a hospital of incurables. He is prostrated before his self-conceit and his ignorance, for he must recognize that he has constructed his pyramid beginning at the point, since he has been thrilled with admiration for things that he no longer can admire. They are beautiful still, no doubt, and intrinsically, though not for the reasons that he thought; but in quite another way. He, too, must have his renaissance, must make over on another base all his sense for beauty. Who ever comes into touch with the antique must become a new man, if the object of his life is to enrich and strengthen his soul, to extend its limits, widen its vision. You enter Rome Octavius, you leave it Cæsar Augustus; you are a Roman still, but the tribunes of the people know you no longer.

Is this an experience of our own time only? That

which happened to Goethe, that which happens to all who come here in not too light a frame of mind, is the very history of this land, the experience of all those who have lived in it, from the day that they have tasted beauty, whether they have produced it or whether they have discovered it under the ashes and the herbage.

When the children of Romulus attained the age at which they could appreciate the sentiment of perfection, chance—but is there any chance?—took them to the Hellenic shores. They returned loaded with spoils. And, from that time, all invention was paralysed in them. They had, at their first step abroad, come upon the beautiful in its most complete expression; and altogether satisfied with it, they never tried to express it in their own way. They have, no doubt, shown some independence in architecture, an art in which a certain initiative is imposed by the social and domestic conditions, by the soil and the climate. As for the plastic art, the ships of the legions brought back such perfect models that they have been sufficient for the Roman civilization to this day. The Roman sculptors never tired of imitating them. There are still to be counted more than seventy copies of Praxiteles' *Faun in Repose*. Even when the Roman genius risked itself in some original work, so deeply was it under the Greek influence that only close study can distinguish it from Greek work.

Rome was so impregnated with pure and complete beauty that there was no need to create it. The Romans were so filled with it that they did not

know how to live without it or away from the land of Greece where they had apprehended the great miracle. They wanted to possess all of it, and one fine day they emigrated in its direction. Historians tell us that the emperors fell back eastward before the wave of barbarism that rushed down from the North, carrying their treasures with them, and so the Greek masterpieces again saw the happy shores where they were born. Constantinople was filled with the Roman spoils of Greece. But that exodus was not solely a flight from the barbaric invasion, a result of the decadence of the Empire, it was not caused alone by the corruption and pride of the emperors. Rome had received too strongly the kiss of the antique. She aspired to live upon the ground which had given birth to beauty. Those statues made her ashamed: she blushed at the theft of them, and was sad over their exile. Was it Rome which carried them to Byzantium, or was it they which forced Rome to take them back to live under their own skies? Certainly Constantinople was filled with Greek spoils carried there by the Romans.

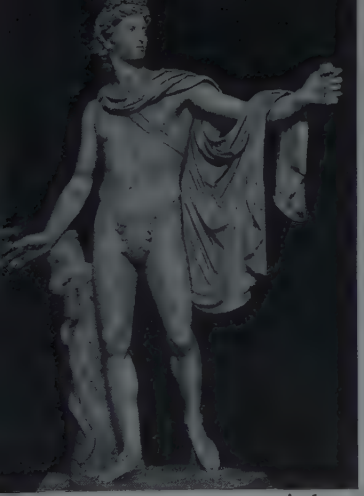
This domination to which the Romans submitted was felt also by the popes. When they discovered the Greek statues under the works that their fathers had left, they, too, could no longer conceive of others. If any sovereigns ever possessed the power to call forth the development of genius, it was the popes, but look everywhere, no more in the time of the Renaissance than in the time of the Roman Republic was there a Roman art. At the hour when all Italy

was putting forth like the field of Cincinnatus, Rome was sterile. The artists who worked for her were not her children. To cite but the foremost, Michelangelo was Florentine, Raphael and Pinturicchio were Umbrian, Bramante, too, was from Urbino. There was no Roman school, no Roman art, even at the time when the smallest city of Italy had its flourishing school. The Vatican Picture Gallery, it is true, contains a few works of art which give it a great reputation, but, aside from the fact that they were done by strangers, to appreciate its poverty one has only to think for a moment of the Uffizzi at Florence. Those who made these collections had the same fate as their ancestors, the same experience as our own; from the hour that they knew the antique, they had no real interest in anything else. If one of them gave to Canova a place in the Belvedere, which seems to us usurped, it was done entirely because of a certain appearance of Greek inspiration in his work, to which it was but natural to give him recognition in this place.

The later Romans, too, were intoxicated with the antique, with the copies that the emperors had not carried away, piously guarding them from such a fate as that which befell their exiled sisters, sunk or broken by the Turks, or the still sadder fate of some forgotten works exiled on the banks of the Thames. In Rome, at least, they live among their children, reigning over their posterity. Those that Napoleon brought away, Paris was obliged to give back to the land the least foreign to them, to the

skies they used to know, the same southern sky, at least, under which they were born. The Roman Republic, modern Rome, and all the pilgrims of all time have cared for nothing, and can care for nothing, when once they have tasted it, but this sublime and perfect art, exclusive and consuming.

Yet we see it, in its Roman translation, only disfigured, first by scratches and polishing, and then by restorations. This treatment is excused by saying that the evil was done by the men of the Renaissance and the centuries immediately following, and that the moral sentiments of modern times made it necessary to put them in museums. How the times have changed! Now we must make buildings for them, instead of having them decorate our halls and gardens as they used to do. I admit that one cannot make use of a broken mirror or a torn umbrella simply because the glass or the silk is ancient; but I do not see why that limitation need be applied to statues. Their presence at a ball is not a reason for disfiguring them, and the awkwardness of their attitudes does nothing to save them. The Italians really have a problem that should be solved; a people so entirely without the sense of symmetry in architecture, never, perhaps, having constructed a palace or a church which does not limp in some detail, yet who set upon the statues with the imperative necessity of a touching ignorance either to finish them or to make them over "as good as new." Look at them: head awry, as that of Myron's *Discobolus;* hands clasped about a roll, as the *Demosthenes* which had the hands crossed; the raised arm, which



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Apollo Belvedere in the Vatican Museum

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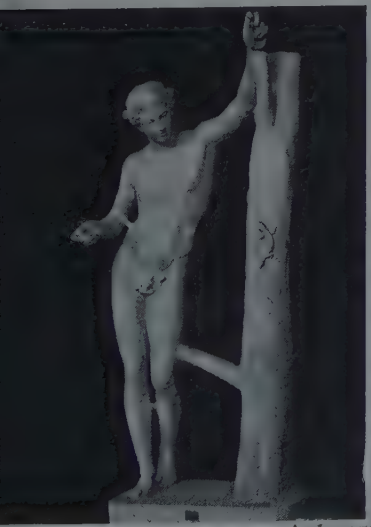
Apoxyomenos in the Vatican Museum



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Apollo Sauroctonos in the Vatican Museum

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Amazon in the Vatican Museum

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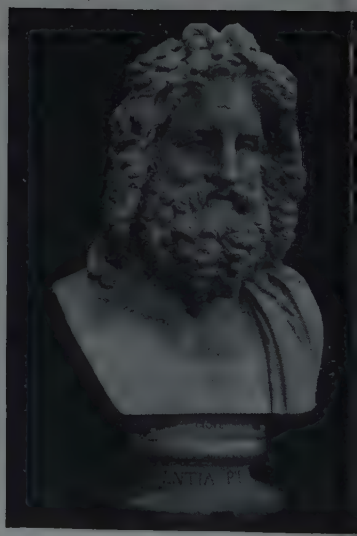
Julia Pia in the Vatican Museum



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Jupiter of Otricoli in the Vatican Museum

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The Vatican Museum

was low, in fact, of the *Laocoön;* the eyes added to the *Minerva*, the *Pudicitia* with the distorted hand, the *Apoxyomenos* himself done up, the *Wounded Amazon* furnished with the feet of a plough-boy, a *Venus* made by placing the head of a woman on the body of Apollo!

What must be the force of this beauty to survive such outrages! Aside from the fact that I should do it with so much less science and authority than many others, I cannot in these light pages explain the philosophy of antique art. I wish, only, to select two or three of the traits which have moved me the most. The first of these, that which dominates all the others, is the legitimate rank, rendered at length, to the human body. Taine who saw that, but, it seems to me, rather short-sightedly, limited the interest to the cult of the nude, due to the physical life at a time when the culture of the body held first place. That was true, but it was not only that. The Greeks had more than their love of beautiful bodies, they had a very clear appreciation of the eloquence of the body and its part in the expression of the sentiments which agitate the soul. No doubt the ancient Greek manner of living had its part in rendering an arm or a leg as mobile as a forehead, but the Greeks loved the arm and the leg still more for what they could express than for their mere form, pure as it might be. In their daily life they were nude under light draperies which they let fall every moment, and they knew that it is not the face alone which expresses the agitations of the mind. The entire body participates in the

emotions of the soul and expresses them: that office is not confined to the head. The head has eyes, yet a still face or the face of a sleeper, is sometimes terrible. The entire body can be like the sleeping face: its tensions and relaxations are resources of multiple expression. The head has its place, nothing more than first place; it is not all. Sixth or seventh part of the human body—Polycletus gave it but the tenth part,—if the body also can express emotion, it is not fair to leave it all to the head. Our climate and our manners have fixed in us the habit of looking for such expression of sentiments only in the face. The Greeks looked at the entire body, which, under floating, and often transparent, draperies had its legitimate part in their mental life. See this *Juno*, majestic in the purity of her nude flesh, and these other two, in dresses more or less short; see the muscled and tender body of *Mercury*, or of the *Wounded Amazon*, vibrating in her virginity. All these immobile bodies, except that of *Venus*, goddess of love, are modestly dressed. Besides, action ennobles and purifies the nude. Look at them. Are you surprised that they express so much?

But do not think these emphases are concentrated on the torso and the members; they are quite as marked when the artist is occupied with the head alone. The *Doryphorus*, the *Apollo*, the *Sauroctonus*, eloquent in all their bodies as they are, really are no more so than the bust of *Zeus from Otricoli*, or the *Pericles*, the first of such subtile indulgence, the second so balanced and thoughtful. Nothing that the Greeks

did, even to animals, but possessed this gift of life. If any of their successors might be recalled here, it is Correggio alone whom I should evoke beside the artists of Greece. With all the differences appreciated, in his pictures I find the same pleasure that these sculptures give me as I look at the turn of the forms in the light, and I see in them both the same purpose to express emotion. The antique has nothing of that which we demand of our artists today: the restraint of impassivity. It is everything rather than serene. It is full of movement, it even tells a story. Only in the archaic period does it rest immobile. It is of a people who loved life too much not to follow it closely in their art. See the *Muses* around the *Apollo musagètes*. It is not alone their faces, grave or gay, that tell us who they are, nor yet their attributes. The body of each one expresses its function, and the attitude accentuates the idea. *Apollo* flies just above the ground, his fingers trembling upon the cords of his flute, his head raised high, the tunic lying upon his thighs under the wind which glues it to the flesh. *Terpsichore* is seated, but the right leg has already raised to the breast and she is about to spring. *Calliope*, her hand raised above some tablets, knits her brow, her lip shows the contraction of thought, while the firmness with which she stands upon her two feet indicates her perspicacity. *Diana* quiets her nymphs. *Meleager* excites his pack. *Niobe* bounds. The *Apoxyomenos* is full of scornful pride, and all the animals show their instincts. It is a world let loose, wonderfully alive, with a boldness of expression which

no one would dare attempt today. No one now sees so much movement in the human body, so much vibration, no one sees it taking such part in the plastic expression of the sentiments which agitate it. This explains the Romans' liking for Canova. To our eyes, his *Perseus*, his *Pugilists* are not worthy to stand in the midst of these Greeks, but let us take care that we appreciate his vibrations of the entire body. Canova assimilated all that a man of his century could learn from his ancestors.

He was made much of because he offered the same appearances, if not the same soul. It is of the latter quality that I would speak more precisely. The Greeks knew how to produce audacious movement and expression of the whole, a sum total of expression, but with the restraint that never wandered from the point nor went beyond their goal. If you see a pose that shocks you, look closer and you will see that it is due to an awkward restoration. Or, if that is difficult to detect, compare the complete statues with the mutilated ones: while the former may appear stiff, as the *Penelope*, for instance, the latter, so strong and free are they, give at once the impression of perfection. The famous *Torso* can give to no one the idea of excess. An artist looking at it must say to himself that it tells him that everything is permissible—but on condition that he keep, as does the *Torso*, within the limits of taste, not the passing taste of the day, but eternal good taste, which is equilibrium. At the time when other people were but beginning to comprehend the beauty of human life, the Greeks had

learned to know it, and when they represented it in art they knew its true limits, within which they could let it bloom out in all its freedom. They held the balance in their souls. However intoxicated with enthusiasm they might be, they never over-tipped the scale. Life in full movement was all about them, they were full of it, their eyes always upon it. They could no more escape it than it could steal away from them. What need had they to dream, to search, to improvise, when they had only to see? The palpitating human form expressing every feeling they had but to seize as they saw it. We today must arouse it to lightning flashes; they basked in its rays. Everything was before their eyes and that was sufficient to keep them within the restraints of good taste. In the Braccio Nuovo is a Roman work of the most captivating grace; *Julia*, the daughter of Titus. What a fine, serene creature, what beautiful health and solidity, what strong shoulders and bosom! But how the hair brought forward in heavy mass casts a shadow on her face! The Roman artist who would be a realist like the Greeks, in copying this coiffure did not perceive its superficiality, its ephemeral quality of that blemish which offends us at the first glance.

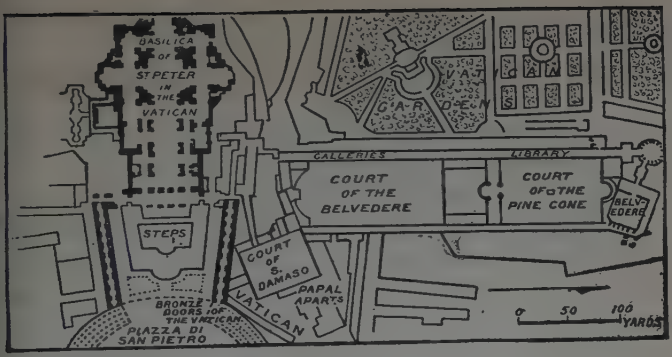
On the other hand, look in the face of the *Wounded Amazon*, see the undulating hair so noble in its neglect, so strong in its appeal, but in its place, and you will appreciate all the distance between the inspirer and the inspired.

The human body expressive in all its surface speaks

as a whole of joy or sorrow. This language to be followed in all its phases was the daily sight offered to the eyes of the Greek artists. Their models who were constantly before them,—and no need to pose them,—taught the Greeks exactitude and simplicity. Such, among a hundred others, are the characteristics which have impressed me the most. At the end of several hours among these attitudes and these appeals, one gradually feels himself become another man than the one he was when he came in here. He is no longer in a museum. He is presiding over an assembly. This living museum which Rome seemed to be, takes concrete form at length.

When the closing bell rang, a friend said to me: "I should like to climb upon a pedestal."

"You would be ridiculous," I said, "but not for the reason that you think. Quite nude you would feel the loss of accustomed ways, but it would not be only that you would miss. This Greek humanity would surround you, would recognize you, treat you as a brother. For the first time among men you would not feel solitary."




Sixth Day

# THE KISS OF THE BELVEDERE

## The Vatican Frescoes

TO say that all of the Renaissance welcomed by Rome was sheltered in the wing of the Vatican named for Nicholas V. would be ingratitude toward certain churches and galleries and, especially, toward certain palaces such as the Palazzo della Cancelleria. If, however, in saying this one is thinking principally of painting, it is certain that the painters of the Quattrocento received here more than anywhere else in Rome the reception of which they were worthy. It is certain, too, that it was here that Michelangelo and Raphael put the final touch to the art created by Giotto two hundred years before. So, let us hasten to the wing of Nicholas V. which received all of its deco-

rations, except the *Last Judgment*, within a space of about fifty years. Yet these artists to whom the new wings and the transformed Rome were given over must have drawn inspiration for their trade from the two geniuses whom they could not equal, since they never asked the masters of the Renaissance for their lessons in simplicity, in conscientiousness, and in truth.

The first painters summoned to the Vatican were Fra Angelico, Benedetto, Bonfigli, and Piero della Francesca. Of the works of the two last named nothing now remains. Cæsar Borgia thought over his great plans among the Umbrian landscapes of Piero and Benedetto which afterwards gave place to the pictures of their supreme descendants, Raphael and his fellow Umbrian, Pinturicchio. Fra Angelico consecrated his last days to Rome, dying here at the same time as did Nicholas V. What admirer of San Marco has not lingered with emotion before his tomb at Santa Maria Sopra Minerva? Nicholas had been able to judge of Fra Angelico's merits from the chapel of the Holy Sacrament in Saint Peter's, since destroyed. Indeed the credit of having called him to Rome was due to Eugene IV., upon whose death Angelico had left for Orvieto, to be recalled by Nicholas V., whom, with all Italy, Florence had set aflame for the new art. We owe to him the only Roman testimony we have in favour of the early Renaissance. Was it the most beautiful? It is useless and vain to assign rank. The ladies and the lords who listened to the preaching of Stephen and the beggars who received alms at the hands of Lawrence are among the most tender and

the most accomplished productions of the gifted Florentine monk. All his genius is here, all his heart also; but the heart is already that of an old man, burning with a flame less white, less delicate than before. One feels that the good and gentle Brother John who, at San Marco, painted for the love of God, here painted in answer to a lower call. It is not far from Orvieto to Rome. For Angelico a world lay between the two cities; all the distance which separates heavenly faith from earthly obedience. He had done so much work, too. I am tempted to draw between the innocent freshness of the cells of San Marco and the professional confidence of this chapel the same comparison that exists between the frescoes of Prato and those of Spoleto, painted by that other brother, the libertine Filippo Lippi with the great difference that here is always the mark of the charming and holy brother, only I no longer see his innocent happiness.

Three popes and sixteen years passed between Nicholas V. and Sixtus IV., the years of the first Borgia, of Calixtus, of Pius II. the Humanist, and of Paul II. the Venetian, who was occupied with his palace at the foot of the Capitol and with his gems. Sixtus IV. was able to realize in part that which Nicholas had but attempted. His first cares were to enrich his family and to conspire against Florence. When he had provided for his loved ones and, after the failure of the Pazzi plot, renounced all plans for the suppression of the Medici, his great desire was to bring together at Rome that which the Romagnas divided up among his nephews, and that which Flor-

ence, restive under his advances, possessed of illustrious and gifted men. He called Melozzo to whom, as a good Humanist, he confided the decoration of his library. That of it which remains, at the Pinacoteca, represents the pope surrounded by his nephews, Pietro the bully, and the future Julius II. Let us look thoroughly at this fresco; first, for its real beauty in which the art of chiaroscuro, learned by Melozzo from his master Piero, attains a degree of perfection foreshadowing Correggio, and, second, for what these pictures can reveal to us of the future. From the point of view of pure art, however, we still prefer the angel musicians sheltered today in the sacristy of Saint Peter's, whose grace, whose vitality, and the slightly sensual freshness make us think of Allegri, although we find in them some indication of Signorelli, the continuer of Angelico's work at Orvieto.

In 1481, having built his chapel, Sixtus IV. called to decorate it Perugino, Botticelli, Piero di Cosimo, Cosimo Roselli, Signorelli, and Ghirlandajo. He did things well, on a grand scale. If no other work of these masters existed in Italy, the frescoes of the Sistine would be enough to place them in the first rank. We have no need to see the choir of Novella and the Academy at Florence, the Pinacoteca at Perugia and the chapel at Orvieto; here alone we have reason enough to give these painters our most enthusiastic admiration. *The Golden Calf* of Cosimo Rosselli is of magnificent, sumptuous richness. I do not find, as do certain critics, that the composition is overcharged and heavy. Do they not see that Rosselli made it

a picture of the most brilliant moment of the majestic elegance of the court of the Medici? The proud young woman, advancing lightly, her fine raiment clinging to her body like that of an Apollo *musagètes*, her hand in that of her radiant lord, is detached from a group that we cannot place anywhere but in the gardens of Careggi. And was this only to have the critics reproach him by comparison with Signorelli, his companion in work? Signorelli's *Promulgation of the Law* seems to me, on the contrary, less worthy of him, in spite of the nude man, one of the most beautiful things that ever came out of his able brush—the strong and brilliant brush which Michelangelo was to take up after him. We have not, I know, any comparisons to set up in respect to Rosselli's work, since this is his greatest, whereas Monte Oliveto and Orvieto enable us to be exacting with Signorelli. This fresco in the Vatican makes me recall his *Preaching of the Antichrist* at Orvieto, but not forget it. Nor can I in the presence of these frescoes forget the Botticellis and the Ghirlandajos of Florence. The daughters of Jethro, noble as they are, are not the rivals of the daughters of the *Primavera*, and the well-lined order of the *Vocation*, though it has the same purity, offers no comparison to the *Cenacolo* of San Marco. Perugino was industrious here, as always, but, it seems to me, with a brush more hurried and indifferent than ever. Yes, truly, these are great and beautiful and magnificent works, such as Sixtus IV. was justified in expecting of those painters, such as our own devotion to Florentine art might demand of them. Yet is it

Michelangelo's ceiling so full of light, that casts them in shadow, so tumultuous, that they are congealed by it? Or may the painters be accused of falling short? I do not know. Perhaps it is unjust to study them in comparison either with one another or with the great work that dominates them. Let us say, then, once more, that these frescoes alone are enough to perpetuate the glory of Florence. Let us also say, as we did of Angelico, that Florence will never miss them since at best, these are but the glories of Florence and Orvieto repeated.

Perugino brought with him to Rome his young pupil Pinturicchio, and when he and his confrères left, in 1483, Pinturicchio remained to paint a chapel of the church of Santa Maria in Aracœli, besides the choir and some of the chapels of Santa Maria del Popolo, confided to him by several princes of the church, as well as to decorate the ceilings of the Belvedere, entrusted to him by Innocent VIII. Alexander VI. found Pinturicchio installed in the Vatican and commissioned him to decorate his apartment. Before coming to the Vatican this morning, I went to the Aracoeli and the Popolo; yesterday I saw the Belvedere. It would not be fair to demand of the young Pinturicchio the master hand we saw him wield in his maturity at Spello and at Sienna. This Umbrian had the wonderful quality, soon lost in his sombre school, of freshness, of a certain conviction, a youthful flame. His master had not corrupted it, for the lad was still young when Perugino left him to work by himself. These frescoes in Rome, although

they have not all the brilliancy of the later ones, possess what we do not find in the others: that is naïvety and faith, less marked in the Vatican than in the churches and palaces; whereas the Vatican frescoes shine resplendent with this painter's special glory, decorative magnificence. Never have tapestries so decorated walls as do Pinturicchio's frescoes. The distribution of light is masterly. Do not think of the inhabitant of these sad rooms, who was not there to laugh. Think only of the work, of the workman. Pinturicchio, by his own genius, perfectly understood that a dark room should have sombre paintings and that a well-lighted hall needs luminous paintings, not for the lodger, but for the painting. He was indifferent to making light for those who occupied the rooms; he thought only of giving value to his skill, knowing well enough that in a sombre room any attempt to enliven it must always be but the vain pursuit of light refusing to enter. The frescoes of Sienna, spread out in broad day, vibrate with sunshine. Those of the Vatican are stumped in with half-tints, in spite of the reds and greens, in spite of the gold which catches the occasional rays and diffuses them with precaution. The blond hair of Lucretia Borgia in the guise of Saint Catherine, the turban of Djem, the jewels of Maximianus are the lightning flashes of the finished artist, of him who knows the science of painting. On the vaulted ceiling smile Isis, Orisis, and the ingenious bull Apis, flattery to the Borgias whose arms bore a bull. At Spello and at Sienna, Pinturicchio was able to show himself a greater master than here, but he

never showed himself cleverer than in his youthful work in the Borgia apartments. At the beginning of his career he was already a master. Of all those whose work we have just seen, he was really the only one who knew how to fit his art to his object and who was equal to himself.

One may compare one of his works with another and find none of them diminishing in value. Perhaps he is less free here than elsewhere. In the name of chronology, we cannot reproach him with that, although, in the same name, by the restraint that undoubtedly he shows, we may range him beside his predecessors who were guided more than he was, yet he also was guided as truly as they were. From what, then, came this restraint?

We cannot say, without some hesitation at least, that the painters of the Renaissance, in coming to Rome, were dazzled by the antique. In their time excavations were carried on without much method, and it would be excessive to assign the mere atmosphere of Rome as the cause of their embarrassment. There is a more direct reason for this evident want of ease. It is the antithesis between the Vatican and the cities,—so alive, so full of enthusiasm and of emulation,—in which they had lived. It was not the Roman antiquities that overpowered them, but Rome herself, her own sterility, the pontifical rigidity. They were still painters, but that was all; they did not feel themselves to be men, and the time, held back, perhaps, by Perugino,—had not yet come when painter and man were two. In Rome, Angelico lost

all his gaiety, the painters of the Sistine their ease: even Pinturicchio is cold. Perhaps the Vatican of God frightened them. They saw nothing about them but the "terrible right" and a stern pope who paid them. Rome was a work-room. To these painters who wanted to live, nothing was offered but money, and that without the means to spend it. In Rome, far from their own towns, so gay and free and full of enthusiasm, in this palace already destined for show, mysterious, and, filled with the terrors of the Borgia, with death and infamy, they were bored to extinction, they who were so care free, who loved so lightly; no wonder, their tasks done, that they fled to seek elsewhere the joy of a painter in being alive.

It was necessary that two brilliant nobles, a Rovere and a Medici, mount the throne of Saint Peter for strength and the graces to enter the Vatican and make it like other palaces of Italy. Julius II. and Leo X. found the formidable Michelangelo and the perfect, the divine,—of a Medicean divinity, not Dominican, like that of Angelico,—Rafaello Sanzio of Urbino.

As was his uncle Sixtus IV., Julius II. was much occupied with business affairs at the beginning of his reign. He had to re-establish all the nobles suppressed by Cæsar Borgia and to give back principalities and prebendaries to parasites who had lost them. That was called then, as it is now, re-establishing order. Order restored, the pupil of Sixtus, the cousin of Pietro Riario, was himself again. He recalled Michelangelo, who had fled Rome some months before in rage over Julius's dissatisfaction with the tomb the sculptor

was making, and who, on being recalled, threw himself at the feet of the pontiff that was in Bologna. Michelangelo then returned intending to take up the chisel and finish the pope's tomb, plans for which he had left here. His fame as a sculptor was already established by the *Pietà*, the *David*, and the statue of the pope destined for San Petronio of Bologna. But, instead, he threw down the chisel, took up his brush, and in 1508, attacked the vaulting of the Sistine, by order of the pope, gossip said, no doubt with truth, but in no such amplitude, since the first order comprised simply the four evangelists. It was Michelangelo who asked permission to paint the twelve apostles and then the entire ceiling. That man of flame who shouted every day that he was but a sculptor, suddenly would become painter with the frenzy that he did everything, but in an altogether different humour from the "marble-cutter" who had left Rome because he felt that the pope was indifferent to his plans for the tomb, who had wished to sculpture hills and was stamping with impatience before the running bronze at Bologna. What had wrought the change? That which had happened to the pope, to Bramante, to all the Romans, and which up to that time had not been sufficiently noticed, perhaps.

When Michelangelo returned to Rome neither the city nor the Vatican looked as when he left them. Julius and Bramante had been at work in his absence. His anxieties over the temporal power somewhat relieved, Julius had turned again with fervent zeal to the excavations scarcely begun when the dis-

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The Creation of Man, by Michael Angelo, Sistine Chapel

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Delphic Sibyl, by Michael Angelo,

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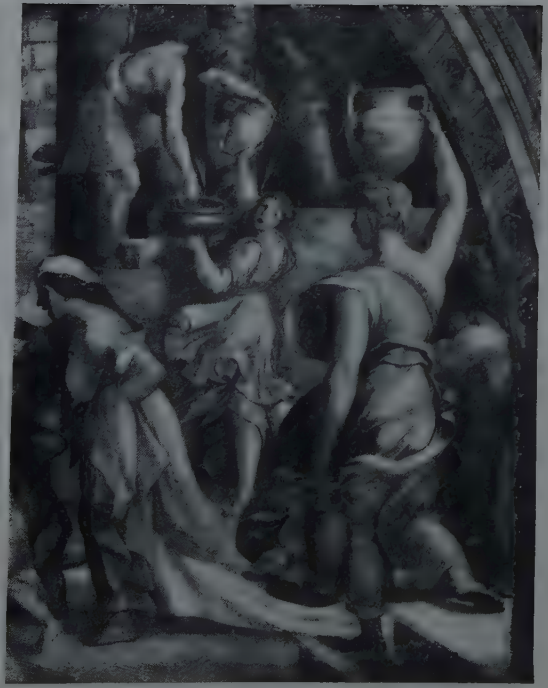
Jeremiah, by Michael Angelo, Sistine
Chapel



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Detail of the Burning of the City, by Raphael

Anderson

The Cumæan Sibyl, by Michael Angelo, Sistine Chapel

agreement over the tomb arose. He had discovered the *Laocoön* three months before Michelangelo went away. From that time on the Greek and Roman art tormented his nights; it seemed to him vain to raise a monument which would not compare with those he was taking out of the Roman ground every day. Julius II.'s change of ideas upon his tomb has always been a much discussed question. I can see it only in the light of his discoveries in the antique. And if Michelangelo, on his return to Rome, so willingly made the renunciation for which the pope's request had so offended him, staying on in Rome for a self-imposed task a hundredfold greater than that which had been demanded of him, it was because he, like Julius, had received the kiss of Pallas Athene upon his forehead. Bramante had dug so many things out of Mediæval Rome that he was called the "*ruinante.*" He demolished much, it is true, but thanks to his feverish zeal, in the two years following the apparition of the *Laocoön*, discovered at the beginning of 1506, a world of wonders filled the Vatican, and Michelangelo, on his return in 1508, found them arranged in long rows in the court of the Belvedere.

It is said that Ernest Reyer came out of the theatre at Bayreuth after the presentations of the Tetrology, exclaiming, "Quel coup de tampon ça nous envoie!" How that blows out the bung! Quite as colloquially, Michelangelo must have expressed himself when he put his nose against Julius's windows in the courtyard of the Belvedere. He was seized with despair and fear. Marble cutter! What was the use! Burn as it might

the flame of his genius would never be so pure, never leap so high as that! His heart was broken. We must remember that at that time he had produced nothing greater than the *Pietà* and the *David*, magnificent works, but whose charm gave no suggestion of the violence and terrible majesty of the Medici Chapel and the *Moses*. Now he understood the meaning of that word *sculpture* which had always so intoxicated him. With his head full of these antiques, how could he go on making sweet *Pietàs* and graceful *Davids* out of marble? Yet, however could he equal these things which now filled his being! A tragedy raged in that hot, restless, clairvoyant artist soul. There was but one thing for him to do: give his brain the time and the opportunity to assimilate the new beauty. Once calmly in possession of it, he could interpret it according to his own genius. More, to pull himself at once out of the state into which it had plunged him, he rushed into an art of entirely different character in which he could express himself fully and diversely, in which he could work off all his childish dreams in realizing daily visions which calmed his upset mind. With a savage frenzy, he threw himself into painting as some men give themselves up to dissipation to escape a memory.

To this despair mingled with forethought, it seems to me, we owe the glory of the Sistine. The sculptor turned painter for a moment to make himself forget sculpture, his own which he considered puerile, and the other which he believed unattainable. Between his brain and the antique he wished to put some work

into which he could pour out all that seething over-inspiration aroused by the daily vision of those antiques in the Belvedere; he was impelled to paint all the boldness, all the madness of forms that he had conceived and which he knew he could only realize in his own way according to his nature. When that burden had been thrown off, he might take up his chisel with freedom. The Medici Chapel at Florence tells us how well he reasoned and what wise deductions he drew, how he freed himself from his load and profited by his experience.

Seen at this angle, the Sistine lends itself to an infinite poem, longer, either literally or subjectively considered, than any composed by any writer of the earth. More minute authors may follow the trail of the antique in every figure of these frescoes. What I see in the whole is the madness for the colossal which suddenly took possession of the sculptor of the *Pietà*, the feeling of enormous force which, in this realist who knew the work of Donatello, awoke the courage to break with the serene in art, which he had cultivated up to this time, to give himself to the attack of all poses, to all the play of the human body and of light. Clearly he wishes to make sure that nothing is impossible to one who will. He kept on going further and further, at first hesitatingly in the small scenes of Genesis, broadening and growing stronger gradually until he produced the formidable prophets, the epic Jonas, veritable monster, which proved to Michelangelo at length that he, too, had the right to dare all.

During this time the calm Raphael, his equilibrium undisturbed, was painting rooms, designing loggias and tapestries, and directing his army of apprentices. He drew indefatigably from his fountain of genius and everything he did was essentially well ordered without effort to make it so. Did he also receive the kiss of the Belvedere? He had received so many! He had the résumé of all art in his heart, prodigious filter into which everything went and from which all came out limpid. You have only to see the angels driving out *Heliodore* to believe that he had seen Apollo *musagètes* flying just above the ground. You have but to look at the *School of Athens* to be convinced that he had seen the busts of the antique, or the young man writing upon his knee to think of him studying the *Thorn Extractor*, or the woman with the amphora in his *Fire in the Borgo* to appreciate that he knew the *Caryatides*. So does the *Dispute* tell us that he had seen the Spanish Chapel, *Parnassus* that he knew Botticelli. The praying woman of the *Fire* is a wonderful combination of *Niobe* and the woman on her knees in *Christ on the Cross* by Angelico at San Marco. He had seen Perugino, Pinturicchio, Signorelli, and Rosselli. He assimilated everything and his happy genius gave out all that he received impregnated with strength, with grace, with majesty, sweetness, depth, and charm. There was no uneasiness in that gentle mind. The magnificently rugged landscape of Urbino had not agitated his childhood. Nothing could torment him. He accepted all that came before him, translating it at once according to the play of his unlimited faculties.

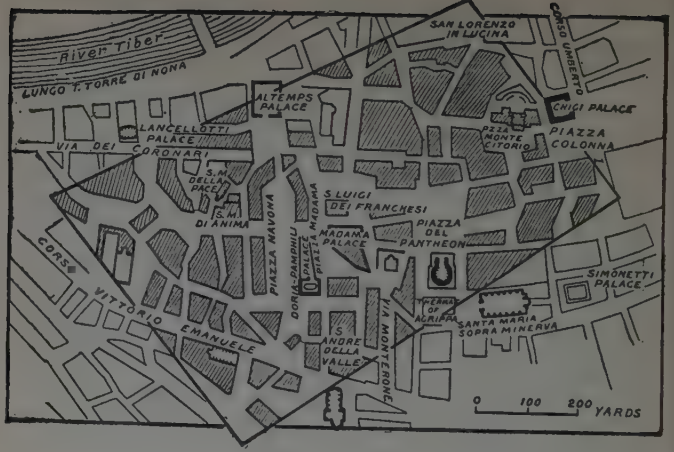
He was all the world and himself at the same time. Gobineau, in a dialogue which will float above the mediocre level of his work, says: "I have been the *ordonnateur*," the one who has given order to things. Therein lay the miracle. The Renaissance produced all sorts, awoke the most diverse temperaments into bloom. By incredible good fortune, it gave to the world him who had the power to combine all its efforts, and to epitomize them with lucidity. The supreme good fortune of this gift was that Raphael was called to Rome where the antique was offered to his artistic soul that it might lack nothing in preparation for the supreme expression of art for which it was incarnate. Yes, Raphael received the kiss of the Belvedere, like Michelangelo, but it went to his heart without upsetting him. In the great fire that the antique lighted in the soul of these artists I am reminded of the *Burning of the Borgo*. Michelangelo is like Æneas who flees, carrying the old Anchises on his shoulders, to save his art from the devouring flame, and Raphael is like Leo IV. who appears in the loggia, with a serene gesture calming the terrors of all and putting out the flames by absorbing them.

Freed of the phantoms that troubled his soul Michelangelo took up his chisel again. The *Last Judgment* shows us how thoroughly he had rid himself of his nightmare. Not much of that work remains today, so many times has it been repainted. There is enough of it, however, to make us respect Michelangelo if we had no other expression of his genius, enough also, to show us that he was a painter not be-

cause he felt the need of fixing forms in space and light, but to deliver himself of what clamoured within him for expression. In doing that Raphael, too, died happy.

After him night fell upon the Vatican. Giovanni da Udine, Giulio Romano, Vignola, Maderno, took up the boasting-tool and the palette. They did not succeed in bringing back the day. Lacking genius of their own, they took refuge under the two great names rendered doubly dear to them by fear of deceiving themselves. More and more of these wonderful antiques they saw accumulating about them; they saw what personality or what serenity one must have not to be overcome by them, and they did not dare. Like Goethe, like all of us, they went back to school, but without learning much, alas! They could not. The spring was too deep for them to dare to drink from it. They could do nothing but follow in the footsteps of their two more fortunate and more courageous masters, like some historians who avoid the archives and borrow their documents from the works of their predecessors. Those masters were so great! They gave so much life to the dust that they raised, their light was so luminous! The pupils of Michelangelo and Raphael copied their masters and, gradually, no genius sustaining them on the one hand, and, on the other, unable to survive, as did Michelangelo, the overwhelmed sense of their incapacity to do anything comparable to the antique, they gave themselves up to the facile, brilliant, and empty art in which Rome delighted for the next two centuries.

For them, for us, for all, Rome has but one art: the antique. Everything fades before that; one might even say that the artists of the Renaissance who did not see it, or saw little of it, divined its existence. Rome, no doubt, was opposed to the joyous art of the Florentines, to whom she was a stranger; but in their name Raphael sustained it. And after those two, art, having nothing more to say, gradually disappeared, from time to time flashing such a blaze of lightning as a Titian, but going deeper into the night, devoured by the revelation of the antique as were the Romans, as were the popes, as are we today.




### Seventh Day

## TURINUS AND NIOBE

### The Pantheon, the Imperial Forums

WHEN Italy carried the ashes of Victor Emmanuel, liberator of the country, to the Pantheon, she thought only of linking the present with the past, to establish the memory of the king who had unified the States beside that of Augustus, to identify the new Italy with the old of which the Pantheon was the one monument the nearest to being intact. Many Romans, however—for the Roman is caustic—must have smiled, remembering that the two principal divinities honoured in the Pantheon by Agrippa were

Mars and Venus. The conquering and gallant king was indeed in great company.

I have never asked those who every morning press about the tomb of the son of Savoy, signing their names in the register, to which front of the modern Janus their mortuary wreaths were destined. Nor have I asked them what part they have favoured in the reconstruction of the temple. Every scholar in Roman archæology has his assumption and wants you to recognize no other; you may not choose the hypothesis you fancy from among the many given out by the learned fraternity, you must have blind faith in his only. He who has found a brick or discovered an inscription casts a pitying eye on the simple tourists whose poetic turn of mind does not take seriously to the discovery, but spreads his indiscriminating affections over all bricks, even when they are contradictory. The sole and only brick at the time of my visit to Rome was that of a French architect, M. Chédanne, on which the name of the Emperor Hadrian was written. The dedication on the frieze, however, and documents, leave no room for doubt that Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, a hundred and fifty years before Hadrian's time, built here his thermæ and a temple "to all the gods" on the site of the marsh in which Romulus sunk and met his death. But was the "temple" a temple? The Germans contend that *pantheum* means, not "all the gods," but "very holy." Nor is that the worst of it. "To all the gods" or "very holy" are ample enough to be appropriated by all contestants. The problems

lie in the age of the different parts of the temple, in the primitive forms and the reconstructions. Today, according to M. Chédanne's brick, it is believed that the temple entered by the present portico was built in rectangular form, that it was burnt, and that Hadrian, who was always careful to provide his bricks with inscriptions, rebuilt it round.

This is what has been laid down. But why did Agrippa prefer the rectangular form? Agrippa apparently, was a great respecter of rules. The rule is that temples be rectangular. It is of no importance that the Temple of Vesta was round as a lantern, nor how round were the Temples of Hercules the Conqueror, that of the Sibyl of Tivoli, of Romulus, of San Teodoro, or of Stefano Rotundo. In the same way the rule is opposed to the building of a solid wall upon columns, and that is why the Palace of the Doges at Venice is regarded askance by the rule-keepers. Do not bring up the basilicas to them. Rules, so precious to facilitate study, disdain such an embarrassment. A temple cannot be round! Besides, it is not certain that the round hall of the Pantheon was a temple. . . .

Indeed, certain wise and prudent scholars have made it a hall, the caldarium of Agrippa's thermæ, found close to the temple. Objections are raised against them, brick in hand, which can only be refuted by another brick. Certain scholars of conciliatory disposition, give out the hypothesis that Agrippa, in the course of the construction of his baths, changed the destination of his caldarium, making it into a

temple. Still others attribute the portal only to Agrippa, giving as their reasons that between the grand portal and the temple is a second portal or vestibule with independent fronton; clearly, Agrippa did not place one pediment before another. In that case the rotunda belonged to the baths. The only concession that the modern school makes, that of the hour in which I write, and for the repetition of which I shall have to blush, perhaps, later, is that the baths were built long before the temple. So one falls back upon the hypothesis of the baths despoiled for the temple, and M. Chédanne's brick becomes but a claim. May it not be an authentication? Does the brick say that the temple was square? No. Hadrian simply made note that he had rebuilt the work of Agrippa, nothing more.

The tourist, who does not understand the true inwardness of archæology, may feel obliged to arrange everything in his own mind on the spot and hastily fits all the conjectures together to suit himself. Agrippa built the thermæ, public establishments for which Rome had lately awakened a taste. He ornamented them with statues of the gods, in order, perhaps, to somewhat justify the luxury in the eyes of the Roman traditionalists. In the humour for creating establishments, a few years later he added to one of the halls of his baths,—either from the necessity to make more room or simply to indulge his artistic taste and mania for building and reconstruction,—a monumental portico which he dedicated particularly to the gods, perhaps that this additional

show might have a pious excuse to the people who were still modest in their manners. In the portico, as in the bath, the gods were, if not the pretext, at least the justification of the luxury. The Roman people accepted the sop to Severus so much the more readily since they did not worship their gods, as Christians do their saints, upon altars in buildings exclusively dedicated to them. They used to put their statues everywhere, as we do those of our heroes, in the most everyday and worldly places. All the Roman temples were built for some particular motive of gratitude or imploration, and beyond such special objects, statues of the gods ornamented the least religious places. There was nothing in the Roman customs opposed to putting the hall of such an audacious novelty as a luxurious bathing establishment under the protection of the gods, ornamenting it with their statues and giving it a glorious portico of such a character that the ruin of the entire building has but accentuated and, perhaps, falsified it for us. Moreover, can we forget that in Rome any place consecrated by augural ceremonies was called a temple? The Curia, the rostrums,—they were elliptical, by the way,—the vault of heaven itself, upon which lines of limitation were traced with such firm conviction,—all were temples. The thermæ-temples or temple-thermæ reconciled the old established customs, the traditions with the new spirit. Then the fire came. Hadrian who saw about him the thermæ of Titus, of Domitian, of Trajan so much more comfortable and luxurious than the old thermæ of Agrippa, built a hundred and

fifty years before, profited by the occasion. Of the burnt establishment he restored only the round hall, the caldarium, and the portico, making them into a temple, pure and simple, a place of worship which he signed with his brick.

But what is the use of losing ourselves in reveries? They serve only to make one set little value on the opinions of scholars—who often vary but never are deceived. They have their bricks, but the passing tourist cannot produce one.

Let us turn to the Forums of the Emperors and face another problem. Had they, in the Middle Ages become the veritable marshes we now see dried? The scholars splash about in them yet. Popular simplicity, desperate to give a name to one of them, has called it the Colonnacce, because of two great columns. Had Napoleon dug them up as he wanted to, would he have found the reason of their existence? Half buried as they are, we can almost lay our hands upon the cornice, the entablature,—that infinitely graceful little Minerva,—the frieze in which we still distinguish the works of peace, as at Pistoia we still make out the works of mercy on the façade of the Ceppo. Who raised this strong and graceful monument? Was it Domitianus? Was it Nerva? What name had it when it was in use? For a long time it was called the Forum Palladium, a prudent and undeniable name since Minerva presided over it. Then it was known as the Forum Transitorium, a designation often made use of in the time of the emperors in the case of a forum crossed by a street, as

the Via Sacra crosses the Forum. Today, by common consent, it is called the Forum of Nerva.

That has been established, however, at the expense of another imperial forum beside it, a ruin which passed for a long time as the site of the Forum of Nerva, but which is now rebaptized, and unquestioned as the Forum of Augustus, and in order to prove that its name should not be changed again, its columns have become the Temple of Mars Ultor, both Pallas and Nerva receiving asylum in the Colonnacce, which was built, it appears, by Nerva in honour of Minerva. Lately another scruple has arisen, but so far circumvented that it is permitted, without covering oneself with ridicule, to call the Forum of Nerva "transitorium" and still not thereby withdraw that name from the Forum of Augustus. The one, as the other, is suffered to be transitory. We need not doubt that their designations are also.

Today the Forum of Augustus has in sight three superbly majestic columns which seem to ask the protection of the old wall under which they are sheltered, looking sadly at the apse in front of them, robbed of its marbles, of all the decorations that they still possess. How I love that popular fable which, in this place, before these columns, locates the punishment of Turinus, the favourite of Septimius Severus, condemned to be smothered by the smoke of a fire made of straw for having sold the favours he had obtained from his friend: "Let the seller of smoke be punished by smoke!" cried Septimius Severus. Men have softened their punishments by this age of ours; they

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**The Forum of Augustus: The Temple of Mars Ultor**

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The Pantheon

Trajan's Column

have not modified human nature; the same smoke merchants reappear in the course of the centuries.

Here we are at the Forum of Trajan upon which, at least, harmony of opinion seems possible. Do not attribute this concord to the amenities of the learned scholars. It is because the ancient descriptions, the excavations, the Column of Trajan, and the important remains that Napoleon brought to light leave no room for difference of opinion. At the bottom of a ditch, fifty shafts broken off at one or two yards from the ground are grouped around the main column. What poet can describe their beauty? I wish some Byron might rise and typify them in his *Niobe*.

> "The Niobe of nations! there she stands.
> Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
> An empty urn within her withered hands,
> Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

The children have been cut down and Niobe holds toward heaven the urn from which the ashes of Trajan have been scattered. She, alone, the beautiful Trajan Niobe, is intact, enrolling around her shaft the good and lofty deeds of the gentle emperor.

Turinus and Niobe will never deceive anyone. "Historical truth has no other foundation than some phrases, obscure to us, escaped from divers authors. . . . Perhaps one day some German and conscientious savant will come and change all that has so long been repeated over the ruins of Rome. . . . "

Stendhal was a seer. The German and conscientious savant who has changed all that has been repeated

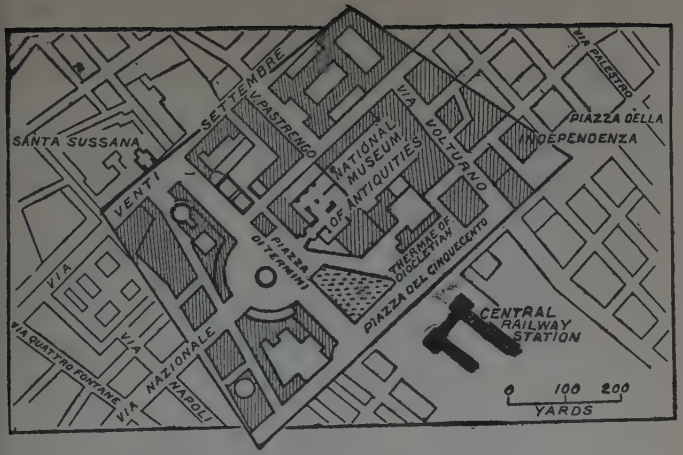
over the ruins of Rome has come, several of him in fact. Still others will come and deny all that we are so sure of today with no less authority and likelihood. Certainty is, as Stendhal says, "that which one likes to believe." Let us welcome easily all assumptions. We have the right to choose that which we prefer. Except in very few cases, scientific certitude passes with years, and at the end of the reckoning, it is poetry that triumphs. Let fancy play around Trajan, around Augustus, around Nerva, around those eleven columns of the Temple of Neptune, with wounds in them, as if they had been stabbed, assassinated as truly as was Cæsar. The latest bequests to archæology place the façade of this temple upon the Corso and allow this tortured debris to have been but a side of the building. What does it matter? Whatever part it was, this portico left to us is one of the most moving bits of ancient Rome, rivalling in grandeur the three columns of the Mars Ultor, in eloquence the Temple of Saturn, ceding only to the portico of the Pantheon.

How often I come back to the Pantheon once more, leaving archæologists to count the stones of the fronton! The colonnade crowds upon the upper level. Heaped upon one another, the shafts of marble rise, bold and massive, high and strong, seamed with a thousand scars. Their line, low and light at the same time, is all tortured. The capitals, still more wounded, are lost in the forest of timber. The spectacle is magnificent. It seems that formerly these timbers were of bronze. I do not know whether the bronze had more majesty than the beams of today or not. Coated

with four hundred years of dust, they have taken on the bluish tint of the columns, of the marble. Stripped of their bark, splinters torn off, they seem to be pillars lying upon the columns and carried by them. As numerous and as close together as the columns, they look as if they were heaped up like a pile of spillikins or jack-straws. The spectacle of those colossal beams, straddling, cross-cutting, surmounting one another has something intense, dramatic about it. They seem to have just met for a wrestle and that the eye has come upon them before their struggle could be heard. They lean and push against one another, as if with tense muscles. It seems as if they will crash at any minute and that the noise will be frightful to hear. Yet how passively the solemn columns carry this conflict, offering their round surfaces to the stroller who loves to platonize under the porticoes, inviting him to take no interest in the battle going on above his head! The door of the temple is open and the beautiful, pure vaulting rounds its ceiling, offering its titulary shelter. An even light, leaving nothing in shadow, falls from the circular hole of bronze, a light that is infinitely sweet and peaceful, while through the hole one sees the vibrating disc of blue heaven. Calm as this light is, I prefer the shadows of the portico. Light loves to play rather than to run; it must have obstacles and traps where it can show its delicacy and use its artifices. Under these beams, amid their confusion, while it bathes them, it plays upon them with adorable subtleties, touches indescribably delicate, caresses ineffable.

How praiseworthy the enterprise of the archæologist who tries to reduce probabilities to precise terms! Laudable, also, is the design of the poet whose imagination often so easily succeeds in bringing back to life the beings of whom he sings. He has certainty because he creates. He has the secret of existence because he does not give to his creatures even the time to begin to die: he sacrifices them as soon as he has awakened them. Everyone can enjoy their light, they are peace and concord. Apologue is the son of poetry. I dedicate this one to the brick hunters.

Goethe, while in Rome, had the imprudence one day to open conversation with an Italian scholar on the subject of Dante. The scholar shut him up at once by declaring that a foreigner was incapable of understanding a poet whom the Italians themselves could not always understand. Goethe, by way of recovering himself, answered, "You are right. I find *l'Inferno* horrible, *Il Purgatorio* obscure, and *Il Paradiso* tiresome." The scholar threw himself into the arms of the blaspheming foreigner, delighted to find his theory so fully confirmed. From that time on, Goethe had no better friend than the irascible philogue, transformed, by this speedy recognition of his privilege, into the gentlest of men.




### Eighth Day

## THE CROWNED EPHEBE

### Museum of the Thermæ

OPPOSITE the station is a great square, planted with young trees which almost hide a reddish mass overgrown with ivy, where one roundness swells out its bricks and another hollows them in, where torn fragments hang down and pillars beg for entablature, while on the side of the Via Nazionale, behind the fountain with the lascivious nymphs a church door is set. All the rest, except an inset where a door is surmounted by a shield and a flag, is ruin closely hung with verdure. This ruined mass was once the Thermæ of Diocletian, whose transformation into church and convent saved them from complete destruction. The church is encased in the tepidarium,

and in the cells of that ancient Certosa modern Rome has established the National Roman Museum, with fewer marbles than the Vatican, but quite as many masterpieces.

What must have been the state of mind of those who appropriated the ruins of antiquity to the needs of their own time? When Michelangelo, toward the end of his days, was obliged to cut Santa Maria degli Angeli out of the Thermæ of Diocletian and redress the old pagan carcass with Christian marbles, did he deplore his act, which we today call sacrilege? Let us not lend our own sentiments to our fathers. Respect for ruins is an entirely modern conception. Our Gothic monuments exist solely because the religious orders finding them useful have preserved them. It is to be regretted that the Church has not oftener adapted the house of Jupiter to her convenience, as she did here and at the Pantheon. When the popes excavated the soil of Rome, it was solely to find statues to adorn their palaces, not to honour the past. The statues taken out, the excavators filled in the holes and levelled off the ground. Those who brought the *Laocoön* to light did not hesitate to throw down the columns of the Thermæ of Titus where they had discovered it. After a visit to five or six churches, one is convinced that nine-tenths of the columns used in them came from pagan temples. In the sixteenth century, even in the seventeenth, no one would have appreciated the good sense of that excellent precept of Didron: "In respect to ancient monuments, it is better to consolidate than to repair; better to repair

than to restore; better to restore than to reconstruct; in any case nothing should be added nor cut away." The eighteenth century scarcely began to comprehend the meaning of this counsel, and the nineteenth alone has formulated it, without, alas, attempting to conform to it strictly. Today we find precious remains standing, not because they have been respected, but because the material of which they are made was despised, because neither they nor the place where they stand could be utilized. If the early Romans, instead of building with brick, had used stone, as did the French, we now should see no trace of their architecture, except such, like the Baths of Diocletian, as could be adapted to the customs of their Christian successors. From their hands, not even works of art escaped. Michelangelo finished the *River God* in the Sala Croce Greca of the Vatican Museum; the *Dying Gladiator* and a great many others were polished off in his atelier. He had no compunction against reconstructing or repairing. Is not what he did the same thing that we do when we utilize old chasubles for our chimney-pieces and albs for ball gowns? Fortunate the silk and lace that falls into the hands of people of taste and the monument that suffered nothing worse than the chisel and trowel of Michelangelo! He who saved Bramante's dome in carrying out the building of Saint Peter's recognized beauty and took care not to ruin what was turned over to him. To work in the colossal was his particular calling, and his great genius was alive to the majesty of the debris confined to his care. He reconstructed, striding over

restoration almost until he made it reach consolidation. Here, for instance, he placed his church in the longitudinal direction of the tepidarium, respecting the little rotunda, lame as it was, which united the tepidarium to the caldarium, upon the site of which, later, the porch was built. He kept the granite columns which still sustain the vaulting, contenting himself to add some new ones, refraining from whitewashing them, as Vanvitelli did not.

When standing at one end of the present transcept, that is to say, looking in the direction given to the primitive church, one sees clearly what were the Thermæ in which, Stendhal said, three thousand, two hundred persons—he must have counted them!—could bathe at the same time. Let us imagine ourselves among those three thousand, two hundred bathers. Then, as now, we should have seen statues, coffer-ceilings, marble pavements, and highly polished columns. The luxury was great. That of the church, too, is abundant, though less restrained. The interior is superb in its noble and unrestricted amplitude. It seems to widen and lift itself for its function out of the simple part of the edifice that it was. Other great halls lie about it, where the monks used to live, where tramways pass now, where fountains play, where the sick groan and clerks make their calculations.

Later, at the Thermæ of Caracalla, on the Palatine, at Hadrian's Villa, I shall have occasion to study the architectural genius of the Romans. Today we shall simply take note of its existence and its progress.

Three hundred years separated Agrippa from Diocletian. We see how much a people can gain or lose in three centuries. A taste for the massive and the colossal devours those who used to piously keep up the hut of boughs on the Capitol where, it was said, Romulus had lived. Where did they get that taste? From Asia, from Egypt, from the fascinating Orient, no doubt. We French, too, have inherited it. In thousands of years to come, when people discover the foundations of some of our cathedrals or of the Opéra in Paris, they will wonder what spirit possessed us to make such monsters. Will those foundations give our posterity the same idea of us that we have of the Romans? We must not attribute our ideas to our descendants more than to our ancestors. All that a man of today may say is that our showy buildings are out of proportion, bloated. The only ones that really do us credit are the houses of the eighteenth century, among which are the masterpieces of Gabriel. In Rome, on the contrary, nothing clashes. When we have visited the palaces of the Romans, we find that they were greater people than we believed them to be. In the distant future will the ruins of the Grand Palais des Champs-Élysées make the French people the better esteemed by those who know the history, the literature, and the sculpture of France? Time will judge us as it judges the popes and their mania for reconstruction. Let us hope that it will not be more severe than we must be with Michelangelo who had to employ such skill as he was master of to make a church and convent out of ancient baths.

It is in the convent that the National Roman Museum has been arranged. It is rich and charming. The little houses of the Certosa open their modest doors under the cloister. Up a few steps, you find yourself in two or three rooms that give upon a garden, a garden to each small apartment. Along the walls, or in the middle of the rooms, are altars, bas-reliefs, steles, heads, and divers fragments. Here, among other things, is, perhaps, the purest thing in bas-relief that Greek art has produced: three women with arms entwined advancing in a light wind which shows their chaste and, at the same time, voluptuous forms. Here is an altar where the gods amuse themselves, there the bust of a woman, a torso, mutilated heads, in fact all that the Roman soil has given up in fragments of the finest and most graceful expressions of absolute beauty. In the delicate half-light of the little houses all this is stamped out in delightful relief. Think of yourself settled here in this fresh place, living long days among these souvenirs and memories, examining everything in detail, stone by stone.

So much for those who love things fine and delicate, and here's too, for those who care for grandeur. In another part of the convent is lodged the famous Ludovisi or Boncompagni collection, whose possible dispersion did not arouse the anger of all Italy. The elements of this collection were united by two papal families: the Boncompagni and the Ludovisi, Gregory XIII. and Gregory XV. Between these two families stand the Borghese and the Aldobrandini, Clement

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The Cloister of Michael Angelo, National Museum

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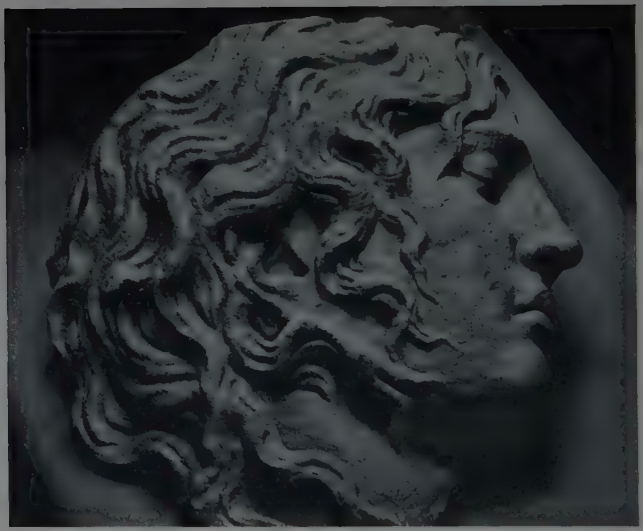
The Birth of Venus, National Museum



Anderson

**Medusa, National Museum, Rome**

Anderson

**The Baths of Diocletian**

VIII. and Paul V. In these four names, the Torlonia of today, holding their treasures of the Borghese and the Albani, represent almost all the wonders that Rome possesses. The Medicis and the Farnese left nothing on the banks of the Tiber. The Barberini and the Rospigliosi distinguished themselves everywhere by works contemporaneous with their popes. So, by means of the Ludovisi collection, purchased by the State, we are able to form an idea of what the pontiffs left for their nephews, after taking what they wanted for the Vatican.

The quantity which the popes abandoned to their families was less than the mass of works reserved for the Vatican, but it contained quite as many wonders, which confirm the lesson that I learned at the Vatican of the Greek's treatment of the human body. The piece formerly called *Pætus and Aria*, then *Hæmon and Antigone*—scholars amuse themselves that way—is now the *Gaul and his Wife*. Why, on coming to the Thermæ from the Villa Ludovisi had the group to change its name? Because of those mustaches, although the partisans of Hæmon say truly that the Thebians were distinguished by this ornament. It is a complete scene, the woman already dead and falling, the man standing, plunging his sword in his breast from which the blood gushes forth. Today it is attributed Pergamum, work of the third century before Christ. The *Satyr Pouring Wine* after Praxiteles is full of mischief to his shoulders which laugh with his lips. *Electra and Orestes* are holding each other by the hand and you can see that their bodies are going to touch. The

*Cupid* playing about the legs of the *Mars in Repose* shows us that, at least until the sixteenth century, antique sculpture was not conceived as fixing a condition without telling a story, except for some gods or goddesses, like the *Juno* here. The most precious piece here, as much for its rarity as for its value, outside of all contingent remark, is the bas-relief of the *Birth of Venus*. The goddess comes out of the waves extending her arms towards the Hours who help her put off her Greek *kiton*, with its flowing and transparent folds, in the same manner as a woman now puts off her skirt—if her hair is done. What lightness and what beautiful assurance in the lifted profile of the goddess mistress, in spite of the aid she is receiving! What deference is indicated in the Hours, leaning toward her, serving, without helping, her! The folds of their veils undulate like the waves and their legs scarcely bend under the pressure of the divine body drawn from the sea.

These are incomparable masterpieces, but no more so than the works gathered together on the second floor: the *Apollo*, the *Hygieia*, the *Bacchus* from Hadrian's Villa, the famous *Pugilist*, whose realism surpasses that of the *Gaul*, the *Hermaphrodite* of which the poor copy at the Louvre can give no idea, the *Sleeping Erinys*—called the *Ludovisi Medusa*—the most striking presentation of what can be expressed by a face from which, for an instant, life has gone out. But the most moving of anything I have yet seen is the *Unknown Kneeling Youth*—the *Ephebe*—warrior, wrestler, or son of Niobe, one knee on the

ground, without head and with but stumps of arms. The line of the torso from the knee, that line of the hip and the thigh, is a wonder of truth, of active, supple life. One wants to caress it. Besides, it has what the years and the salts of the earth have given it, the tint of old ivory, marks which seem yellow oil running over the body of an athlete. We feel ourselves to be really in the arena of Olympus where the young man proved his strength, and the grain of the marble is the grain of the quivering skin. Our eyes grow big as we look at this wonderful work with a desire to fix every detail of it in our treacherous memories, to retain every flexion, every atom of this Parian marble, and the desire swells up within me to hasten away to the ancient port of Ostia and take boat for the shores where this youth must still be wrestling.

As I am looking at it, a hand touches my shoulder. The friend I was envying, because he had gone to Greece a month ago, stands beside me.

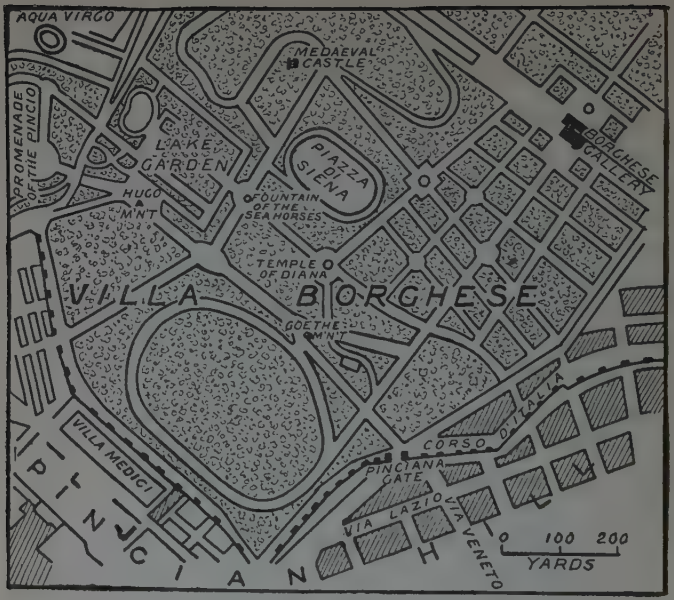
"I have come back," he says, "and before going home, I wanted to pass twenty-four hours in Rome to see this museum once more; Athens has nothing more beautiful."

Is he trying to console me and give me the benefit of his knowledge? We go down among the flowers that fill the cloisters, letting our thoughts mingle without the need of words. How long, I wonder, have we lingered there, breathing the perfume of the lilacs and resting our eyes on forms divine in the tenderness of spring? It is my friend who breaks the silence:

"Look at those cypresses planted by Michelangelo, one of which, twisted from the top to the bottom of its old trunk, seems so tormented in its effort to go upward that it must remember the hand that planted it. Look at these beautiful flower-beds and let us give thanks to those who know so well how to enjoy treasures bequeathed to them by men and renewed every year by nature!"

Spring blossoms about us among a thousand marbles, formless bits whose antiquity forbade that they be thrown away. Along the flat paths lie lines of stones caressed and interlaced by plants. Stones peer out from among flowers and flowers stick out their heads across stones. It is that moving sight of nature once again taking the upper hand over the works of man, and in the joy of the new life, flowers and stones shine with the same brilliancy. Aristolochiæ, the aromatic and mediæval birth-wort of the people, dances around broken pillars, truncated columns offer their support to the frail bind-weed and sustain white chalices. How beautiful these remains appear thus decorated, how magnificent and worthy of the proudest temples! To the wistaria they lend their immortal splendour, perpetuating themselves with it. So closely united are they that we no longer know which gave birth to the other, the capital or the acanthus, if the oak garland gave rise to the architectural loop-hole or the wild-grape furnished the idea of the frieze, themselves dying in beauty to be born again in perfume. No, indeed! It is the stone which is born again. Over there, past a broad path, the flower-beds are kept

within bounds by a great quadrilateral of sarcophagi, bare and robbed of their reliefs; and others here are overgrown with roses which, coming to life in a coffin, grow up and out, passing from one tomb to another, extending the arms of their branches to make the dead smile with joy. The beauty is indescribable of these chains of flowers, springing out of the marbles and linking them together. In the Forum I felt the wonder of the wistaria and the oleanders so cautiously disposed among the broken marbles. Here there is no need to be careful to avoid hiding too much. The beauty can only be the beauty of all together. What a cemetery in which to lie, where one reaches out the hand to his loved ones by interlacing branches, or kisses pass from rose to rose! How beautiful and happy such death must be! We then should never again see the sublime works of miserable men; the sun found once more would make us live again without inflicting us with painful life; and at night, perhaps, the *Youth* would come to us to be crowned with his victor's wreath.




**Ninth Day**

# THE COLD VENUS

## The Villa Borghese

DO not say it to console those who cannot drive, but as a simple statement of fact, that he who wishes to see a city well must do so on foot. Only by strolling about does one come upon all its sights, meet its surprises, make discoveries, have those encounters which turn the long and sometimes severe hours of the pursuit of beauty into joy. You can become acquainted with the monuments of a city

by driving from one to another, but you will know the city itself no better than you know a house in which only a few show rooms are thrown open to you.

This morning, on my way to the Villa Borghese, I have walked the length of the Corso for the fifth or sixth time, always finding something unexpected which is the traveller's good fortune, his rest, and entertainment. For instance, I should never make the effort to stop the cabman at San Carlo. Although its luxury is not exceptional, or, maybe, because it is not, it was much talked about in Rome in the eighteenth century. Would the mere attractiveness of the outside of a shop induce me to keep cabby waiting while I entered it and rummaged a fruitful mass of old stuff? Would that photographer's show-case have reminded me of a palace I had forgotten? No more, this morning, had I been crawling up the Pincio in a hack, should I have stepped into San Lorenzo in Lucina. By the tomb of Poussin, I found the donor, Chateaubriand, and, after begging his company to the Villa Borghese, I further made bold to propose to him on the way to pass by the Piazza di Spagna and ask his friend, Mme. de Beaumont, to go with us. It was, therefore, with their charming escort that I attacked the stiff climb of the Spanish Steps up to the Trinità de' Monti.

Between those two companions I could have mounted Jacob's ladder! What could I care about comfort with gentle Pauline on my arm, with such an opportunity to show how gallant I can be before my master, her conqueror, who has already distanced

us with his quick, firm step. His ancestors "sowed gold," and he does the same, even the precious heart of her whose love for him was killing her. I buy a bunch of field anemone from the flower sellers who sit upon these steps making them the floral pedestal upon which the church stands and I promise the dying Pauline to lay them on the threshold of Saint-Louis des Français this evening after I have left her to rest in the place that René had arranged for her.

Was it not at the time when Chateaubriand was living in Rome, waiting but not longing for his friend, that the French Academy of Beaux-Arts was transferred from the Palazzo Salviati to the Villa Medici? Chateaubriand was among the foremost to rejoice that France had become proprietor of one of the most charming buildings in Rome, a place admired by the whole world and whose prospect over the city has not yet been eclipsed even by such points of observation as the Janiculum. Seated upon the Monti of the Trinità this pleasure house of the last Florentine pope, this historic Villa Medici of the little towers, spreads her terraces towards Rome, commanding her without menace, whereas the Quirinal, the Vatican, the Victor Emmanuel Monument, even the silhouette of Garibaldi, up there above the Trastevere, seem to hang somewhat heavily over modern Rome spread out upon what used to be Campus Martius.

Both Poussin and Lorrain always lived on these heights. The air is full of pleasantness. Those who chose this beautiful pleasure palace with the little towers for France, had thought only of beauty, and

the young people who work here are full of homage for Rome, asking of her but the joy of her beautiful possessions whose expenses have all been paid by antiquity. We have come here as brothers, and our villa above Rome is a balcony from which nothing but flowers falls upon those who pass beneath.

How often do the Romans graze these walls of ours on the road to the Pincio, the celebrated promenade which is also a French work. Like many another thing in Rome, this promenade was created by Napoleon's *préfet*, Tournon. In Stendhal's time, Italy was forbidden to recall even the good results of the French occupation, but for seventy-five years Rome has taken her evening promenade on the Pincio, blessing the French for it.

Now the fashion is somewhat passed for the little Pincio from which Lucullus once looked at the agitations he had helped to arouse in creating the policy of conquest so unfortunate for his country. Like some of the forums, it is transitory. But for three-quarters of a century it had to be content to take the air here at the hour when the sun sets upon the Antium. The entire turn of the promenade was made in ten minutes. The Villa Borghese, with its meadows and its oaks, lay close behind it, but separated from it by a deep valley which is spanned now; and the ancient garden of Lucullus is but a part of the young Villa Borghese, dating only from the seventeenth century. The Romans who remember Goethe's epigram, "Many disasters have afflicted humanity, none have given so much pleasure to posterity as the disaster to

Pompeii," may apply it to the financial crash that ruined the Borghese. That disaster enabled King Umberto to buy the collection, threatened with dispersion, together with the Villa and the park which the real estate agents hoped to cut up into building plots. The next day the State gave them to Rome. The Pincio and the Villa with its park are all one now, and the beautiful spaces are open to the games of the people, the paths are free to all promenaders, the lakes mirror the infinite for the reveries of rich or poor. "The present Prince Borghese," wrote Stendhal in 1828, "holds the title of four principalities and nobly enjoys his income, estimated at twelve hundred thousand francs equivalent to about £4800 or $240,000 which will be increased tenfold if ever Rome enjoys a rational government." The nephews of Paul V. Borghese had needed but fifteen years to enrich themselves thus, and their fortune made the Prince Camillo a welcome brother-in-law to Napoleon. But Pauline's grand-nephew wishing,—to verify Stendhal,—to increase his income tenfold, in a year the fortune was gone. Happily King Umberto prevented him from sending into exile the statue of his ancestress which Italy is proud to show today as the most beautiful woman's body that Latin blood ever formed and as the most notable masterpiece of modern Roman art.

The park is now one of broad avenues of great pollarded trees, bordering vast lawns, already laid off for sports, but still with the charm of retirement in the depths of oak woods and groves of the umbrella pine. Besides, everywhere there are delightful

shaded corners. The Lake Garden, an enclosure like the Pré-Catelan of Paris, has pretty lawns set off by clumps of trees, a lake with a throne of rocks in its midst, and swans swimming about pompously. Behind it, a little mediæval castle hides its absurdity under the bushes. Farther on, a false ruin, not without character, imitation of the Temple of Faustina, does no harm to the great umbrella pines which stand beside it. Elsewhere are a charming temple of Diana, the Fountain of the Four Horses, and, by well-trimmed paths, we arrive at the Casino which contains the museum.

Upon a level of its own, surrounded by groves, and flanked by a pretentious garden somewhat neglected nowadays, the Casino stands flat, with no striking originality; a white, square mass whose sole decorations are the loggia of the ground floor and the terrace upon which the storey above sets back. The interior, on the contrary, has such a profusion of ornament that one thinks himself in a Roman church. In the middle of the vestibule, where walls, inlaid with many coloured stones support a coffer-ceiling, illuminated by nudities, a Roman altar to Jesus would be quite at home. The ceiling, indeed, would do admirably in the Vittoria.

Antiques cut a droll figure here. They have hastened to make their toilet, ready for the decadence, and shine with wonderful lustre. There are some beautiful ones, especially the bas-reliefs, the *Ajax and Cassandra*, among others, besides those of certain sarcophagi, and some statues, like the *Dancing Satyr*. But everything is too bright. They must have been

polished so hard and then washed with soap, to such an extent that they have lost their own characteristics and look as if they were all members of one family. They are good studio copies whose toilet has been made by Dutch valets. The worst of it is that at first sight they make a pleasant impression in these great, light, shining halls. Their patches of whiteness are in harmony with these brilliant ceilings and walls. I know that they are only the things that Napoleon did not want, for all the masterpieces of the Borghese collection are in the Louvre today. France has not been obliged to give them up because Napoleon did not take them by conquest, but bought them. Although the works that remain merit something better than to have been thus scoured down to a sameness, the moment we escape from the spell of the general harmony we find that they have sunk into our memories to be recalled only with an indifference that treats them all alike. At least, it is so with me, and I defy my memory to let slip twenty or thirty statues from the Vatican or five or six from the Thermæ. The Greek art of the Borghese makes me think of a group of artists of the same age working together for ten years, and when they stopped they knew no more of what had existed before them than as if there had been no art before theirs. They had talent, that is clear, and that is all; but they watched one another and picked craft from one another, that, too, is only too clear. And I, so enamoured of the antique that, ever since coming to Rome, it is only by strong effort that I can force myself to do anything but pass my

days exclusively at the Thermæ, at the Vatican, at the Forum, or at the Palatine, when I leave the Villa Borghese I am thinking of Bernini and Canova.

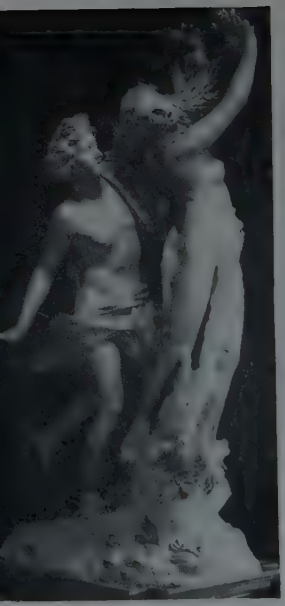
The Cavaliere Bernini and Canova are indeed the two lights of this museum, shining in the setting that suits them, their work being of a high order of intrinsic merit. Bernini's work, being only that of his youth, was done before his style was corrupted. We shall so often have occasion to condemn him, let us hasten to admire him while we can. He has done a great deal of harm, but we need no more reproach him for the school, which fastened itself to him much more than he drew it to himself, than we need blame Michelangelo for Bernini's artistic existence. The painter of the Sistine created a taste for extravagant forms, which his genius alone excuses because he alone could make them right, disarming all our arsenal of reasons against them. He, above all, started the confusion of sculpture and painting, the great crime of the Baroque. Then sculpture became painting, all the sculptors wanted to be painters, and for almost two centuries we have been witnesses to the spectacle of the souls of painters expressing themselves in sculpture. It is not the superposition of talents that shocks us: the Renaissance proved that one man can cultivate all the arts together. The trouble is not that a painter is also a sculptor; it is that he tries to introduce into sculpture that which essentially belongs to the domain of painting. Bernini's first work is charming because he had not yet attempted that bizarre mixture to which he later sacrificed everything

in his allegorical and narrative tombs, composed like frescoes, arranged under lights as if they were canvases. He was acquainted with the antique and he had seized upon the difference that exists between action and anecdote, between time and the moment. The decadence into which his success dragged him shows us no doubt that he saw the antique only on the outer side, superficially; that he did not look for the heart within. But he saw it and remained under its spell during the years of his innocence; and at that epoch he is charming. His young *David* is in perfect balance, his action arrested at the instant when a hair further would have made it an exaggeration. *Æneas Carrying Anchises* is less happy. The elder Ingres said, "Horace Vernet has arms!" Bernini has no arms. But what an exquisite masterpiece is *Apollo and Daphne!* In the torso of *Apollo* we recognize that of the *Apollo* of the Belvedere, and in the *Daphne* an archaic *Daphne* now in Copenhagen. Disciples of Bernini, if you had but imitated this!

This group, thanks to the sources of its inspiration, has a delicious purity, showing taste as yet uncontaminated, grace in its action, restraint and precision in the dramatic moment, the soul and the hand of a master raised in a holy school. But how soon Bernini fell! The genius of Michelangelo's disciple burned with too feeble a flame to keep him up long enough to carry out, as did Michelangelo, the audacious inspirations that filled his soul. While waiting for the hour of the Piazza Navona, he gave free play to his fine and charming talent, for which, had it stopped

Anderson

The Borghese Palace



Anderson

Apollo and Daphne, Borghese Gallery

Anderson

Santa Maria della Victoria and Santa Teresa, by Bernini

Anderson

Pauline Bonaparte, by Canova, Borghese Gallery

at this point, we could have done nothing but thank him. How excusable, how delicious even should we have found some trifle of bad taste, as a precursor, in the *Daphne*, which already had somewhat too many laurels! If we are severe against Bernini, it is because he eclipsed his glory, not only by his own later work, but by the work of the century which bears his name.

It was necessary that Canova be born, for sculpture to become once more plastic, and he should be judged above all for the effort he made. All that he saw, the work of his masters and his predecessors, could not be otherwise than fatal to his chisel, since he lacked virility. He was sculptor by chance; but he stuck to his trade, and sculpture was saved. Clear reason and admirable good sense! Born in the midst of the artistic aberration which everything invited him to follow, he evaded it all and brought the art of sculpture back into the good way. He did not carry it to the highest rank, to the sublime, but he raised it from the depths to which it had fallen and showed the world once more that a sculptor could model forms, that he could arouse emotion by attitudes without narrating fables or composing dramas —that he could be simple and yet please. I shall see him again at Saint Peter's, to which he has given his best, I shall see him beside Bernini and compare the two. But is it necessary to wait to do that? This morning, before coming up here, I entered Santa Maria della Vittoria and looked at Bernini's famous *Saint Theresa*.

Canova's *Pauline Borghese* may be summed up as a work of charm, of grace, restrained in a sensual audacity which is calm with nothing from any point of view that is either low or unhealthy. Canova realized the *tour de force* of representing to her friends a lady, immodest and provoking, in such a manner that she could arouse nothing but respectful homage, even were it mingled with desire. Pauline Borghese was shameless, yet she inspires us with nothing but admiration, so far as the woman is concerned. The attention we pay to her is not materially different from that we give to the *Venus of Cnidus*. She may be reclining,—a pose that antiquity almost never dared to use except for a monster, the *Hermaphrodite*, —she is still a goddess whom no one would think of approaching. Nude except for a light veil about her hips, drawn in between the thighs, and soon leaving free the legs of a Diana, Pauline offers to the passer-by an apple which he would never dream of taking.

And the *Saint Theresa?* She lies swooning in a church that is more gilded and overdone than the foyer of the Opéra in Paris. Above her the lines of a thousand chariots cut one another into pieces and five or six angels, all white and life-sized, are tumbling out of heaven, hanging from the cornices by their sashes, or, held by invisible wires, are apparently floating in sanctified freedom. With eyes upside-down, arms and legs consenting, Theresa allows her robe to be opened by an angel who, with a mischievous gesture, accentuated by the coquettish look of his eye, lets fly an arrow at her. Is it an angel or Cupid?

"If that is Divine Love," said President de Brosses, "I know it. One sees here below a hundred copies of it after nature."

Bernini, perhaps, would have been flattered by this appreciation of his realism—and of his clairvoyant amours. He would have been less so, however, if he had thought of the sarcophagus of Alexander Severus, for instance; then the author of the *Apollo and Daphne* would have hung his head. Do we now understand the difference which separates these two works and these two men? Bernini is almost sacrilegious; anyway he is odious, and above all, false in this parody of love. Canova, on the contrary, is admirable in his morality and his truthfulness, while his implacable irony is almost enough to frighten one. He understood, possibly by the mere order for the statue, or in the acceptance of his conception of it, the depths of that little, unfeeling heart of a bird, that flesh so happy and so tireless in taking care of itself, and he punished the brazen, shallow soul by presenting it without compromise. There it is, in the faultless, superb body which is as cold as the marble which petrifies it. It is Venus, but an unfeeling Venus who does not know how to love, who can't love, and who does not want to love for fear of losing some of her beauty. Pauline is beautiful, but no one can regret not having known her. The shoulders, a little thin, the small, pointed nose, the dull forehead arouse no desire to possess her in any other form than that in which Canova has fixed her.

Thus petrified, she has her place beside Bernini's

defiled Saint Theresa, showing how Canova took up and added a new link to the great traditional chain, triumphant after two centuries of lies and stupidity. He proves conclusively that sculpture can be eloquent, even terrible, in representing a state, that it is not to tell a story; that it can be moving in the interpretation of a soul without detailing the agitations that vibrate within it. Theresa, in her swoon, says exactly the opposite of what the saint is intended to express. Pauline, in merely showing herself, unveils more of herself than she is aware of. A woman in a faint takes advantage of us, whereas she who is merely tranquil teaches us something. Sculpture has been re-established, but since Canova no one else has dared.

The paintings, on the second floor of the Villa Borghese, have suffered the same selection, and probably the same repairs, as those that swept through the gallery of antiquities. Many important works had been taken out of it before it was bought by the King. Among those in the possession of France is the famous *Cæsar Borgia* by Raphael, which is neither by Raphael nor of Cæsar Borgia. When Cæsar appeared upon the scene of the world, Raphael, was nine years old, growing at Urbino and learning to hold the brush. He was scarcely twenty when Cæsar disappeared, and the only city that he knew at that time, except Perugia, where he had passed five or six years, was Florence, where Cæsar, for reasons of his own, did not risk his presence. Moreover, is it likely that Cæsar would order his portrait of that young art-student of

Perugia? In 1503 Cæsar sailed for Spain; Raphael had been living just a year at Florence. Besides, it has lately been discovered that the costume of this so-called *Cæsar*, the doublet with the slashed sleeves, was not worn until 1550. This famous portrait of an unknown man, is perhaps the work of Parmigiano, more likely of Bronzino.

Maybe remembrance of that canvas so rashly ascribed to both sitter and painter who can have had nothing to do with it, has put me too much on guard; or, perhaps, the first floor exerts an influence upon the second. However it is, I am not impressed by the illustrious names upon the little plates. "I am Francia, I am Botticelli, I am Perugino, I am Lorenzo di Credi, I am Sodoma . . . " the canvases announce themselves, and such they may be, but I do not feel attracted to them. Oh, they are very interesting; their style is impeccable; but of importance rather to the man who is studying an epoch, a *genre*, an influence, the method or the works of their painters, than to him who seeks a direct emotion, the characteristic manifestation of a temperament. They are good pictures by excellent painters, but not unique work, long cherished in mind and heart to be brushed in during a few hours of enthusiasm at white heat. They seem to me to be works of the masters' studios, signed by the masters' hands, perhaps, yet not altogether the masters' productions. This *Holy Family* may be incontestably a Sodoma, but it adds nothing to our acquaintance with Antonio Bazzi, if we have been to Siena and Monte Oliveto; and he who does not know

the desert of Accona can only come into touch with Sodoma in Rome at the Farnesina. Titian himself, in his *Sacred and Profane Love*, never expresses more than he has to say at the Louvre and at Florence, however rich may be his palette or however sure his hand, however noble and true his composition or however powerful the grace of his nudes. Correggio, in his *Danaë*, says nothing to me that I have not better understood at Parma. Filled with interesting, curious, edifying, even attractive works as the Borghese Gallery is, we should find in it no revelation, no crowning piece if Domenico Zampieri had not scattered there the noblest and most charming expressions of his genius.

With a look at him I am leaving. Beside him, however, hangs very modest, but so voluptuous, a *Sibyl* by Cagnacci, a lesser master, pupil of Guido Reni. He who made the rose-coloured velvet of these breasts is he who painted that abomination, the gentleman in doublet, crucified and disgusting with blood, which I saw at Rimini.[1] Those Bolognese had wonderful virtuosity. Domenichino shows more of it in this amazing canvas than can be found in all the rest of his work. His *Diana and her Nymphs* is master-prose, a sonnet, an act of a drama, a sonata, figurine or bust executed some morning under the spell of fantasy by poet, musician, goldsmith, or sculptor, an expression, such as those sons of Bologna were impelled to give by their best, their freshest, their most free and happy genius. I shall soon see Domenichino in his frescoes, where he must be solid,

[1] *Little Cities of Italy*, vol. ii., chap. ix.

conscientious, and noble. Today I admire his emotional soul, keen for beauty, the lack of which in his own person caused him so much suffering, perfectly sincere, free, letting himself go to radiant nature, for his love of which Poussin so loved him. This work, here, is a marvel of suppleness, fertility, and charm and always of perfect taste and the subtility which gives distinction. The precision of drawing is impeccable —he could not trifle with that while caressing Diana's maidens. The poses are audacious,—see that of the nymph who has fallen to the ground,—and wonderfully true, like that of another nymph untying her sandal. What beautiful dignity, what reserve in the boldness that always leads him on, yet stays his hand from any vulgarity or brutality! Diana, watching her nymphs at play is calm and vigilant, even over their amusements, indulgent toward them, although taking no part in them. In a country that is fresh and abundant without being over-charged, surrounded by nature to which they belong, the innocent and mischievous troupe frolic around their goddess, as unconscious of their nudity as Eve, they run, pretend to be dignified, draw their bows, and let fly well-aimed arrows at the birds, and laugh at any Endymion who may approach, while they set the dogs on him. The variety of characters, the diversity of attitudes, the noble purity of these nudes, so daring in pose considered beside the serious attitudes of his *Saint Jerome* and the energy in his *Saint Sebastian* place Domenichino among the first of his time. Benefizio himself, the great Venetian, he of the *Rich Man's Feast*, at the

Academy of Venice, has done nothing more ample, truer, or more full of warmth. With more strength and perhaps with a little less of the commonplace in his figures, Domenico Zampieri would be a sort of Veronese.

### Tenth Day

## THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

### The Domenichinos

THE French soldiers in Africa suffer from an illness that they call the *cafard*. When an officer, riding in the *bled*—which is our name for the interior of that country—comes upon one of his men, he asks him, not too sternly, what he is doing

there. "If you are deserting, go back to barracks and I will say nothing about it." The soldier has not the air of a culprit and answers simply: "Excuse me, Captain, I must go through my *cafard*." The officer understands that it is useless to say more. He, too, has had his attack of *cafard*, and was granted leave to go to Tunis or to Algiers until he was cured. Whoever the man is, he must go away, be alone, and after a week, he returns by himself to his prisoner's life in camp or barracks. When he has had his *cafard* he is ready for anything. What is the *cafard?* An overpowering impulse to rush away from the daily treadmill, an irresistible attack of headstrongness, the feeling that one must do what he wants to do, insane though he knows it to be; it is the revolt of the restive beast that hides in all of us; it is the wife who runs away from the husband she loves, because she finds her life with him tiresome, returning three days later bathed in tears; it is, perhaps, the affirmation of our free-will. The *cafard* is the most serious objection that can be raised against determinism, at least against the theory that determinism does not operate in favour of our ruling necessities, since we are obliged to do or to pass through that which we know in advance to be stupid and pernicious.

I have just had my attack of *cafard*. Every traveller is threatened with it. One day he lingers in a place where he should not waste his time, he passes by a city in which he had promised himself much satisfaction, he follows advice that he knows in advance is inopportune; in fact, he breaks away from

the wise method he had adopted as the fruit of experience, and runs after something or some one as if he had been caught up in the whirlwind of a cross-country chase. My *cafard* has been of this nature; from early morning I have pursued, at first on foot, then afterwards in a carriage, and in a railway train, a noble creature that I have run down in all his hiding-places, far as he has led me afield. I gave him up only at nightfall, disgusted with the foolishness that had made me consume an entire day simply to see connectedly what I might have found one by one in the course of my daily saunterings; but I am happy just the same; my *cafard* is passed. The soldier in Africa runs away to seek he does not know what. I have the satisfaction of having had an object. It was irresistibly imposed upon me by my visit to the Villa Borghese yesterday. I could not sleep last night from seeing the nymphs and dogs of Domenichino's *Diana* jump before my eyes in the moonlight as the hours were rung off by the clock of Monte Citorio. I felt that my days thereafter would be poisoned until I had seen everything of him whose deliciously pagan work had so seduced me. How had I been able to live so long without knowing him better? At the Louvre I have stopped twenty times before the canvases signed by his name. Had Stendhal's admiration for the Bolognese school aroused in me some antagonistic prejudice against Domenichino? It is so easy to rail at fashionable admirations, such as that which arose in France about the year 1885, for the Quattrocentists. We might as well mock ourselves for the disdain

inspired by the admiration of critics. Stendhal so swooned before the school of the Carracci that we revolted, besides it was at that moment that Stendhal became popular, and people of taste suspected Domenichino and his masters. After my visit to the Villa Borghese I thought of nothing but of making my excuses to him. At eight o'clock this evening they are made, and I believe that my face as I have been looking at him has expressed all the pardon I could have craved on my knees. At the Barberini and Rospigliosi palaces, at San Andrea della Valle and at San Silvestro at Quirinale from Santa Maria degli Angeli and San Onofrio to San Gregorio and San Luigi dei Francesi, and then in the Alban Mountains to the Grotta Ferrata. Running from the Campus Martius to the Janiculum, from the Quirinal to the Cælius, I crossed Rome without seeing it, visited the churches without looking at them. What a deplorable way of doing! No matter. This evening I am ashamed, but contented. "I have my pope!" said Emile Zola on his return from Rome where, by the way, he had not seen the Pope. I have my Domenichino, and I have seen him, too. I came back from the Grotta Ferrata in company with Malvasia, his biographer. Let us read the touching history together, let us look at his works, let us judge him—with partiality perhaps, but with human feeling.

Domenico Zampieri was born at Bologna. His father kept a shoemaker's shop. At that time the works of Francia had offered their grace and tenderness to the eyes of the Bolognese for some sixty years.

San Petronio was being covered with reliefs, sumptuous buildings were rising, beauty was radiant everywhere in the city, and art was supreme. The master of the awl was not insensible to these sights; like a good Italian, he knew the merit of the masterpieces about him and enjoyed them. He knew also that if the trade of artist does not enrich a man, it ennobles his mind and makes him live honourably, if he is not a villain, and his son was a good boy. Nor was the shoemaker ignorant of the futility of opposition, knowing that while by some work is chosen, others have work that imposes itself—that which is called a vocation and which it is useless to resist. So, Domenico was allowed his heart's desire and entered the school of Denis Calvaert, an able and successful Antwerp painter settled at Bologna. Domenico was small, thin, and ugly, and his comrades, making fun of his misfortune, called him Domenichino, "little Dominick." He was so excellent and zealous a student that he even copied, in Calvaert's studio, some of Ludovico Carracci's drawings. Now Ludovico Carracci had a rival school, and Calvaert, angry at such ingratitude, sent Domenico away—to be welcomed with open arms, naturally, in Carracci's studio. It was there that young Zampieri won the life-long friendship of Francesco Albani. In Carracci's school, Domenico continued to work with uneasy conscientiousness. He went over his drawings twenty times, never satisfied with them, and within a few months he became first among his comrades. Three times running his "exact and expressive drawing" took the prize offered

every three months by Carracci to stimulate his pupils. As a reward, his father gave him permission to accompany Albani on a visit to Parma and Modena. On that journey he saw Correggio's *Assumption*.

Albani, having no more to learn, soon left Bologna for Rome in search of work. As soon as he was settled he sent for his friend, promising him a career, and Ludovico Carracci, favouring Domenico's going, sent him to his nephew Annibale. Trembling with hope and happiness, Domenico found Albani waiting to share his lodging with him; and there he lived for two years before setting up for himself. Annibale Carracci welcomed his uncle's pupil, and, as a first lift, took him as an assistant in the Farnese Palace where he was about to paint the famous ceiling under which today are heard the concerts of the Ambassador of France. Domenico sang of his hopes as he ground the colours and prepared the tempera. The echoes of Mozart must often awaken his voice among the clouds; they should love those processions in which Domenico,—a good musician, too,—drew, as he sang, the joyous lines for his master.

Annibale Carracci appreciated Domenico's zeal, his conscientiousness, his scrupulous drawing, his clever and vital colouring, his truth. Nor can we doubt that the master was touched at finding that his young helper did not forget what he had learned from the Correggio at Parma. Aided by his master and by Albani, Domenico was not long in securing work of his own. He came to Rome in 1604. Ten years later, he had painted the frescoes of San Pietro

in Vincoli, those of San Onofrio, of Grotta Ferrata, and at length his celebrated canvas in the Vatican, the *Communion of Saint Jerome*. These works were ordered and paid for by the Cardinals Borghese, Agucci, and Aldobrandini, and so Domenico at but twenty-four years of age, could write to the little Bolognese shoemaker that he had justified the paternal confidence; and the father saw a smiling future before his ill-formed son.

Poor Domenichino was too devoted to his work to look ahead. The ugliness of his thin body made him sullen, and, with the exception of his friend, Albani, he saw little of his fellow-workers. What great artist can find time for social life? When he was not occupied on his scaffolding he used to go about the streets taking notes, for the hobby of this young painter was truth; he would draw nothing in his pictures that he had not seen in nature. It was part of his day's work to see for himself by what attitudes and expressions of face the human sentiments within were manifest before he attempted to portray them. The Fathers of San Andrea della Valle once reproached him for having done no work on their cupola for an entire month. "I have been working for you all the time," he said, "although you have not seen me, for I have been painting more with my mind than with the brush." One day Annibale Carracci surprised him striding up and down his room with a furious and threatening air. "At this moment I am studying the soldier who threatened Saint Andrew," he explained. "At this moment I learn much of you,"

Annibale answered. Domenico visited the palaces and galleries scrupulously, looking at everything and saying, "There is not a picture that has not something good in it."

Such a painter could not be tolerated long in Rome, at that epoch invaded by the coterie of Raphael's unworthy students, the scum left by Giulio Romano. Palaces and churches called for painters by the score and those who responded, led by Lanfranchi, formed a solid phalanx, determined to divide the spoils amongst themselves and keep out everyone else. Domenico's mistake was not to join these industrial ranks, but he was always timid, too conscious of his physical disadvantages; besides, he was such a worker! Fancy, in our own day, a young artist who wished to obtain and did obtain orders from the State without pulling any wires in official lobbies, making no effort to ingratiate himself with the Art Committees, not even entering competitions. To be sure, he would not now be poisoned, like Domenico, as the last resort of his enemies, but his life would be made hard. At every order Zampieri received, the anger grew more bitter against that dwarfish, misshapen stranger in Rome, so proud in spite of his defects, sly, and without talent, too! Domenico's masterpiece, the *Communion of Saint Jerome* fired the fuse and the explosion followed. As Carracci and Albani upheld their friend, Guido Reni conceived the plan of diminishing the rival by exalting the friends with the result that Domenico's protectors set him up against Reni. That was too much! Lanfranchi and his crew swore the destruction

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The Communion of Saint Jerome, by Domenichino, Vatican

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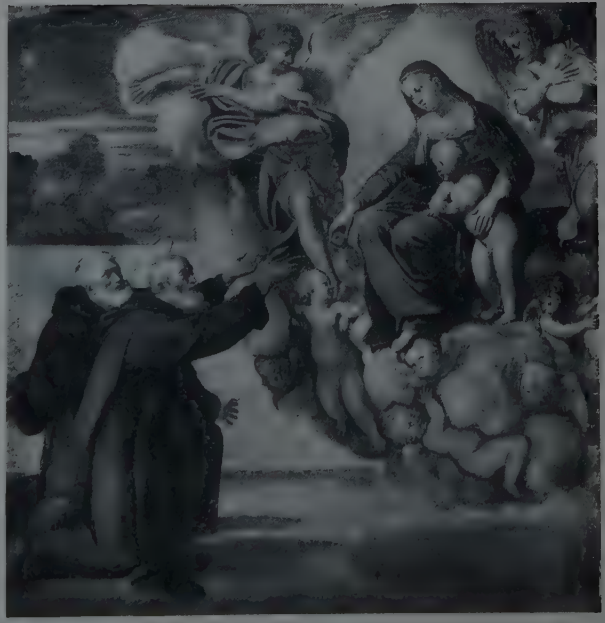
Saint John the Evangelist, Saint Andrea della Valle, by Domenichino



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Saint Dominic and Saint Nilus, by Domenichino, Grotta-Ferrata

of Domenichino until Rome echoed with their imprecations. They told Agostino Carracci, who also had painted a *Saint Jerome*, that Zampieri had stolen from him outrageously. They shouted from the housetops that one had but to look at the *Saint Andrew* of San Gregorio, to see that that was all taken from Raphael, from the *Heliodora* and the *Mass of Bolsena*, from the *Lystra* and *Ananias* of the Loggias in the Vatican. And, in order to stir up the Carracci, they said: "Now look at the forms, see how alike they are, instead of differentiated as they should be. It is all the Bolognese school. Besides, Domenichino steals from everyone. Doesn't he pride himself on it?"

Domenico took no notice of the storm, His only answer to his enemies was to paint the frescoes in San Luigi dei Francesi, the history of *Saint Cecilia* and, supreme affront, the glorious *Diana* of the Villa Borghese. That was the last straw. The storm grew so thick that Domenico had to go away. The triumph of the cabal was short, however, for two years later Zampieri returned, bringing with him a wife, which made matters worse, a radiant Bologna woman, and their child, a little girl, in whose arms he was to die—vanquished. He came back in triumph, recalled by the Pope as architect of the Vatican. The cabal, paralysed for a moment, broke out again when the frescoes of the Valle were uncovered. "What, nudes in a church!" "Oh, Correggio," cried Domenico, "don't they know your *Assumption?*" "For heaven's sake, you have stolen from Correggio, your angels are his!" was the quick answer; "and your apostles are

Michelangelo's! Such impieties should be destroyed." "Or at least retouched," added Lanfranchi, always practical.

Domenico kept command of himself, aided, from the year 1624 onward, by a friendship which must be gratifying to every whole-hearted Frenchman. Poussin, then a newcomer, asked nothing of Rome but to see and study her masterpieces. He threw his prestige into the fray, declaring "Domenico is the first after Raphael!" The threat to retouch his frescoes of the Valle cut Domenico to the heart, and, notwithstanding the warning of his friend, the Cavaliere d'Arpino and of Guido Reni, he left Rome for Naples in 1629, accepting the commission to finish the Chapel of Saint Januarius. Naples was even more the domain of the Ribiera set than was Rome the spoil of the Lanfranchi party, and to make sure of their enmity, Lanfranchi followed Domenico to set them up against him, succeeding to such an extent that Domenico kept his dagger beside him as he painted. If we could imagine Chavannes obliged to have his revolver in his pocket when he worked in the Pantheon, we might form an idea of what poor Domenichino suffered. What he painted by day was often wiped out at night. His tempera was mixed with ashes which cracked the painting when dry. At length a plot was hatched when the people of the city were agitated by an eruption of Vesuvius and ran to Saint Januarius for protection. "Let us uncover the paintings," cried Lanfranchi, "to please the saint and make him feel like protecting us." The

effect of the sight of those unfinished, cracked paintings was just what Lanfranchi expected it to be. Something like a riot broke out. Domenico was obliged to flee for his life, leaving his beloved daughter to the care of his brothers-in-law who were of the cabal, and of his wife, who had been drawn into it, too, no doubt, through her desire to return to Rome or to Bologna, or her weariness of all the dangers in which they lived. A year later he returned, and then he was poisoned.

Before his death he said to his faithful friend Albani: "My enemies are those nearest me, and those who make war on me are the very ones who should defend me. My daughter is my only consolation, since I have lost my two sons; and they watch over her on account of the little property that I shall leave her." The good Domenico's life ended as he was blessing Providence which had punished him for his sins.

His sin was unpardonable. In that time of industrial painting, of fierce exploitation of the bad public taste, of processes and skill of hand, he had the audacity to be simple, sincere, original, that is to say to be himself as much as he could be, conscientious, natural, attentive, scrupulous; in a word, an artist. He did no canvassing, was contented to earn his living. He did not join any group, was sufficient to himself. He sought no honour, no title, depending entirely upon his work to make his fame. Instead of spying upon what others were doing or depending upon his cartoons, he looked at nature for his backgrounds and studied men for the details of his figures.

Wherever a suggestion of some master is found in his work, we may be sure that it is no copy, but an interpretation. His angels in the Valle are reminiscences of Correggio's incontestably, and his apostles recall the Sistine, but Correggio was the master of his youth, he who revealed the great art to little Domenichino. The impression received at Parma was never lost. It was to Correggio that Zampieri owed his fine chiaro-oscuro. As for stealing from Michelangelo, it was indeed an impertinence for a painter to do work suggestive of that master in the generation which produced Bernini. Domenico drew from Michelangelo what he has to give of good, solid, healthy art, whereas the pupils of Giulio Romano took from him only lessons in extravagance and want of balance. Among all the colour merchants of his day, Domenico alone was a painter—simple, loving form, not anxious for popularity, but to succeed, working for his own satisfaction, not for the approbation of others. "I work for myself and for the perfection of art," he said. His enemies called him the "Ox," and he was proud of that, always at his post, never tiring in doing good work. Thus led on by an honest soul, sustained by talent, he accomplished remarkable works, lacking only a little audacity, perhaps, to make them very beautiful. His timidity paralysed him to some extent, as did also his too ardent aspiration after perfection. His *Eve* in the Rospigliosi Palace is overcharged; he wanted to put too much in it. In the Barberini, his *Adam and Eve* are magnificent in amplitude and in pictorial firmness. The *Triumph of David* is a wonder of joy,

the women playing divers instruments in simplicity and in truth. At the Valle, in the pendentives and the cupola, the grace of his figures is always admirable; there is pathos also, and, above all, that unexpected something in the poses which arouses the admiration at a bound because nature is there, warm, surprised in a swift movement, seen in a flash and seized by the artist. Poussin considered him as faultless a draftsman as Raphael. Critics have recognized Correggio's poses in his figures: that is to say, they are charming; and they must attribute to him the delicacy of Guido Reni and the strength of Guercino in his colouring. As architect, at least, he is himself. San Ignazio, built after his plans, shows a knowledge of architecture of which Poussin profited. At San Onofrio, it is worth while noticing how he used Michelangelo's methods to produce the illusion of columns and entablatures and to employ figures as supports and crowning pieces. Of his paintings the *Saint Jerome* of the Vatican is the most accomplished; in that there is science, emotion, truth, warmth, strength, and breadth. The woman on her knees holding the Holy Book is a piece before which all the world must stop, touched with emotion. The groups are arranged with consummate ability, each for its own value and for the value of the others. The religious abandon of the wrinkled old man is sublime. At San Gregorio we see how well Domenico knew how to be dramatic. The *Martyrdom of Saint Andrew* is alive, the scene in action. The famous soldier that he studied by impersonating him to himself is wonderfully lifelike. The crowd

shows his memories of Raphael, yet it is Domenico's crowd, nevertheless. Let us linger over the *Saint Sebastian* in Santa Maria degli Angeli which is of the same order, although, as in the *Eve* of the Rospigliosi Palace, Domenico was a little anxious to put in too much, his mind was full of men's looks and gestures! One day he saw a woman knocked down and stepped on by horses. He was filled with her terror. He saw another, at the market, looking for her wares in her basket; that is the woman selecting her arrows in *Saint Sebastian*. Another was throwing herself after her child who was in danger; we see her here, too, running. Above are Correggio's angels, but with a heavier and more noble movement than those of the Sistine. The effect is full, complete, an avalanche of bodies and draperies in the greatest possible variety of forms and arrangements.

Shall I admit that I find that all this makes the *Saint Sebastian* a trifle violent, theatrical? I care for it less than for the frescoes of *Saint Cecilia* in San Luigi dei Francesi and of *Saint Nilus* in the Grotta Ferrata. These are of the work done in his first years in Rome. They bear a light reflection from the ceiling of the Farnese Palace and they are exquisite. The procession of the emperor and the saint are the compositions of a master hand, young as it was, and show a certain calm, a tranquil majesty that the bad taste of the century made almost impossible later on. The young man in the green tunic is Domenico, it is said. He was not so ugly after all, if his portrait is a sincere one, and sincere he must have been, lacking imagina-

tion. As for his *Saint Cecilia* see the difference between her and the frescoes of her by Calabrese in the Valle. The tenderness of Cecilia distributing her alms, the piety of the beggars, the pope bestowing his blessing are things seen by the eye of a painter who knew how to look. Not the least trickery; he was incapable of it. He drew his inspiration from the world in which he lived, and in his day to do that was the miracle of his genius.

Let us study him, then let us be indulgent, even partial in his favour. To us, Frenchmen, he stands beside our Poussin, representative of art, pure, and without compromise. In Italy he alone keeps aloft the banner in his century. Without him it would have fallen; the Lanfranchis would have triumphed absolutely. There are Domenichinos in all times; in our own day, also; and some of them fall by the way, but their work lives, and it is, thanks to them, despised, mocked, hounded, even martyrized though they may be, that painting lives shining through the very shadows of death.

**Eleventh Day**

# CHURCH DRAWING-ROOMS

## The Esquiline

EVER since I have been in Rome I have remarked how many Christian monuments are not only inferior to those of pagan times, but insignificant, even shocking, considered from the point of view of their own scope and purpose. That is why so many people speak of having been "disil-

lusioned" by their first visits to Rome. Any one who comes here after ever so slight an acquaintance with Milan, Venice, Florence, Perugia, or Siena cannot be other than disappointed. Rome has not a church that, considering its history, its celebrity, or its dimensions, is satisfactory to the taste of our day. The only ones that we find charming are the modest ones, and perhaps their modesty alone is the main factor in our pleasure in them, especially if our vanity is tickled by the thought that we have "discovered" them for ourselves. On the contrary, the imposing ones, that one must see to say that one has seen them, fill us with disappointment and indifference. Their architecture is wholly of the Baroque style, child of Bernini and the Jesuitical decadence. At Modena and at Parma I had occasion to analyse that art.[1] I found it false, contrary to all reason, and a mixture of all *genres*, giving but one lesson to posterity: the beauty of space. At Rome, with a few exceptions, we do not find even that. The fact is that, in the seventeenth century, there was but little building; the main interest was in rebuilding, in encrusting old carcasses with new decorations. As it was not possible to set back the walls, the Roman architecture of that century necessarily had all the faults of the Baroque without its one redeeming quality. As for the decorations, frescoes and other, as Burckhardt says, "it is only necessary to see them to forget them at once."

The regal luxury of the popes had invaded Rome.

[1] *Little Cities of Italy*, vol. ii.

Naturally, the city was the prey of the princely families who could not do other than make a magnificent appearance. In the course of fifteen years the Farnese and the Borghese amassed scandalous fortunes, nor could any one prevent them from doing so. God was apportioned a few crumbs, and the people, lost in admiration of the nephew, did not notice the avarice of the brother or of the uncle himself. Did not the churches belong to the people? They were flattered to have such beautiful places in which to be at home. The more gold there was, the more the prince was at ease. Piety covered every sin and yielded a profit. Roman society reached the dizzy zenith of sumptuosity; nothing would ever again be so beautiful—that is, richer! One must have and do in profusion, must accumulate, must amass. From this point of view, it is worth while to give careful attention to Santa Maria della Vittoria, usually visited solely for Bernini's *Saint Theresa*. That church is the masterpiece of the Baroque in Rome, that Baroque seen everywhere: at San Carlo, at San Ignazio, at the Gésu, at the Valle, at Santa Agnese, and at so many other edifying specimens of their age. There is a certain utility in seeing them, as we shall do in the mere course of the daily walks, as, indeed, we have done in our pursuit of Domenico Zampieri. Let us take note of what the Baroque did in two quarters of the city, at any rate quarters where the first Christians lodged and which still bear the names of two of the original seven hills: the Cælius whose centre is the Lateran where Constantine sheltered the

Church; the Esquiline on which Santa Maria Maggiore was built in the midst of that part of Rome where Saint Peter's flock hid from the powerful enemies of the new religion of Jesus. Another day we shall see the Cælius. Today we give to the Esquiline, the nest wherein the Roman Catholic Church was hatched and from which it took its flight. Let us see if under the Baroque restorations, the Catholic triumph, we can find traces of the community of early Christians and their primitive art. They will give us the best and the quickest lesson in history we could have.

A tram-car carries us, through beautiful, modern streets, to the Esquiline. The Via Agostino Depretis has been cut across the Viminal, the most thoroughly levelled of all the seven hills and unrecognizable, at least, until the end where the street makes a rapid descent toward a narrow hollow, where a brook used to flow, and just before it begins to mount the Esquiline. In this hollow between the Viminal and the Esquiline, it is said, Saint Peter lived, in the house of a certain Pudens whom the Church has sanctified. If I had not long ago resolved to believe in all the legends that I like, how careful I should have to be! I am very much afraid of serious people so it is better to notify them at once that I should be quite as upset if I had to drive Saint Peter away from Pudens' house as to do without the wolf on the Palatine.

Santa Pudenziana passes for the most ancient church in Rome. It was restored by Saint Siricius who was Pope in the time of the Emperor Theodosius

at the end of the fourteenth century.[1] Santa Pudenziana having been brought up to date in the sixteenth century under Sixtus V., and frequently aggravated since, the present exterior retains nothing of its two early phases but a charming Renaissance doorway with slender columns, suggestive of the Lombard art whose models are among the joys of Milan and Piacenza. The fine, light *campanile* is of the ninth century. But doorway and tower are crushed by a great mosaic which shines sumptuously in the sun, unpleasant in its modernity, like everything that is laboriously archaic. On the other hand, the mosaics of the apse are admirable. Their nearness to the portal, ruined by those others, makes me feel what I have already felt at Orvieto, and at Ravenna, without being able to formulate the impression: that mosaic is essentially an interior decoration. If you have not seen Orvieto or Ravenna, think of Venice. What a difference merely between the mosaics of the tympanums and the porches of Saint Mark's; and how much greater the impression made by those of the interior! Even if the mosaics of Santa Pudenziana were not among the most ancient in Rome, they would be worthy of attention. The figures are less

[1] Pope, or Bishop of Rome. According to A. J. C. Hare, the title of *Papa*, originally belonging to all masters, was first applied to Saint Marcellus in the letter of a deacon, but the title was not formally given to the Bishop of Rome until the year 400, Anastasius I. being Pope and Theodosius's successor, the forgotten Honorius, Emperor. For another one hundred and thirty years —until John II.—the Church continued to rank the occupants of Peter's chair among the saints.—H. G.

gigantic than those in San Cosmo and Damiano in the Forum, but they are quite as noble and impressive, not because of any sentiment that they express, but in their brilliancy, their rude design, and the surprising artistic effect of which they, and their sisters at Milan, Ravenna, and Rome, alone, can speak to us. This was the splendour that Galla Placidia wished to find if ever she should return to her Ravenna: the splendour of her mausoleum is of just this beauty.

On the other side of Santa Maria Maggiore, in a little street, almost hidden by hovels, crouches Santa Prassede, built soon after Santa Pudenziana. Pudens had two daughters, Pudentiana and Praxedis. The church of the younger daughter has had better fortune than that of the father and elder daughter, inasmuch as it has been less restored, although it has been retouched the more often of the two. Done over by the Renaissance, it was disdained by the Baroque, the hovels fastened upon it, in preventing it from showing off, insured to it a certain protection. The interior, however, was unhappily enlivened by being repainted sometime in the nineteenth century, but traces of the first restoration remain in Ionic columns, pillars redressed with marble slabs, and an honest ceiling with large compartments.

Santa Pudenziana possesses the table before which Saint Peter said Mass. Prassede, always the younger sister, can only show the stone on which he slept. She also shows a well with a marble curb and some sarcophagi to which beautiful legends are attached. Are they the legends told by the double mosaics of the

choir as well as by those of the triumphal arch and the apse? I see in them Christ and his flock, also the Church triumphant in the person of her popes and her illustrious saints. The beginning of glory is already here. We are in the ninth century. The Church has just received a beautiful domain from the hands of Charlemagne. Even now she has begun to wish to shine in the world; it is not enough to put the mosaics in the dark rounds of the vaulting of the apse, they must also cover plain surfaces in full view; proprietors must show their wealth. Nicholas V. was to complete the toilet of Santa Prassede when the papacy returned from Constance in triumph.

It seems, however, that none of them touched the chapel of Saint Zeno for which alone it is worth while to enter this church. You remember the effect upon you of the mosaics in the mausoleum of Galla Placidia where you entered feeling your way in the dark and went out blinded with light?[1] That effect is reproduced here. This cave is entirely covered with mosaics from top to bottom. At the end of a few minutes one is splashed with light. It is a divine spectacle, amusing, too, and endless: the more one looks the more one discovers new effects, the more one is submerged by incandescent waves. Every moment one is surprised by a new gleam leaping out of a corner up to that instant as black as night. It seems as if a brazier were behind the walls, gradually consuming the stones, its flames creeping through the interstices, ready to break through and devour me if I do not flee

[1] *Little Cities of Italy*, vol. ii.

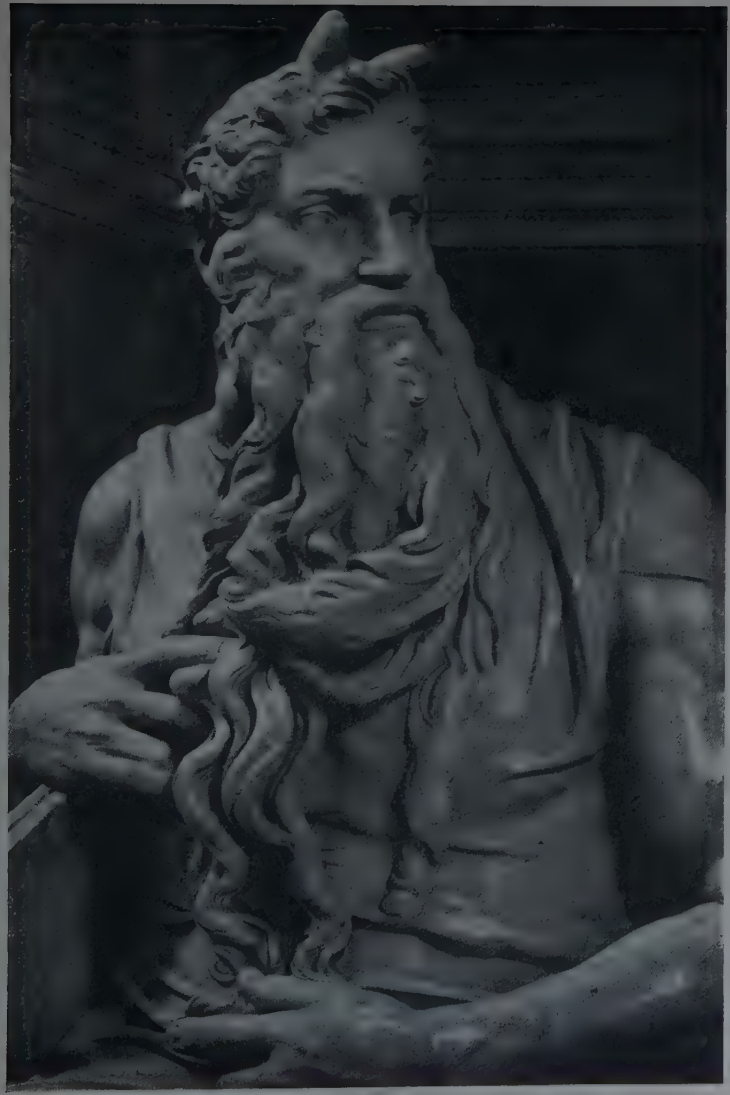
them at once. For a thousand years these flames have caressed the column that stands in the depths of this cave, the column was brought here from Jerusalem (with the holy stair, no doubt), and by a crusader who received from it the name,—kept illustrious by his descendants,—of Colonna, because this was the column to which Jesus was tied to receive the scourge.

On the neighbouring square a beautiful palace extends its wings, each one topped by a dome, flanking on the east a loggia of two storeys, on the west a rotunda. It is the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. Within, the nave is divided by two rows of Ionic columns surmounted by a wall pierced by windows and with a level ceiling. At the end is a large apse decorated with mosaics of the fifth century. "The nave," said our dear President de Brosses, "is altogether imposing; the rest seems to be rubbish." "It is a drawing-room—*c'est un salon*—" said Stendhal. Both were right. The President was struck by the noble nave with its antique columns, from the Temple of Juno, on the Aventine, no doubt, built to shelter the statue of the goddess taken to Veii by Marcus Furius Camillus. Before moving it to Rome the soldiers asked the statue's consent. It answered, "I wish it much." I wonder if they made the same enquiry of the columns? Anyway, here they are, Juno's columns, and to them alone the nave owes the august appearance noted by the President. It is around their nave that Stendhal's *salon* has been arranged. Nothing shows better than this building

the progress, the ambitions, and the ideal of the Church.

At first it was a solemn and pious temple of the fifth century, raised in commemoration of a miracle. In the time of Sixtus III. it was rebuilt and decorated with mosaics, the first step in the development of restoration, already noted at Santa Pudenziana and at Santa Prassede, and in the twelfth century, when the papacy had so many times proved its strength in tussles with the emperors, it could plume itself upon its victories by way of enlivening this august and, even then, ancient church. A portico was put on and a tower raised, all rather haphazard, with no sense of harmony, as was all architecture of that time. Then, as the papacy grew stronger, and arranged its affairs with more system, taking place among the States of Europe, the lines of the church, too, were straightened, the walls braced by two great wings, and Santa Maria Maggiore became a grand palace of the seventeenth century under the level and square of Fuga and of Fontana. Oh, yes, you may pray to God in it, but keeping your distance; you do not forget that you must be a personage of importance to be in such a place, like a lord at home in his palace, perhaps somewhat overawed by his own *salon*.

Those who remodelled Santa Maria Maggiore, however, were not able to suppress the ancient basilica. We know that the Baroque was nothing if not a meddler with the antique. Was it not its custom to furnish its galleries with exhumed statues, columns also, treating them as works of art and



Detail of Moses, by Michael Angelo, St. Pietro in Vincoli

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**Santa Maggiore**

Anderson

**St. Clement's**

framing them in its vermicelli without reason or excuse? When the Baroque stands alone, developing itself freely, extending its spaces, we can pardon its existence; but when it pretends to harmonize itself with the antique we revolt, overcome by our desire to see the pure columns alone, those beautiful columns, so sweet and bare, so strong and magnificent. The old mosaics of the entablature and the apse alone do not swear at them. All the rest of the stuff that has been riveted on is unworthy and scandalizes us. We need all Mino's grace—and did not Niccolò Pisano pass this way too?—to calm us sufficiently to appreciate his beautiful bas-reliefs. Really, here we know what barbarism is. Look at these columns and think that Christian men have been savages enough to demolish the temples which they supported; think that there have been men so lost as to jumble all this false luxury about these exquisite, simple shafts! It is enough to make us hang our heads for the race called human. All that the lavishness of the Sistine and the Borghese chapels can do for us is merely to instruct us in church history. What terrible evidence they furnish for the condemnation of those pontiffs who forgot their mission of charity and modesty! So that popes need no longer blush for their standing among potentates and powers, God was reduced to the rank of king. This church was made into a palace suitable for His habitation. It must then have marble tables, statues in profusion, and gold—much gold, some of which would stick to the fingers of the pope. Yet, smothered as it was under so much splendour, the old basilica

resisted triumphantly. Santa Maria Maggiore is still one of the most beautiful churches in Rome because of the great nave commanded and bounded by Juno.

San Pietro in Vincoli had the good fortune to fall into the hands of the Rovere, that is to say, to be done over in the time of the Renaissance. The Pollajuolo brothers are buried here, and the authors of the tomb of Sixtus IV. would awaken from their eternal sleep if sacrilege were committed in their church. In this, one ancient basilica has been saved from the common fate by the memories of Sixtus IV. and Julius II.: by the memory of Michelangelo, too. After many vicissitudes, at last, cut down and reduced to three statues, the famous tomb of Julius II. over which Michelangelo dreamed so many years, has run aground here, an empty hulk. The entire world passes in procession before his *Moses;* I wonder what the world thinks of the *Rachel* and *Leah* who flank the terrible prophet? But, most justly, he absorbs all interest. No one but knows him by some sort of representation. What shall I, in my turn, say of all his *terribleness?* Many explanations have been sought of this fierce Moses, drawing his threatening fingers through his tumultuous beard, this horned Moses—classic horns, it is true—but strange for the sixteenth century. It pleases me very much to fancy that by this glowering Moses Michelangelo wished to symbolize the "terrible" pope. Why the lawgiver of the Hebrews should have been selected to guard his ashes I do not know. It is probable that Michel-

angelo did not go so far as to share the feeling of the King of France and the Emperor who called Jules II. the "drunkard," *l'ivrogne*, but he must have cherished a bitter rancour against that brutal, insolent, and despotic master. It caused the great sculptor no displeasure, I like to think, to represent him as the imperious conductor of Israel, and the nice little satanic horns, whose meaning he alone could interpret,—supreme joy of the artist,—how I relish the notion that they were Michelangelo's vengeance!

We finish our walk on the Esquiline at the modest and primitive Saint Clement's, one of the first Christian monuments turned into a symbol of triumph. This church, at least, has remained pure. True, it is under ground. If we should like to know how the refuges for prayer looked at the time when Constantine authorized the Christian religion, let us go down into San Clemente. It is built upon the remains of a pagan temple, now drowned, and the pump that is always going cannot save the old church from the mud that is gradually sucking it under. A basilica with nave having two side aisles and walls covered with frescoes, Saint Clement's has a place of importance in the history of art. M. Émile Bertaux places these frescoes beside the frescoes of Southern Italy, outcome of "the school of Monte Cassino." Let us not lose ourselves in that marsh of controversy. Let us look at them, not critically, but trying to understand them. In the unhealthy flats between the Esquiline and the Cælius, where, even today, the night air is charged with fever, the little group of

early Christians, as soon as they could worship openly, built this little church in the midst of their dwellings, poor, like themselves. It is touching, as were their lives, with its bare little columns and the rough frescoes by which they tried to depict the entire history of the new faith: Christ, the apostles, the holy popes, in truth upholding the majesty of the Church. Their pictures are a procession of the beautiful legends which never vary; those miracles and noble deeds that we find in all times, in all religions: the child given back to its mother upon the intercession of a good and pious man, the relics which heal the sick, the saint braving the emperor, the martyr thrown to the lions . . . and many others. The eternal history of suffering and sad humanity is here, but at its most beautiful expression because it springs from pure souls, from the really humble in heart.

One day, in the eleventh century, Robert Guiscard and his Normans invaded Rome under the pretext of defending the pope, and in that pillage of the Christians, Cælius Saint Clement's suffered. A century later, instead of being rebuilt, it was covered with earth, and upon the level ground above it, the present high church was erected. When we come up from the muddy depths where the pumps are wheezing, which, the sacristan tells us, will soon be useless, we cannot but linger affectionately and sadly over the thought of the precious relic sinking out of sight. I say affectionately for the narrow little porch, a shed, like that at Foligno—it is instructive, too, to find the small Umbrian city in great Rome—and for the beautiful

columns, and even for Masaccio's frescoes, a rare smile of the first Florentine Renaissance in Rome, as precious as the grace of Angelico at the Vatican. I say sadly, remembering the recent and showy decorations, which, although not loud, disfigure this old church where prayed the first, simple Christians who had no need of a beautiful ceiling over their bent heads. The upper church of Saint Clement's was like the Lateran, not far away, and so many other Roman churches, embellished to correspond with Rome's position as the capital of the pontifical realm, but less brilliantly than some others because it stood in the quarter of the disinherited. With the grandeur of the Colosseum near by, and all else that reveals the power of the Roman Empire, it is not the luxurious drawing-room of Santa Maria Maggiore, not even the *Moses* that seems to raise Christianity as its great rival, but the bare and modest Saint Clement's of the poor first Christians, the little sinking church with the low, smooth columns, the naïve paintings, the Saint Clement's of the religion of Christ entirely pure, without politics, without vices.

### Twelfth Day

## COUNTRY PLEASURES

### Tivoli, Hadrian's Villa

THE excursion to Tivoli, if you can give but a day to it, makes one of the fullest days you will have. To see these celebrated and always frequented mountains, the famous cascades and venerated temples, the Renaissance villas and gardens known the world over; and, on the plain, to visit the Roman ruins of Hadrian's retreat, formerly pillaged by man, now devastated by implacable nature, is not that a task for one single man in one single day for one single chapter of his book! It is

when attempting to crowd together such a series of visits as this that one sees how necessary it is to live in Rome, instead of merely passing through it, in order to know it. Let us console ourselves with the thought that the people who live in a city frequently are those who know it the least.

Tivoli, the ancient Tibur, is an interesting place even to a traveller whose mind has not been too well nourished upon Latin literature and history. Even more than Tusculum, it was the favourite resort of the ancient Romans. Tusculum-Frascati was the chosen residence of the men of the Renaissance, Tibur-Tivoli, of their ancestors. Mæcenas and Horace, Augustus himself, loved its freshness; Hadrian rested under its shelter; and to this day, artists come here when they wish to fix their impressions of the country about Rome. Even Montaigne, little sensitive as he was to nature, felt some thrills at Tibur. M. René Schneider tells us that Torquato Tasso found his Armida's gardens here, painters and engravers have rivalled one another in portraying it, the lyrical Gabriel d'Annunzio has been in love here, and the wonderful art of M. Henri de Régnier has fixed Frascati, opposite old Tibur, in our memories with the charm of nature. Tivoli, the city of beautiful cascades, is much less open than Frascati, once the city of spurting fountains. Tivoli is all gathered closely about the tumultuous waters which the Sibyl, from the height of her dismantled temple, must question unceasingly. But was that the temple of a Sibyl, and, if so, what Sibyl? We remember how, at the Pantheon, we were con-

fronted by scholars who insist that a round building could not have been a temple. Here, they concede that this might have been a temple to Vesta. Had the goddess of the hearth-stone sole right to a round temple? But, you see, if the Sibyl at Tivoli were allowed a round temple and the little round temple of the Bocca della Verità were ceded to Hercules, the disaster in archæology would be irreparable: it would be necessary to admit that a temple, pure and simple, might have been round! The Pantheon would tumble under such an admission at once; and who would dare assume the responsibility of that? Filled with good-will at all times, and toward all gods and goddesses, I should not choose between the Sibyl and Vesta, but constituting them co-proprietresses, establish myself as their guest, and, in the best of humours, we three might enjoy looking at the cascades together.

The Sabine Mountains stretch out one of their arms as far as this, but, apparently regretting it, make a movement as if to fold it back. Are they already overweighted by all the earth and the waters rushing toward the plain? Monte Gennaro forms the elbow, and against the point, boring into the rock, dashes the Anio which serpentines towards it across the gorges. We remember how Velino is a victim of the rock at the Falls of Terni; its road cut off, it must fall.[1] The Anio, on the contrary, rushed upon his obstacle, overcoming it and threatening, at the same time, to inundate the surrounding country before letting himself fall, until men were obliged to dig an

[1] *Little Cities of Italy*, vol. ii., chap. xvi.

underground passage for him on coming out of which he makes two or three jubilant leaps and goes on his way. The Anio is not angry, the gentle Anio, as La Fontaine would say, falls with more grace than violence into the hollow of the bended arm. There are no such bellowings of thunder, no such clouds of mist, as at Terni. The sunlight penetrates everywhere, and the voices of the birds mingle with the singing of the waters. The rock is covered with ilex and green oaks, even blossoming with roses and lilacs whose colours harmonize with the emerald of the water and the pearl of its foam. From my seat in the shade of the pretty temple without façade, I see the Anio springing out from among the roots of trees in tumultuous brooks watering the gardens, the cascades splashing the rocks, the trees climbing to the feet of the clinging houses. In all the scene, including this temple, within the precincts of an hotel, nothing is virile except the irresistible push which seems to drive river, trees, gardens, and villages into the great hole of the valley below. Everything is leaning toward that like Narcissus over the spring. Thanks to the overflow-channels built by men, Tivoli has never been drowned but always able to maintain her equilibrium above the abyss, where she sits in perpetual guard over the falls. The mouthless gorge, the inner side of the arm, is peopled with sentinel-hovels, and the upper and outer surfaces are covered with watch-houses. Houses, trees, the temple, too, think of nothing but looking at themselves in the turbulent water, yet gripping one another, accumulating bushes

and walls, in order not to fall, clinging with all their little strength to the rock saved to them by the channelling of the attractive waters. Opposite, on the other side of the narrow valley, the Sabines, high and tender, watch the struggle in amusement, laughing at it with all their springtime bloom. The entire scene is charming, full of grace, of changing colour, and of delicious song. We have no sensation of its grandeur, but of its freshness, its gay colours, its picture-like effect, its pleasantness.

Some time ago there was a lawsuit in Rome between the heirs of Cardinal Hohenlohe and the late Archduke Francis Ferdinand d'Este. The Cardinal, having rented the villa to pass the summer there, had repaired it, and his heirs asked the Italian courts to place the repairs to the account of the proprietor. It was done, the tribunal considering, no doubt, the occasion a good one to give a lesson to the Archduke. The present state of the villa is veritable desolation. Is it through mere carelessness that the late heir to the Austrian Empire thus neglected a glorious heritage, or does Austria take such petty revenge—restrained from anything worse, for having been driven out of Italy, and were the Roman Courts the more severe for that reason? Tied to a nominal peace by the Triple Alliance, Italy and Austria could do nothing but vent their spite for each other over the roofs of the Villa d'Este!

This villa reminds me of Mantua, but there the vastness of the Corte Reale excuses the neglect: there is too much to do in order to preserve but little. Here

a small amount of attention would preserve a great deal. The Casino d'Este might be occupied by other than royal tenants, but, in looking at it, we ask ourselves what repairs could Cardinal Hohenlohe have made? Upon its walls are the last flashes of the Renaissance. It was built by the Cardinal d'Este, on his coming to Rome from Ferrara where he had grown up in the refined court peopled with humanism and the new art by Elisabetta, and Isabella, and Lucretia and Leonora, and Bembo, and the Gonzagas and Montefeltre. He wished to realize upon this rock, chosen for his pleasure house, the ideal of beauty upon which his thoughts had been nourished in the company of Alfonso, of Ercole, of the Federigos and the Guidos. The house is grand, not vast. The façade of the classic Renaissance, with the centre higher than the wings, which are on a line with it, gives an impression of length, standing upon its high terrace, but length relieved by loggias. A long passage, like the crypto-porticus of the Roman palaces, serves to string the rooms together, passage and rooms covered with lamentable decorations. The Anio seems to have permeated this side of Tivoli, invisibly liquefying everything. There is no furniture, hardly doors, nothing but the oozing walls, running with ultramarine and carmine carrying figures and garlands into the mud. Where did the good Cardinal Hohenlohe live? What a melancholy summer he must have had! Surely nothing but malice aforethought could be at the bottom of the neglect of such a beautiful specimen as this. If the proprietor had but used the

fees to maintain a little decency in what he permitted strangers to visit! I find myself in the company of several dozens of English and American tourists: for what have all our lire gone in these many years?

If the royal Austrian punished Italy by letting one of the rarest Roman beauties of the Renaissance fall into ruins, in the garden his bad humour but assisted nature. I do not know if Cardinal Ippolito's hornbeams were as thrifty, if his trees were as high, if his paths were as numerous and his copses as thick as all those I see hanging upon the mountainside overlooking the magnificent sea of verdure—woods undulating like the deep, with still masts of cypresses rising masterfully above the waves. The garden indeed, is small, but infinite in its windings, its surprises, and its mysteries. You walk between high perfumed walls, bursting with fresh buds. You walk under vaultings which tremble and allow the fresh sunbeams to enter, delighting your eyes, however dull they may be to the play of light. The real cascade of Tivoli is here, a cascade of branches, of sheets of green, as noisy as the sheets of water and even more full of song. What depth, what solitude in which the lofty tapers of the cypresses seem to watch indulgently over lovers and refugees!

From the high terrace upon which the Casino stands we go down to the first landing, narrow and straight, animated by an oozing rock. Below that, on a second landing, is the cascade; and still lower, extending the entire width of the garden, is a sort of trough where a hundred little fountains play continually for the

delectation of a hundred decorated sheep. The long, mossy basin oozes and overflows, its water singing to the trees it refreshes in gratitude for the shade with which they cover it. Yet lower is a beautiful out-of-door room surrounded by colossal cypresses and facing a loggia which the points of the proud conifers seem to tickle. Then comes the miracle: upon the city side of the flank of the mountain, the course of the Anio has been turned so as to distribute its waters into brooks and cascades among the rocks and collect them again in a canal through which they flow in the middle of the garden into a great rectangular tank bordered with variegated flowers; and here the miracle culminates in the effects produced by the graded depth of the tank. Where the water enters it the tank is so shallow that the bottom is barely covered, but it gradually grows lower, while the water is maintained at the same level until it is several yards deep at the outflow, producing, under the sun's rays, a really marvellous gradation of colour, one melting into the other in such tender shades from lapis-lazuli to emerald, to pale blue, to turquoise, bright blue, tender green, grass green, deep green, grey, black, and these most delicate gradations that sunlight and water can produce are varied by every breath of the wind, by imperceptible currents, by the light shadow of a beautiful white cloud passing over so that they borrow from one another an infinite variety of tints each of which must be returned, sometimes slowly, as if grudgingly, sometimes brusquely as the cloud trailingly or in a clear-cut mass floats

away. Nature has this incomparable fairy-land for her own. No one comes down to this neglected end of the garden now, where the River Cephisus takes his ease in this pool, and if I look into it, surely I shall see Narcissus in his arms, for he must be the father of that beautiful body and alone worthy to hold it.

Yesterday, as I was going down the Esquiline to the Forum, where I pass the last hour of nearly every day, I noticed, on the way, a great mass of red stone, which my guide-book assured me was the auditorium of Mæcenas. The Romans, before they had printing to circulate their works, used to read them to their friends. Authors, fortunate enough to be able to do so, were in the habit of building small places suitable for such readings, in their own gardens miniature theatres, resembling our Parisian *boîtes*. Scholars having located Mæcenas' villa on the Esquiline, being certain of no other place, assigned these red ruins now grazed by the tram as the auditorium where the friend of Augustus read his works. No one questioned this until another savant came along, who,—not thinking that he would be taken seriously,—exclaimed: "That an auditorium? Pfutt! Those are graded banks for flowerpots, such as we have in our greenhouses!"

The archæological controversy that followed that learned man's misunderstood joke comes into my mind as I am going down the hill among the light and pollarded olive trees to the trot of a horse tricked out with cow-bells. I have read enough about Hadrian's

buildings to know that there remains nothing but hypothesis upon its ruins. Auditorium or flowerpot banks, let us take care to keep out of the vain and endless quarrel over them. Scientific certitude is a fantasy except in cases of precise texts not contradicted by others: even they may become invalidated; it is always possible to discover something else. Too often science is the refuge of those who cannot be touched through their imaginations or emotions. What can we be sure of in respect to the retreat of the wise emperor of eighteen hundred years ago, the model prince though he may be to the good humanists and passionate artists we know today?

So, I enter into no precise description of these ruins, remembering not only Mæcenas' auditorium, but the four or five plausible uses ascribed to the little portico rounded about a sort of pond in the middle of which floats an islet with walls in ruins. We may all read the books of Gaston Boissier and M. Pierre Gusman's *La Villa d'Hadrian*. A simple pilgrim, interested only in impressions, I have no other thought than to make a general sketch of the place I am coming to see for the first time, and to note down the passing reflections that they arouse.

I see a brook still bearing the name of the Tempe which Hadrian gave to it without ever thinking that this little valley would be taken for Thessaly. A long plateau borders a short and narrow piece of land grown with willows, olives, and poplars, a grove in terraces which plunge into the watercourse while looking at the Sabines on the horizon. A steep road, after

having rounded the enclosure of a theatre of very apparent remains, mounts to the top of the hill, a shady park of pollarded trees gathers around the ruins of imperial memory left to their prætorian care. The first view of the ruin is striking: a great, thick, high, red wall. What does it enclose? Nothing. It was built for a double portico, one face looking north toward the winter promenade, the other looking south toward the spring promenade. Today it seems to be waiting to have trellised against it some gigantic, improbable fruit—from Egypt or from Germany—such as only an imperial gardener would have the audacity to cultivate. Behind this wall lies a long field with a marble tank in the centre of it: the Pœcile, no doubt, the ancient entrance garden, but we see no trace of how it was arranged. Were there groves, lawns, long, straight lines and designs worked out in curves? What friend of gardens will give us back the Roman garden? Now a tender growth of herbage covers everything, offering a beautiful harvest to laziness. One high cypress stands at the farthest border. It commands the substructure of the terrace which makes a sudden descent and from the end of it the plain extends in the distance to Rome, enveloped in her haze.

To the right, however, the ruined buildings glow red among the trees. A great hall with an apse serves as a passage to the round portico over which archæologists are still disputing. It is a charming portico. Some columns are still standing; others are lying in fragments on the ground. In the centre a canal

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The Fountain of the Villa d'Este, Tivoli

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Hadrian's Villa, Tivoli

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**The View at the Villa d'Este, Tivoli**

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**The Temple of Vesta, Tivoli**

surrounds a small building whose rooms are arranged like the spokes of a fan. What was it? I think it was the little retreat preferred to all others for its tranquil solitude and its freshness. It is almost isolated, surrounded by buildings which separated it in its heyday, from the world of the villa. Adjoining and dominating it is a sort of massive tower which I stock with the poets and philosophers that Hadrian loved to read. The wise emperor, taking refuge in this silent retreat, could step into his library, take down his Virgil, come back, all undisturbed, resting in the harmony of his little isle as he read to himself, while his friends lingered under the porticoes, ready to listen to him when his reading called forth some exclamation from his lips.

From here a narrow passage leads to what one may suppose was the most intimate part of the villa, a succession of rooms and inner rooms, great suites of small and large rooms with interior gardens, opening upon a second terrace in view of the valley and the mountain. There are as many as three of these rectangular areas surrounded by brick walls which were covered with marble, showing apartments differing in extent, sown with columns lying broken beside their bases. They are called the Biblioteca, the Giardino, the Piazza d'Oro. I see in them nothing but the mere arrangement of the apartments such as is common in Arab houses, or, not to go away from Italy, around the *cortile* of a Renaissance palace, —the Giardino della Pigna and the Cortile del Belvedere of the Vatican,—in fact the ground plan of all

houses where the climate makes it necessary to preserve a free space in the centre of the dwelling, with the shelter and the shade of porticoes, yet open to the freshness of growing plants, trees, and fountains. Of the three areas, the Giardino is the most radiant, the Piazza d'Oro the most solemn. Three halls shut in the end of the Giardino, one the end of the Piazza d'Oro. The three halls form two niches flanking a basilica; great water basins lying in front of them. The niches are not symmetrical; one fronts the Giardino, the other stands sidewise to it. Columns lie sadly on the ground. Nothing is standing but brick which weeps for its pretty marble clothes. The gate of the Piazza d'Oro, all swelled out on one side, opens, on the other side an arch as proud as that of Drusus or that of Dolabella, and is crowned by weeds in flower. On the opposite side, bordering the area, a gently rounded apse still holds aloft its useless vaulting, but lets fall its beautiful white arms, two columns, quite discouraged.

I have wandered for a long time among these carcasses whose dry bones are relieved by nothing but some rare columns. I have walked the length of these buildings, vast and massive as barracks, passed under crypto-porticus, through subterranean passages where there are sorts of tanks, crossed the stadium, nothing now but bushes overgrowing fallen-in rocks, and I have been in the baths and, upon the vaultings even now almost intact, I have examined the remains of the decorations in stucco. Scrambling over the heaps of fallen stone and through the brambles, I

have come down the Canopus, once a beautiful canal, now a superb arena enamelled with spring verdure and wild flowers. The Canopus widens into a vast tub where were cultivated rare and delicate plants, sheltered from the wind and too brilliant rays of the sun. At the extremity, the black hole of the Temple of Serapis still keeps its apsidal form and its cascade rooms. It still oozes the waters it used to pour out so generously. So, I have come back to the Pœcile where, seated on the low wall which borders it facing the great wall, I set up for my own use these broken marbles, these stripped bricks, and these scattered memories.

Although the ruin is so bare—and I have never seen one so stripped of all decoration—the first impression is what I would call easy grandeur, familiar majesty. This succession of apartments, of ingenious arrangements, of well-chosen sites, the clever forethought as to what the eye was to rest upon, the convenient adaptations that sacrificed nothing of beauty: it is all the work of a master, a man of refined taste and noble inspirations. He seems to have thrown everything together here, but all so that it has fallen in exactly the right place. Nothing was lacking for solemnity or for intimacy, for the promenade or for repose, for the crowd or for friends, for amusement or for health. Redress these skeletons with their marbles and their porticoes. Put back their statues. How many of them were broken to pieces and converted into lime or carried away to grace other palaces! No less than three hundred

works of art from here may be counted today among the masterpieces of the Vatican, of the Capitol, of the Roman villas, of Naples, of the Louvre, the museums of every civilized country—the spoils of centuries. Hadrian was a man who had seen the world and did as we all long to do, when we visit the shores of the Latin lake: in his enthusiasm for art and beauty in every form, he realized his dream of living in the midst of what he loved. He created a sweet and delightful existence filled with the joy of admiration, the happiness of passing his days in the midst of friends who thought and felt as he did. See his bust at the Thermæ, that shapely, round head, the short beard, with curly hair above a high forehead which alone shows us a man of gentle character; the eyes, with the lids lowered in an attentive look, a little near together, indicating a man of taste and judgment not easily abused, and the fine, long nose said to be the nose of a connoisseur is above a mouth as clearly showing subtlety and indulgence as unquestionable justice. It is the finished portrait of a man with an upright heart and simple dignity untainted with pride or haughtiness, a man of experience and culture whom fortune could neither unbalance nor pervert.

As my thoughts pass from the artist to the work, I am struck once more with the arrangement of this villa and how unlike all conceptions of what a royal country house should be it is for one accustomed to French art, a lover of Versailles, a friend of Compiègne, Fontainebleau, and other *châteaux* where the French

kings sought rest and forgetfulness. We understand the growth of the Palatine, the Forum, and even the Vatican, masses of buildings one upon another, wings joined upon wings, according to the exigence of the successive generations that peopled them. Emperors and popes hesitate to destroy the testimony of the past; from the points of view of sentiment and for material considerations, they prefer to make use of them, adding and enlarging, but not making over. So their palaces have grown awry, unsymmetrical, yet with certain undeniable beauties. We have already learned something of the artistic mentality peculiar not only to the Romans, but to all Italians. With them harmony was not the result of balance; it was all in the grandeur and the particular proportions of their architecture. Before the seventeenth century, harmony was never achieved in the unity of conception and execution. The Doge's Palace itself presents contrasts and decorations without having things match or even correspond. The Palazzo Vecchio at Florence has its tower standing on one edge of the roof and overhanging at that. Ideas modify with time, and buildings obey ideas. But none of these considerations obtain here. The Villa Adriana was built without interruption, based, in the main, upon one conception. Having finished his imperial tour, the far-travelled Hadrian chose a place of repose at the foot of the Sabines, and for ten consecutive years he worked to perfect it. The site, upon the last spur of the Sabines, was propitious for such a villa, considered as a whole a great plateau lying a few yards above

a narrow valley. It is the place for these long, broad buildings yet they seem to have grown here as they were wanted, not less than twenty different edifices; and this is as evident to me in the general plan as in the detail. Just now, as I was passing the vast construction which encloses the Giardino, I noted a basilica, flanked by two niches, one presenting face to the court, the other a side. It must be added that the niche on the left is shorter than that on the right and that not even at the back does it join the line. In the courtyards I find another irregularity, still more surprising, since it occurs in the ensemble, contradicting the general plan of the buildings, which are rather scattered than united. The courtyards of the Library, the Giardino, and the Piazza d'Oro are arranged upon a uniform model: an esplanade surrounded by porticoes behind which are the houses, rooms, or retreats, all unvaryingly rectangular. The feeling of symmetry is strong, yet is lost the moment we think of the villa as a whole. Each building is a distinct edifice, for its own purposes, with no relation to the neighbour to which it is joined as if by chance, by afterthought, often, indeed, by underground galleries; they touch by acute or by obtuse angles, they cut and bite one another, but they never merge together or unite—nevertheless, each in itself is symmetrical!

So we might learn from this villa, if we had no other examples, that a characteristic of Roman architecture is irregularity in the ensemble. This had not the excuse of passing through the hands of

successive generations to transform it as have the Palatine and the Vatican. Nor does it seem to me that all of this characteristic can be attributed as it is sometimes to Hadrian's peculiar wish to have forever under his eyes imitations and suggestions of the most beautiful buildings and places he had seen in his travels. That he could only do by putting much of himself into them. Like all artists, Hadrian was somewhat of a child, and the names that he distributed so generously responded more to his imagination than to the places from which he took them. Who has not found pleasure in such play? Marie Antoinette played being a farmer's wife. Hadrian played being a god who, from the heights of his Olympus, saw the entire world in the valley below him. We must not take his naming of these things too literally. Spartian, his biographer, lived in the time of Diocletian, when the villa, still intact, retained all its names. Let us see in them the innocent pleasure of a man interested in all that he saw, one who had a keen feeling for beauty, to whom the mere pronouncing of certain syllables awakened an emotion, just as in the lover who repeats to himself the magic name in the dead of night. It is only in vaudeville that the lover mistakes his pillow for his Margaret. Hadrian had none of the comedy hero in him. His was a lofty spirit, cultivated and fine. He baptized the fabrications of his landscape with names that were dear to him without a thought of confounding them with the originals. The artist who had seen the Nile would never mistake his basin of the Canopus for it, nor his narrow valley for Thes-

saly, no more than we, in naming our seaside cottage "The Gurnet," would mistake it for that fish of the sea.

If after these proofs of the grandeur of the Romans, of their culture and the art peculiar to them, it is desirable to draw another lesson, it could be only that already learned at the Vatican: the mastery of the Greek over the Latin mind. Little by little, the Orient took possession of Rome because Rome had never ceased to think of the Orient from the time she first knew her Rome abandoned the paternal soil for the Eastern country of mirages, and there the Roman strength at length disappeared, leaving the city of Romulus and of Cæsar to the influences of a new ideal. That ideal, too, was born on the sacred Mediterranean shores, in a little corner of Asia where the Roman Procurator of Judea so thoughtlessly washed his hands of its destiny.

### Thirteenth Day

## THE SCHOOL OF GLORY

### Chateaubriand

THE other evening, on leaving Chateaubriand at the door of the Villa Borghese, I told my venerated master that I should soon pay him a visit. I have done so today, in going about this Rome which saw him at the height and at the

decline of his glory, in visiting all the places that he most particularly marked in his august passage. To accomplish this pilgrimage, I had no need to go out of my way, as on that day when I had my *cafard* for Domenichino. It was enough to walk about the Piazza Navona, up one side of the Corso and down the other, with a little *détour* on my usual evening visit to the Forum. The churches of l'Anima and the Pace, the Baroque fountain by Bernini, and the Renaissance Palazzo della Cancelleria, the churches of the Gésu and the Aracœli lie along this route which Chateaubriand used to take from the Palazzo Lancelotti, to the Piazza di Spagna, to San Lorenzo in Lucina, to San Luigi dei Francesi, to the Palazzo Caffarelli, and to the Palazzo Simonetti.

I will confine myself to these last named today, leaving the first group to their own usefulness of another day, happy if I can pay to the lover of Mme. de Beaumont, to the noble French ambassador to Rome, and to the old man who survived all his youthful escapades the homage that my fidelity lays at his feet every time that chance carries me his way. Still happier shall I be if, here, in Rome, for which he had so much feeling, I can enrich by a new point of view the perspectives which have been opened to me on his soul.

Last year I left him at Terni, from whence, by short stages, he brought Mme. de Beaumont to Rome because she wished to die in his arms.[1] He installed her on the Piazza di Spagna overlooking the Barcaccia, that lively fountain where sweet Pauline could still

[1] *Little Cities of Italy*, vol. ii., chap. xvi.

see the floods coming, too quickly, in the Cytherean bark, the boat into which she had embarked with so much gaiety. The house where Pauline lived is no longer standing. Chateaubriand found it gone when he returned to Rome in 1828; but he could look at his reflection in the waters of the Barcaccia without blushing. He, who really cared for nothing in life, had been generous and tender. Rome rewarded him for it, turning into a virtue this last extravagance which effaced all others that he had committed. But a few weeks passed before Pauline died as she wished to die. A monument in Saint-Louis-of-the-French contains the bones of that poor lovelorn lady. The church is rich, commonplace enough, and, except for Domenichino's frescoes, chiefly interesting for its French cemetery whose epitaphs seem to unroll before our eyes. Here is Claude Gellée, here is Agincourt, here is Chateaubriand's oldest friend in Rome, "*mon vieux Guérin*," and here, against the wall of the first chapel on the left, is her modest little tomb. The bas-relief presents a woman lying on a bed in disorder. She is hardly draped in the lightest of veils; her head is turned away, and she has only strength enough to raise her right hand toward the pictures of those who belonged to her—five medallions scarcely sketched in—her entire family, cut down by the guillotine, while her left hand, fallen to the earth seems to trace the name which is at the bottom of this epitaph: "*After having seen all her family perish, her father, her mother, her two brothers, and her sister, Pauline Montmorin, consumed by a languid malady, came to die in*

*this foreign land. This monument has been raised to her memory by F. R. de Chateaubriand.*" Here lies the remains of that touching love. Let us think for a moment what Pauline was to Chateaubriand, after the appearance of his *René*. As soon as he was presented to her, at Joubert's house, she loved him and lavished upon him the treasures of devotion with which her solitary and broken heart was overflowing. She gave herself to him, steadied him at once, and held him in the way by which he was to prove his genius and definitely achieve glory. She took him to Savigny, away from the world, and made him work. The *Génie du Christianisme* is her production as well as his. Her, whom Chateaubriand so honoured in the year 1804 was not so much his love, which, perhaps did not merit such a disturbance, but the woman who had rescued him from his vagabond youth. Chateaubriand raised this tomb to his own memory, one might say; and Pauline's memory was too inseparable from his own for us to reproach him. He owes her much, she owes him everything. I see him, at Terni, bearing her with him to immortality, as the Velino carries the little Nera toward the great, seductive river. In Rome, in the Colosseum, where, with the air of the neighbouring marshes, she breathed a death more rapid than her malady, she arouses our sympathy because of the object of her adoration, because of what we owe him; we are moved by something more than mere compassion for the poor consumptive whose thin chest must forever remind us of that of *Cymodocée*.[1]

[1] The touching heroine of Chateaubriand's *Martyrs*.

No one need think that because he left a monument, supposedly one of love, as a souvenir of his first sojourn in Rome, Chateaubriand had not in mind to balance this tomb with another. He did not want his name engraved upon the stone which covers his own bones, but he inscribed it upon that of his friend and upon that of a great French artist who, like Pauline, died in Rome: Nicolas Poussin. He shelters his magnificent pride under these two celebrated names, the celebrity of one created by himself; that of the other he avenged for two centuries of neglect. Before the monument of Nicolas Poussin, which we should not look at, perhaps, if Chateaubriand had not invited us to it, we call up at once the *Grand Bey* around whom the sonorous sea alone repeats the name of the brilliant, wearied Celt. What a proud way of making himself recalled! France was ungrateful to her great painter, noble forerunner though he was! A century before we discovered nature, he loved her and expressed her in his immortal work. Nor is his manner like those who, two hundred years after him, saw her with wondering eyes. He had barely sown the seed of his perceptions when, thanks to him, Corot came here to seek the same inspirations. Poussin taught artists that one could do lasting work in painting dishevelled trees against a limpid sky and in putting factories in a landscape. He did it, certainly, with prudence, and, sometimes, with embarrassment, never conceiving the picture of a brook whose banks were not set off by ruins. But we must see that the ruins only serve to accentuate the rocks

and the oaks; which are always the essentials of the work. Nature is the principal character that the hand of man has decorated, if not profaned; the object is, above all to do honour to verdure and water. Moved to come to Rome by his faith in the antique, Poussin was overcome by the city itself, by the aspect of things, and when he settled here, he chose the Pincio from which he overlooked hills and plains to the horizon. He made his acquaintance with the marbles that had first attracted him serve in his interpretation of nature as he discovered her. From them he drew a feeling for life which enabled him to make his landscapes noble and vigorous. Rarely has any artist carried this complete assimilation to such perfection. He shows us the meaning of the word "inspiration." Understanding how to translate the art of statuary into his pictorial manner, he made the Greek feeling his own; sustained, but never enslaved by it, he found in it the power that made his genius blossom, whereas so many men of mere talent were withered by it. The antique did much in making Poussin's art pure, lofty, scrupulous, and the material trace of that ennobling influence we find in his habit of mingling statuary with his landscapes, as flowers in a field, a mannerism which reveals his faithful, not servile, heart.

The former chancellor to the French Embassy, returning to Rome with his wife, after the Ambassador of the Restoration, knew whom to chose as the Roman glory of his country. In the church of San Lorenzo in Lucina there are but three objects of interest: a

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The Church of Saint Luigi de Franchesi

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**Saint Cecilia and Saint Valerian, by Domenichino, Church of Saint Cecilia**

Guido Reni, the gridiron of Saint Lawrence, and a slab, fixed against a pillar, carrying a bust and a bas-relief, and inscribed: *F. R. de Chateaubriand to Nicolas Poussin, to the honour of arts and the glory of France.* When the ambassador announced to the French art students of the Villa Medici, doing them the honour to sit at their table, that it was his intention to glorify Poussin, he was acclaimed as if he were already honouring the ashes of those ambitious young men—*comme si "il honorait déjà leurs cendres"*—and not only their ashes, but those of all Frenchmen who come to Rome to fill their souls with the beautiful; in glorifying the ancestor, Chateaubriand honoured the whole line. Whoever loves Rome cannot fail to love him who felt and expressed the sympathetic enthusiasm of all Roman beauty. To glorify Poussin was to speak for all of us who wish to realize what he accomplished, to put into our work this beauty which overcomes us and carries us off our feet.

Yet, when he wrote to Mme. Récamier: "You wished me to mark my visit to Rome; it is done; the tomb to Poussin will remain," Chateaubriand had not forgotten his mission. That was his one perpetual thought. He was not in the least blinded by it. He knew perfectly that it had been confided to him only to get him out of Paris where his vote and his disdain were not wanted at that moment. But he accepted it with a smile, and we see the smile in everything he did. It amused him to show Rome to Mme. de Chateaubriand when she could tear herself away from her caged birds. Did he show her Mme. de

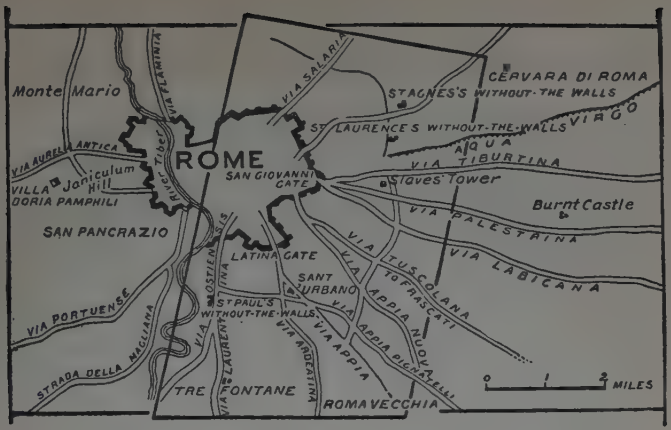
Beaumont's tomb? Did he show her the Palazzo Lancelotti where he used to exasperate Fesch by his detached manner? Mme. de Chateaubriand was all generosity towards her husband, with her clear intelligence fully appreciating his brilliant mind. Between two of these walks, he would go to see his excavations at Torre Vergata, or Tasso's cell at San Onofrio, gradually taking up again all the threads of his former interests in Rome. He had begun to think of settling here and had entered into preliminaries with the Prussian Ambassador for the purchase of the Palazzo Caffarelli which, however, succeeded to the German Embassy. On the very spot where the Temple of Jupiter used to stand, Chateaubriand was toying with the thought of ending his days when the death of the Pope Pius VIII. suddenly brought him back to his own day which he gave himself so much trouble to forget in dwelling upon the dead, upon Pauline, Poussin, Torre Vergata, Jupiter. "This Rome lying all about me should teach me to despise politics. Here both liberty and tyranny have perished; I see the mingled ruins of the Roman Republic and the Empire of the Tiber, all lying in the same dust; what does either of them signify today? Does not the passing Capuchin monk who sweeps this dust with his habit make us see more clearly than ever the vanity of all these vanities?" Chateaubriand has often been reproached for his funereal pictures, imputed to affectation. Indeed, it is easy to be so deceived. When he wrote this the Pope had just died. The next moment Chateaubriand had thrown himself headlong into the

intrigues and puerilities of the occasion, all his political disdain forgotten. He was everywhere, wrote twenty despatches in a day, reproaching the Minister and the King, committing every sort of audacity, such as excluding a cardinal from the conclave without instructions from his Government. The opportunity tempted him to indulge in all the follies of luxury in the Simonetti Palace on the Corso where Louis XVIII. had hastened to re-establish the French Embassy, and where Cardinal de Bernis, whom Voltaire called Babet the Flower-vase, had so gallantly represented Louis XV.

Chateaubriand never had de Bernis's opportunity to extend his hospitality to a Cardinal Clermont-Tonnerre with fourteen servants, an archbishop of Toulouse requiring separate service and carriages even for his guests, but he lived in pomp, with an eye to everything but prudence, altogether a great lord and altogether charming. He gave dinners and took mischievous pleasure in inviting his former chief, Cardinal Fesch, who refused, however. King Jerome had recourse to him and he interceded in his favour. And there we have a fissure through which light falls upon the soul. Not only in 1803 did René throw himself into the cause of the dethroned King of Sardinia, but twenty-five years later he awakened two corpses: Fesch and Jerome. All his life he was the lad of Combourg who ran away across the moor with a gun in his hand—which, by chance, did not go off.

As a man he had reasoned it out, and very truly, that the only triumph worthy of ambition is that of

the mind, of the soul; the godlike ideal is attainable only through misfortune, by defeat. It is not difficult to obtain admiration and respect when we have obtained success. To compel them in the midst of ruin is the touchstone. He who does not survive the tomb is not worthy of destiny. Chateaubriand loved power, luxury, the homage of men; yet as soon as he had acquired them he disdained them all for the satisfaction of hearing posterity chant the unison of his life in his own ears. He who "believed in nothing, not even in kings," passed his life in defending lost causes and in consoling the vanquished. To crown himself, no doubt, but at least, in a way that no one else did it, even in those earlier days. When he threw his resignation in Napoleon's face, he was thinking what we should say of it. Pride like that becomes abnegation. He polished his life with a view to immortality. Such was his way of understanding life and immortality, which lie before us all! Rome was wonderfully adapted to the ideas of a visionary soul possessing such terrifying divination of the laws which govern that which we call glory. He assumed an air of gravity among the ruins which taught him that the vanity of vanities is to think of the hour and not of the ages. To them, not to the *Grand Bey*, he confided his name; it is in the Roman excavations that we gather the debris of his heart, to build up his statue, as he did for the bust of Poussin.




**Fourteenth Day**

# UNDER THE EUCALYPTUS

## Without the Walls

TODAY I have seen some real churches, but they are not in Rome. When, by the Edict of Milan, Constantine authorized the Christian religion, the disciples of the new faith hastened to go out of the city where they had suffered so greatly, where the pagan temples still insulted the true God. Naturally they were attracted to the cemeteries where lay their loved ones, the crowd of their persecuted dead, and their celebrated martyrs. The Christians shook the dust of Rome from their feet as they passed the gates, and, outside the walls, they raised monuments to their faith. Saint Peter's, too, was, in the beginning, such a little church raised over venerated ashes. The Vatican alone has given it its

present lustre and which is not enough to keep us from regretting the modest church built by Saint Sylvester I. The other early temples, too far away to contribute to the prestige of the papacy, were disdained by popes and princes. The Baroque art had nothing to do with these sheep-folds whose flocks were pastured in a leprous country. The Roman court concentrated its generosities upon the city churches, leaving the guardianship of the tombs of heroic martyrs to the boors faithful to their pastoral origin in the time of Evander and the kings. In our own day, since the value of these witnesses of a noble epoch have become appreciated, they have been cared for with all the wisdom that modern artistic piety can give to its restorations.

Of the five or six churches that I have been in today, Saint Paul's is the most celebrated and the richest, Saint Agnes's is the most touching, and Saint Lawrence's is the most beautiful. San Lorenzo has been built upon the tomb of that martyr, a crypt dug under a hill which serves as a cemetery to this day. The crypt was separated from the hill, and, at different epochs, has been built around it the basilica that Pius IX. restored, after having chosen it, with much Christian feeling, for his sepulchre. On the outside, it is the hay-shed we have already seen at Ravenna.[1] In the interior, it is a pure, classic basilica, full of nobility and strength. How I love the solid walls standing upon the columns! I love them a little, perhaps, because they mock the wise authorities on

[1] *Little Cities of Italy*, vol. ii., chap. viii.

architecture who say that a solid wall cannot stand on columns, much because of this modern use of them; their adaptation to the new religion touches me with the thought of the evolution of the mind of man, an evolution that took place with a holy calm, for the Roman Christian was no more inventive than the pagan. Obliged to provide a building for the gathering of the congregations, he contented himself with copying and modifying according to necessity, the old basilica of the forums. That had a nave with two aisles, sometimes four, defined by rows of columns which support the wall, pierced by windows, and bears a flat roof. At the end, the apse, formerly the seat of the temporal judge, is now dedicated to the Judge of the Last Judgment. The end opposite the apse has been shut with a wall,—in which there is a door, of course,—in order to keep out unbelievers from the congregation of the faithful, and directly in front of the apse, on a level with it, have been added two arms, extending at right angles on both sides of the nave, for the dignitaries and certain confraternities: these are the transepts. Such is the Christian basilica—the Basilica Julia, the Basilica Æmilia turned into churches. The Roman Christians did not make bold to adopt vaulting, such as we find in the Basilica Constantine, as the Lateran was called until the Middle Ages, until after the time of the invasion of the Goths. Do not think that Rome cedes her vaulting to the Gothic genius on that account. Oh, no! It remains with appealing tenacity as one of the oldest traditions of the race that the vaulting is a Roman

form in architecture! If the Goths knew all about it, why they did, but it is a Roman form! Whether Gothic or Roman, when the Christians adapted it to the basilicas, cutting its arrêts, they never tried to do away with the ancient apse, nor the transepts, which they took pains to associate with the form of the Holy Cross. Let us look thoroughly at these Christianized basilicas, so pagan that no one has ever been able to give them any other name. In them one reads clearly the continuity of the ages, the perseverance of that old race which even in changing its soul, yet remained strongly attached to its primitive customs. In contrast to the Gésu and Saint Peter's, we see in San Lorenzo what a perfect shelter for meditation the basilica was for the mystery-loving soul. Divinity here manifests itself grave and serene, calm, strong as God is. It has recourse to no artifice in offering its shelter, uses only the simplest means; a roof simply laid at a right angle upon its walls, columns being used but to augment the surface of the floor space. No pomp, no decoration, not even on the ceiling, Renaissance though it is, which has escaped the painters who soon after this epoch so abused the House of God. San Lorenzo has kept almost all the antique purity, and where it has renounced that merit, it has done so to preserve for us one of the most surprising novelties of the Christian epoch.

San Lorenzo, in fact, has been turned around. In the thirteenth century it was enlarged in a bizarre manner: by breaking down one side of the apse and building out from it a new basilica, higher than the

old one and forming a new nave. Between the two is the elevated choir with a crypt, half the length and half the height of the nave of the old church. After mounting the steps of the choir, finding yourself on the platform, you can touch the capitals of the ancient columns. From that point you see the flutings dip instead of slant upwards, a reversed effect which is striking. At the bottom of the steps, also, the decoration is strange, especially of the superb columns which seem to grow, like trees, out of the pavement. One feels as if there had been a mighty struggle between the two temples, out of which both had come victorious. It is a two-storey church, and that is all; with the novelty, however, that the storeys are not placed one above another, but joined together so that one steps from the one to the other. It is in the lower part, in the half-crypt of Saint Lawrence that Pius IX. ordered his tomb to be placed, in a chapel entirely covered with mosaics which swear angrily at the columns, capitals, and architraves taken out of the ruins. But let us not reproach Pius IX. too much for his shining tomb, since we owe to him the disengaging of this pseudocrypt, formerly covered over. Besides, the sarcophagus is attractive, worthy of the old basilica chosen to shelter it.

San Lorenzo has, also, the most beautiful examples of the art said to be introduced by the Cosmati family who transmitted from father to son the processes that an ancestor, at the beginning of the twelfth century, invented or received, as some say, from the monks of Monte Cassino who had it from Byzantium. Cosma,

the elder, had, or took from the Benedictine workmen, the idea of gathering up all the chips of marble, dust of statues, fragments of broken columns and ruined capitals, even little bits of partly melted gold, bronze, the debris of every sort and colour scattered over Rome. Cartloads of chips and grains of porphyry, jasper, Pentelican, Cipollino, African marbles, were gathered together and carried to his workroom, sorted over, separated, mixed, harmonized, contrasted in decorations, all after the antique, from models found in the fragments themselves or in more important works of which, at that epoch, Rome was still covered in an abundance and a relative integrity of which we know nothing. The Cosmati made these ambones, these early pulpits, these candelabra, these door-jambs, railings, pavements of infinitely small fragments of multi-coloured stone, arranged in designs, regular or profile, according to the object, but always logical, always full of life and pleasing. A little art, no doubt, but charmingly ingenious and worthy of our respect, since it sought,—two hundred years before the Renaissance,—to fathom the antique and draw inspiration from it. The Cosmati made blossom a sort of Renaissance of their own, such as we have seen in other phases, in Lombardy, especially in the Certosa of Pavia. The generations of the Cosma family lived long in the land, like those of the Robbia; and who knows if it was not thanks to it that the torch, as well as the vestal fire, were preserved from extinction? The pavement, the ambones, and the Easter candelabra of San Lorenzo are among the best

works that came from their hands, and they are enough to make us love this art which today would be called decorative, and which, in spite of its limited resources, found expression that was delicate, new, and traditional at the same time, as well as almost impeccable; eyes most familiar with the antique may dwell upon it without displeasure.

By way of the Porta Pia—celebrated in Italian history for being opened September 20, 1870, to the royal army which took possession of the papal city—a tramway leaves Rome through a modern suburb of broad avenues, houses and land under speculation, and barracks. It passes beautiful gardens from time to time, like that of the Villa Torlonia, through whose branches we fancy we can see colonnades and sparkling waters. Gradually the houses grow farther apart, we find ourselves in the country, and come to a village with a basilica so low that it is necessary to descend forty steps to enter it. This is Saint Agnes's, which has not been made higher like San Lorenzo, but retains its sepulchral character, its aspect of a tomb hospitable to the living. Much smaller than San Lorenzo, less strange, perhaps, certainly less solemn, but with a more intimate charm, which may be due to access, Santa Agnesa has one peculiarity in common with the more imposing basilica of Saint Lawrence, a peculiarity even more clearly marked here than there; it is a model of the two-storeyed basilica. The entablature of the low row of columns carries others in place of a straight wall, and so the lower portico is doubled. Among the ancient ba-

silicas, that of Trajan was the most important one, perhaps, built in this manner, and the idea was adopted for Saint Agnes's, no doubt, to avoid placing the roof on a level with the ground. The lighting is affected by the position of the church, so deeply set with the ground close about it; the shadows are paler and longer than elsewhere. The sun can never play on these mosaics, which date from the most obscure time in the history of Rome. Yet the few rays of light cast upon the three centuries between the fall of the Empire and the rise of Charlemagne, are reflections from the mosaics of Santa Agnesa, as well as from those of Santa Pudenziana, Santa Prassede, and Santa Maria Maggiore. Those of Santa Agnesa go back to the blackest nights of the seventh century. In the one hundred and fifty preceding years in which Rome was no longer in Rome, but in Constantinople, the slow work of Christianity made itself felt, the silent conquest of the Church. The Goths had gone, the Lombards had just come, Rome was repairing the ruins of Totila as best she could, depressed by affliction, uplifted by hope. The Emperor disdained her and refused to do anything for her. Her own were letting her perish. Yet, in the depths of the palace of the Laterani, which Constantine had given to the Church, a bishop led his flock and spread abroad the good word. Abandoned Rome was his, and he made the most of the opportunity to lead the people to his faith. Gradually he became the master whose successors gave to Pepin and to Charlemagne the Roman sceptre which Constantinople was allowing

to crumble. Santa Agnesa is our witness of this obscure labour: the slow rise of the Church, of those small acts, day after day, a sermon, an impost, a baptism, the act of a magistrate, a sick man healed, rearrangement of the budget, the steady progress toward the organization of the Catholic State, daily incidents whose sum one day upset the world. Santa Agnesa was built in that mysterious time out of which sprang the brilliant Christmas of the year 800 when Pope Leo III. crowned Charlemagne, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. What great progress Santa Agnesa reveals to us! This little building has saved us something real, a tangible fact of the seventh century. Out of the time when everything was drowned in obscurity, when, in the north of Europe, the waves of the several monarchies hardly left their traces, we have this dark, low little church here to show us how in the turbid shallows of Roman rottenness blossomed that new flower whose seed has spread over the soil of the whole world. The Church grew slowly but surely by a struggle as continuous as it was painful, scarcely seen above the surface of the ground like Santa Agnesa, until the hour when she suddenly rose above the heads of all and claimed the whole of this neglected heritage. Then there was no one to contest her, and so well had she prepared Italy for her rising that from that time on she flourished in magnificence, expressing fully the Italian spirit for centuries, and only when she failed to do that, did she fall before the truer type of Italianism in the person of Victor Emmanuel.

Beside Santa Agnesa, the mausoleum of Constantia, daughter of Constantine, is another sign-post of those excellent times of work without glory. The ungrateful Emperor was leaving Rome, leaving also monuments to make the city forget his fall; Saint Peter's, Saint John's, and the others. And he left the ashes of his daughter to be cared for, in a sepulchre that is an exception in classical and traditional Rome. Like the Pantheon and the Temple of Vesta, no doubt, the mausoleum of Constantia was round, but with the capital difference, for which the model could have been furnished only by the Orient, of a drum carried upon columns, encircled by a fronton, also round. Perhaps I am tempted to see in it a piece of basilica wrapped about the fist, like a cornucopia, as the Palace of the Doges is a basilica spread out and broken on the exterior. Was the Roman mind capable of such boldness? If it was, what a pity it did not persevere! It respected the fancy of the emperor who wished to make both a sepulchre and a baptistry of this tomb. The Mausoleum of Constantia is the first flash of Byzantium in Rome. Later, when Galla Placidia left Rome for Ravenna, she remembered it. Why did she not remember the blue mosaics on the white background of the periphery? I shall soon see others, more striking, too, in another church copied from this. Enough now to make note of these and to regret the disdain with which the mosaics of later days avoided the delicacy of these light ceilings under the cradle-like vaultings.

Among the paleo-Christian churches, Saint Paul's

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**St. Paul's, Interior**

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**St. Paul's, Exterior**

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St. Lorenzo, Interior

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St. Lorenzo, Exterior

plays much the same *rôle* as the large cities of Italy play beside the small ones. A Vicenza or a Parma cannot rival a Venice or a Florence, yet the sense of intimacy of the lesser sometimes makes the greater appeal to our human weakness, to our laziness of body—and of mind. Who has not had his hour of lassitude when the Trianon did not seem more attractive than Versailles, the little rooms more interesting than the Gallery of Mirrors? The faithful who are frightened away by the pomp and grandeur of a cathedral, go straight to a chapel and pray in tranquillity to the Virgin or the Saints that the Church has had the genius to place between them and terrible Divinity. Just as the masterpiece has something of the inaccessible before which we shut our souls, as before perfect things, so before and around God, to many minds, there are too many clouds filled with storm for poor, human eyes. San Paolo enjoys this perfection to a supreme degree. Everyone who sees pictures of it is so impressed with its charm that a visit to it is looked forward to with joy. How many realize their enthusiasm with their visit? San Paolo is enormous. President de Brosses thought it larger than Saint Peter's; a mistake, of course, but a significant one. Standing upon a large space, San Paolo extends its smooth walls, raises its *campanile*, and offers us entrance by a small lateral porch. The interior is immense, carried by twenty-four granite columns to a colossal apse, and, crossed by transepts, great as an enormous church. A cry springs from your lips: "It is too big!" Those who constructed this monu-

ment upon the tomb of the apostle wished to make it worthy of the great saint whose figure among saints they had arbitrarily created. Already perverted by success, on the way to being intoxicated by fortune, they did not see the fault they were committing in giving the antique form to modern proportions. Essentially, the basilica was incapable of such a development. The Romans had acquired their sense of proportion from the Greeks. They knew that a line of columns, to be agreeable to the eye, should not extend too far. San Paolo is not a church for the crowd, it is a shelter for the multitude. Saint Peter's is larger, but it is made of twenty churches united into one. You pass from one to another, as you pass through the seven churches joined together at Bologna. Space, in San Paolo, is glacial. It is not the frank, open space of the Baroque; but a false, an artificial space. The columns prove that the effort is futile and the antique style refuses to conform. I see the relative simplicity of the means employed, the nobility of the nave, the grandeur of the perspective; but I also see that the characteristics of the basilica, as well as of modern buildings, is that grandeur is obtained by proportion and general harmony, not by immensity.

In vain does the decoration try to distract and reassure us. It but repels us the more. I know that San Paolo is new in all its parts, if not in its conception; it dates back but some fifty years, reconstructed, as it has been twice in the last century. It shines too brightly all over, having nothing of the polish of the ages that we love. Even the mosaics which partly es-

caped the fire of 1823 lose their charm beside these new columns, these walls pierced by too many windows, these lustrous and gesticulating paintings, this sumptuous pavement. I know, of course, that "the interior of a grand basilica of the fourth century or fifth century, was a dazzling wonder of colour and richness"; mosaics, draperies of silk and gold thread everywhere, on the walls, between the columns, before the apse; enclosures and tabernacles of marble and of bronze. The San Paolo of today but repeats that of former times, and that is just what annoys me, for the repetition is not exact: the early basilicas no more screamed with crude decorations than they sprawled in disproportioned dimensions. Their beauty was in their proportions to whose solemnity all decoration was subordinate. The perversion of the centuries, the pomp of triumph have spoiled San Paolo so that it no longer corresponds to the laws that created it.

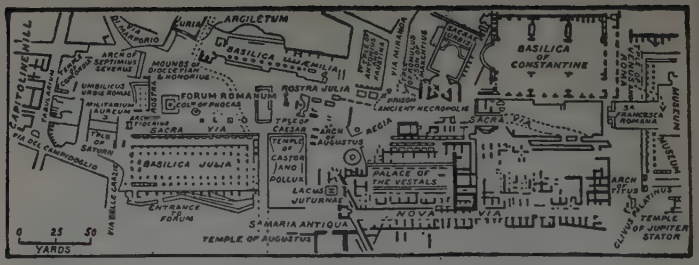
Still less does this travesty correspond to the eloquent pilgrim of the faith whose ashes it is supposed to honour. The true tomb of the great apostle Paul I see rather in the middle of the marsh where he died, the solitary waste separated from Rome by an uneven country of sandy soil grown with long, thin herbage. My carriage takes me across a veritable desert, a South African landscape of sandy valleys, long leprous-looking dunes below which leaks the water of the Tiber, among which stagnates the waters of heaven. In the distance appears the little oasis upon some hillocks around a dried pond. Gradually I see that the verdure grows dense and high; the grass of the oasis

becomes gigantic eucalyptus trees which protect the little Abbadia delle Tre Fontane against the fever of the surrounding marshes. A few of the monks are still here of those who gradually drained these fetid lands, planted the eucalyptus trees, and made habitable the place where Saint Paul is said to have been decapitated. What a beautiful legend they have made for him! His head, in rolling away from the block on which it was cut off, made three bounds, and, at each spot of ground where it struck water sprang forth, springs that still gush into a little brook that runs along the wall of the small church built to mark the place, and from which pilgrims are invited to drink. Modest and poor little temple, it seems so truly that of Paul, the friend of the afflicted, suited to his heart, partial toward the disinherited. These flats where malaria is subtly generated, oozing exhaustion in summer, forming fetid ice in winter, these trees with the loose hanging bark, martyrs skinned alive, how eloquently they speak of the misery of the poor in a selfish and well-fed world! Rome outrages this poverty with her neighbouring luxury, making one feel by contrast all the heavenly beauty inaccessible to the rich and powerful.

One day Rome refused to the monks, the guardians of these miraculous springs, some antique columns they asked for the little church of San Vincenzo and Anastasio that they wished to build beside the other, so the monks built the church upon piles; and so, thanks to the disdain of the papacy, which wished to keep its columns for the flattering and profitable city,

the monks gave the world the primitive model of a form in architecture which was destined to be used to excess.

Everywhere in Rome, among the antique ruins, one runs against the early Church; she who looked after the little ones, the humble, the unfortunate, inclining toward the modest, leaning over to the earth where the *proletarius*, maker of children, pastured his flock of Romans of low degree. How beautiful she is in that mission of consoler and hope-bearer! Her first fortune, the miracle of Jesus, came from such help carried to the victims of an insolent society. But Pharisaism soon spread among those whom He had led to succour the lowly, and triumphed a second time. The Baroque art, the art of the Church victorious, of the political and princely Church, was ashamed of these witnesses of her primitive simplicity. Paul died in this isolated place of the Tre Fontane, so typical of his religion, full of hope even in the hour of death, despising the rubbish with which it was so soon to be submerged. At San Paolo we remain unmoved, men of our own day. At the Tre Fontane we can become Christians. Here I feel ready to drink at the springs, here I understand the apostle, am capable of following him.




**Fifteenth Day**

# THE PATERNAL MANSION

## The Forum

HERE we are at the middle of our month in Rome. How many things are still to be seen! The Palatine, the Farnesina, the Capitol, the Villa Albani, the Appian Way, Albano, Saint Peter's, all as essential to becoming acquainted with Rome as the Vatican, the Pantheon, the Villa Borghese, the Thermæ, and Tivoli. Although the time has not come to mount the tower of retrospection and review the entire city would it not be well, before starting upon the second half of our rounds, to stop for an instant to consider the things we have seen and to ask ourselves some questions upon the emotions they have stirred? There must be some hidden chain of connection, something more than mere willingness to see and to learn, than the mere artistic and historical enthusiasm of the traveller to keep us going in this way with so much interest, day after day, from the

Forum to Frascati, from the popes to Praxiteles, from the Cardinal d'Este to Hadrian, from the Pantheon to the Tre Fontane. There is a bond that unites all these widely different things, and if M. René Schneider's *Rome*, to which he gives the sub-title, *Complexité et Harmonie* were not written, it would be waiting to be written. To me this bond seems to be rather diversity and harmony, but that is not saying that I do not agree in the main with M. Schneider's thought. A similar question, more subjective, seen from the point of view of the visitor, not that of the thing visited, is: how do we maintain this keen interest in so many things, conflicting in themselves, without being drawn into the conflict, how can our hearts and minds endure being balloted about without suffering; on the contrary, deriving benefit?

That is why I come every evening to the Forum, because I feel here not only the Roman unity, of which it is the centre and the source, but the unity of my own sensations: here I gather myself together after having been dispersed all over Rome, like the ruins in the fields. Every time I come to the Forum it gives me what I demand: the little synthesis which sums up the main idea born at each visit.

The question today is why do I always feel at home here? It will be easy to hear the answer, for, to those who listen, such a place as the Forum speaks clearly: the umbilicus which marked the centre of Rome and of the world was no imaginary focus, but a reality which makes itself felt by every tourist, however modest his pretensions to historical enthu-

siasms, awakening emotions in his heart, like the name of an old friend. The fact is there is no one who has not been nourished in his childhood by acts of which this Forum was the source, who, later in his life, has not been obliged in his every act of public life, in his literary diversions, in his very conformity to the laws of his country, to follow dictates sent forth from this Forum. Our French—and English—political vocabularies are full of Roman terms: the people in their comity, the Senate, the tribune, Cæsarism, dictator. The purest of our dramatists, upon whom we were brought up in youth and to whom we turn in our maturity, all were inspired by the dramas of the Forum; it was even here that Horace killed the *Curiatii*. The foundation of our laws we find in the Roman Law, evolved in the Curia whose wall still stands before us. These are the evident truths; but do they answer the question or ask another? My youthful mind was not cradled in Rome alone. I read and reread other foreign poets, like Goethe and Schiller, almost as assiduously as Virgil and Lucretius; Bavaria and the Rhine I know almost as well as Italy. So I should be perfectly happy, at Coblentz, at Munich, at Weimar, at Frankfort, but I am not. I have been touched by the poetry of Frankfort, but not held by it. When I think of Munich the first images that spring up in my mind are those of the pictures and statues which chance has carried there. As many times as I have walked about the squares of Nuremberg or Mayence, however clear my recollections of their history have been, I have never felt any emotion

deeper than interest. The exaltation that moves me in the Roman Forum is that which I have experienced in my own country: at Combourg, at Tréguier, Avignon, Auvergne, Rouen, Bourg, and Marseilles. In those places, too, I have been able to call up all that is dear to me, all my masters, all my ideals and have them speak to me in the same voice as the reverberating echoes of the Forum. So, to say that I am moved here because of these memories is still not the answer, since the next question arises at once: why is it that Roman memories, and not others, have the powerful influence of our deepest home-land emotions?

As I reflect upon this problem the waters from the fountain of the Vestal's cisterns are running in front of me, the roses which border it are in bloom, and the white statues seem to vibrate with life in the sunshine. Seated upon a broken column, I look at the sky mirrored in the basins, that brilliant sky, so joyous to eyes from which their native skies are barred by mists. I watch the lights and shadows all about and linger over the oleanders of Cæsar, shining and swaying their pink flowers. Before me, close by the Atrium Vestæ, lie the masses of the house of Pontifex Maximus, Cæsar's house, such a little one for so great a master, and built in this stifling and unhealthy marsh. Here, at the time of the festas of the Bona Dea, Pompeia was surprised with Clodius, disguised as a music girl. The wife of Cæsar could not be a person under suspicion; Cæsar repudiated her, taking Calpurnia in her place, and one morning he left Calpurnia in this house to return to the Forum only for his funeral pyre.

For several days he had been warned of evil. That very night he had dreamed that Jupiter held him by the hand, and Calpurnia had a vision of him in her arms pierced by a thousand daggers. She awoke, screaming, while the doors and windows of the house opened with a great noise that set the sword and shield of Mars trembling in the Regia. When day came, Calpurnia begged her husband not to go out. He yielded to her fears, moved himself, like a good Roman, by all these signs until Decimus Brutus came to seek him. Decimus was the brother—half-brother, if rumour was true—of the celebrated Marcus, commonly known as the son of Cæsar, since he was born during the time of Cæsar's intimate friendship with his mother, Servilia, the only woman, perhaps, whom Cæsar really loved. Decimus Brutus came to seek him, and the way that Cæsar took, as he went forth to his death, the very paving stones that he trod, I tread today, passing between the Regia and the Temple of Vesta. I go along the side of the Basilica Julia, and, as he must have looked at his work then building, I look, with tenderness, at the ruins lying there now. I follow the Vicus Jugarius between the Basilica and the Temple of Saturn, and there, in the shadow of the Capitol, I let Cæsar make the turn of the hill alone, gain the Campus Martius and that Curia, the plan of which one still sees near the Palazzo Farnese, and where he will fall under the blows dealt him by Marcus Brutus: *Tu quoque, Fili!* Near the Basilica, here, I await the return which will soon be accompanied by the clamour of a desperate people. The crime has

been done quickly. Shrieking cries rise from the Capitol, waking the sacred birds, spreading through the Forum, bringing Calpurnia, still anxious, to her window. The tumult increases. A delirious crowd rushes this way through the Vicus Jugarius, shouting savagely, tearing their clothes, covering their heads with the dust of the street. Calpurnia understands, she comes out of the house, passes before the Regia, before the Temple of the Dioscuri, whom she reproaches for not having saved Rome yet one more time, and falls upon the steps of the Basilica. There, at the turning of the Vicus Jugarius, the funeral procession appears before the Temple of Saturn. On a litter made of portières hastily torn down, an arm hanging over the edge of the curtain, the uncovered face all gashed, Cæsar lies, bleeding, torn, dead. Slowly the slaves advance, bringing the great pontiff, the master of Rome and of the world, back to his little house. The Forum fills, the crowd rushes in on every side: by the Argiletum, by the Via Nuova, by the Sacra Via, by the Vicus Tuscus; all Rome is running to the Forum. Cæsar has been murdered! Vengeance! But first honours to the dead, to Cæsar! The body is exposed before the Rostrum, in a gilded chapel made in the image of the Temple of Venus Genetrix, Cæsar's mother. He is laid upon a bed of ivory and covered with a purple stuff woven with gold. The toga which has been pierced by twenty-three daggers is spread out like a trophy. The spectacle is terrible, and made still more terrible by Anthony who cries that there are men in Rome who wish to outrage the sacred re-

mains and that he will defend them at the price of his blood. Then the multitude keeps the watch day and night, shouting their funeral songs which the soldiers scan on their bucklers. Anthony springs upon the Rostrum and improvises a eulogy, calls upon Jupiter and all the gods, and appeals to the crowd never to forget the crime. He spreads out the bloody toga, counts the gashes in it, and points out the blood stains. Then he rushes down to the funeral couch, throws himself upon it, turns his head until it is near to that of Cæsar (this is before he laid it on the shoulder of Cleopatra, where Cæsar's also had rested) and turned an image of Cæsar with its twenty-three bleeding wounds to the four cardinal points.

The day of the funeral has come. Are they going to bury Cæsar in the Campus Martius, or near his daughter Julia, in the Temple of Jupiter, or in the Curia of Pompey where they will make his funeral pyre? No! Cæsar must be burned in the Forum, in the centre of Rome and of the world! From the temples, from the Curia, from shops and houses, the crowd tears everything burnable it can lay hands on, benches, chairs, balustrades, beams, even roofs, and before the Regia, facing the Rostrum, at the other end of the Forum, the pyre is raised. (I have slipped between the walls of the temple that was raised upon the site, and the oleanders wave above my head.) The flames soon mount toward heaven and the smoke hangs its mourning veils on all the temples. The populace yells with excitement while the flute-players

Anderson

**Forum, The Vestals**

Anderson

**The Anaglyphas, Roman Forum**

Anderson

**Columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux**

Anderson

**The Fragments of the Temple of Vesta**

tear their robes and throw them in the fire, into which the soldiers of the legions who conquered Gaul also throw their arms and their wreaths. Some of the excited citizens want to put the torch to Rome that Cæsar's pyre may be worthy of him. The Consuls throw them off the Tarpeian Rock, yet the people must have a victim. Cinna, Cæsar's friend, offers himself to honour the ashes, but is mistaken for Cinna the friend of Brutus and strangled. The night was one of atrocious deeds, the days that followed were of worse. The people, tireless in demanding the punishment of the assassins, secured it at length at Philippi.

Carducci's triumphal hymn comes to my mind as I stand here:

"Although the Virgin no longer mounts silently, behind the pontiff, to the Capitol, and the pride of triumph no longer curbs the four white horses along the Sacred Way,

"The solitude of the Forum surpasses all glory and all renown, and all that the world contains that is civilized and grand is still Roman.

"Hail, Rome divine! He who cannot own thy worth is he whose mind is wrapped in chill darkness, in whose criminal heart pompously germinate all the seeds of barbarism.

"Rome divine, hail! Reverent over the ruins of thy Forum, my eyes wet with sweet tears, adoring, I wander among thy scattered traces, my country, my saint, my holy mother!"

Without turning traitor to my own land, I can mingle with these avenging groups of the conquerors of ancient Gaul, for it was these legions who carried into my country all that she has of the beautiful, the grand, the noble, all that makes my happiness in living in a society where the intellect is sovereign, where the arts flourish with authority, where the laws are impregnated with liberty and justice. When I look back into the ages for the mother of whom France was born, Rome alone appears before my eyes. We have been fed on so much Roman literature and we have been trained under so many laws conceived here in the Forum because our masters, guided by some deep instinct, knew that only such books and such laws were suited to us. I am Latin in all the fibres of my being, doubly so, since it is thanks to France that the Roman mentality has not perished. When Cæsar conquered Gaul he believed that he was but adding wealth to his country, but, better, than that, he thereby secured its civilization for the future. In colonizing Gaul he made sure of the perpetuation of his race, as the French in Africa will, perhaps, perpetuate theirs on the sands of Jugurtha. The Romans gave us the Greek philosophy with their own, and their art, as Arles, Nîmes, Orange still bear witness. Besides the Greco-Latin culture, the legions left behind them in Gaul a great many little half-Romans whose blood did not fail to tell, and when Rome, put to the choice, emigrated toward the Orient which had captivated all her enthusiasm, she was scarcely aware that she had left the seeds of her immortality on the banks

of the Rhone, the Loire, and the Seine. For an age we,—unconsciously, too,—cherished the precious gift, and when the sixteenth century dawned, behold it in our own children raising a great chorus of gratitude and love. France threw herself into Italy in transports which would be incomprehensible if they were not recognized as the outburst of the feeling of a return to the fatherland. The land was foreign, but we felt at home. When Charles VIII. entered Rome by the Porta del Popolo, he was like a man who enters the house of his ancestors. For forty years following, then, later, at close intervals, until Marengo, we came again and again into Italy, apparently conquerors, in reality brothers. The wars we made, under the dynastic ambitions which hid their true motive, were all for love. The last, which ended at Marengo and Solferino, put the seal on our fidelity.

The Italian historian, Signor Guglielmo Ferrero, who understands this sentiment, has shown what Cæsar did in the conquest of Gaul and what Augustus did in the care he bestowed upon it. Signor Ferrero's work is an appeal to the Latin blood, and one of his titles to fame is that he is the first to raise the cry and to aid in the resurrection of this brotherly spirit which for forty years has laid dormant under the opposing force of other peoples. It is our common work to preserve the excellence of our ideals, as our race has thus far preserved for us the heritage of the Greek culture which created intellectual society, and as the Romans preserved the civil society which together form the base of modern life. The Roman Forum, so

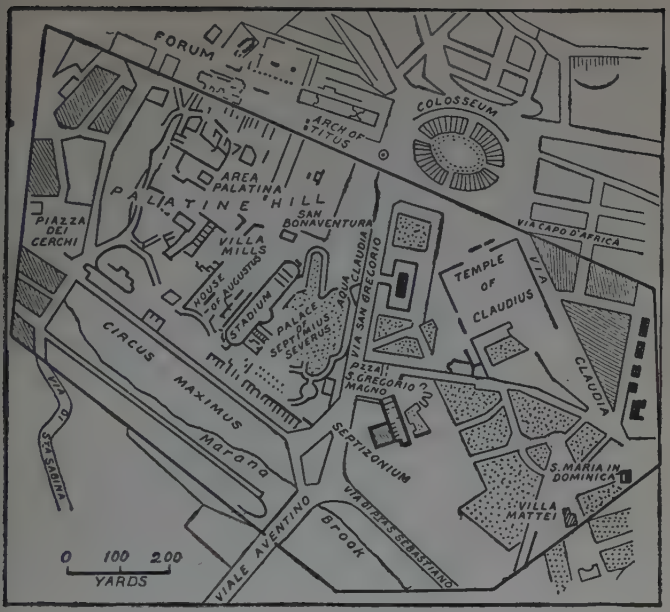
miraculously come back to life, calls upon us with all its voices, and as I go up the Capitoline Hill, I answer them in taking up Carducci's hymn where just now I left it:

"From the fatal hill, across the silent Forum, thou stretchest thy marble arms to thy liberating daughter, showing her these columns and these arches;

"The arches which await new triumphs, not now the triumphs of kings and of emperors, not now chariots of ivory dragging chains that torture human wrists;

"But, thy triumph, O Italians, over the dark age, over the monsters from whom, with imperturbable justice, thou wilt deliver the people.

"O Italy, O Rome, on that day the calm heavens will thunder over the Forum, and hymns of glory, of glory without end will swell through the blue infinite."




### Sixteenth Day

## THE MAUSOLEUM

### The Palatine

MUCH as I have wished that the wolf might never be driven away from the Palatine, I suddenly remember, as I am going down the hill, that while I was up there not once, not in any corner of those gardens, under any of those ruins did I ask myself where her lair might be! As I mounted

the steps of the Capitol I saw her in her cage, in the middle of the little garden, and it did not occur to me, more than to the Romans of today, to ask to have her returned to her native haunt. The poor exile howls, but no one is disturbed by her, no more than I have been the whole of this day which I have passed upon her hill without thinking of her, away off where she has been made prisoner. The fact is, there is no place for her on the Palatine, and a time must have been when she was even more unwelcome there than she would be now. Perhaps she was the first, surely not the last, of ancestors and foster-parents for whom men have blushed. The emperors did not deny her, but her want of exclusiveness was a thorn in the flesh to them. When one is riding the wave of fortune one scarcely loves the person who is a constant reminder of the cabin from which one set forth. With a fragment of the wealth that has been amassed, the old parents are pensioned off on condition that they remain at home. And lucky they are not to be disowned entirely! The wolf does not howl when she knows that she has received the most that men can give her of gratitude and remembrance. The Cæsars considered that they had payed her sufficient respect in establishing themselves upon the mountain where she nursed the twins who founded their empire. Perhaps they thought more of the kings than of the maternal beast; still more, no doubt, of the conventionalities, for during the whole of the Republic the Palatine was the elegant quarter of Rome. The Cæsars felt no doubt that they were doing all they

could ask of themselves in preserving Romulus's cabin, besides modifying the history of the wolf nursing the two twins abandoned to the floods of the Tiber into the version of the finding of the twins by the shepherd Faustulus—son of the King of Egypt, no doubt?—who confided them to the care of his wife, called the she-wolf because of her bad ways. Apparently it was more respectable for the Romans to have been nursed by a prostitute than by a dumb beast. Then those proud successors of the Twins hastened to surround the cabin, where Romulus must have seen some strange sights as a child, with brilliant houses suited to the rank, if not to the modest origin of their inhabitants. Gradually the cabin disappeared before the splendour of the race, just as the parvenu relegates the paternal furniture to his garret, when he does not sell it outright.

But modern Rome neither sells nor hides anything of her advantageous past. She cannot re-establish it, however, so she wisely takes without modification that which the soil gives up. Under the pickax the Palatine opens up an imperial quarter, houses of the emperors, nothing else. The scholars can have no temptation to drive away from it that which fled so long ago, and the traveller must be foolish indeed not to take what is here for him without trying to ruin the ruins under the pretext of finding them stained with ingratitude. We cannot forget that here the Empire lies in its sepulchre.

There are not less than four imperial palaces on the Palatine; five, say those who still attribute to the two

emperors Augustus and Domitian the constructions which archæologists of our own day place to the glory of Augustus alone. The portion left to him without dispute being entirely under ground,—under the gardens of the Villa Mills,—it is much more interesting to suppose that the other part which we can see is also due to Augustus. Domitian does not mean much to us, but Augustus! No name is more eloquent. The dispute will come to an end no doubt when the Italian government has pulled down the Villa Mills and opened up all the ruins, already somewhat accessible, to be sure, from below. And, as of course we want to show that we have some knowledge and judgment of the things we are looking at, let us extend a friendly hand to both the emperors, and enjoy the beauty of the things which are so real and so interesting to us, uncertain as we may be as to their origin.

The Palatine is severe: no such festival of marbles here as in the Forum. More ruined than the Forum, too, a mere empty tomb of dead brick, yet its beauty takes possession of me, awakening emotions that I have never felt in the Forum. There I am exalted, here I feel the tenderness of a child. But the first and real aspect of the hill where the Empire buried itself in a winding-sheet of raving pride is one of dryness, the dryness of a skeleton. The Farnese were the authors of these ruins. When the emperors left Rome for Constantinople probably they took with them many of the works of art that adorned their palaces, but they left some. Seventy copies of Praxiteles' *Faun in Repose* have been found while the origi-

nal remains lost, the museums of Europe are bursting with copies whose Greek originals are not to be found. Why? Because many of the originals being in bronze were melted up, and because the emperors, men of taste, put the best of their treasures upon the vessels in which they sailed to the Bosphorous. Unable to take everything with them, the emperors, naturally, left the copies which were thus preserved from the vandalism of the Ottoman massacres. The Farnese eagerly dug over the ground of the half-covered Palatine, having no scruples in destroying the brick substructure of the imperial ruins in their eagerness for the statues, tablatures, cornices, pediments, and columns of marble which adorned them and were royal spoils indeed for papal churches, palaces, and villas—for the Vatican and for Modena. These out, the great mansions of the emperors might tumble in a heap for all the Farnese cared. If we wish to know how they were furnished we must visit the Roman museums, the Vatican, and go to Naples whither Don Carlos transported his statues when the Treaty of Vienna permitted him to exchange his Duchy of Modena for the Kingdom of Naples and Sicily.[1] Two villas rose over the levelled ruins of the Palatine: the Farnese, which still covers all the palace of Tiberius, and the Villa Mills, recently bought by the state and whose abandoned condition is a happy indication of its disappearance in the not distant future.

The first of the gardens of these two villas is a public park whose trees and terraces are pleasant

[1] *A Fortnight in Naples*, chaps. xv. and xvi.

above the Forum. Between it and the Mills garden stands that part of the House of Augustus which has already been laid bare. I should like to walk through it as a simple Roman citizen, not as a tourist. The tourist usually makes his attack informally on the side, descending from the Farnese garden to which he has climbed by the steps that have been made from the side of the Forum. Rather than take this meaningless way, let us follow the Clivus Victoriæ, passing under the formidable arcades which probably supported the palace of Caligula or constituted the subsoil structure of Tiberius's palace. Let us take a look at the Forum spread out at our feet and draw from it the Roman spirit which must constitute our Roman citizenship, and then turning our backs to pass through the low, thick grove, we gain the Clivus Palatinus, the road which mounted from the Sacra Via to the level of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, there where the Arch of Titus was built. Thus, approached by the Area Palatina, that is to say by the great public square at the end of which imperial majesty received the homage of the people prone before them, the Domus Augustiana, the palace of Augustus, or Domus Flavia of Domitian, is seen at its full value. It is but an outline: a vast quadrilateral hardly higher than a man, the interior divided by walls, brick also, into halls of unequal grandeur which flank a great central space. Many apartments are easily recognized and leave no room to doubt their use. First, in the middle, was the tablinum, reception hall, where clients waited to be admitted to audience, to borrow a term from

Versailles, it was the *Œil-de-Bœuf* of those days. On the left was the private chapel, lararium, the place of the gods, lares. On the right was the tablinum or audience hall where Augustus, good justice of the peace, dealt out equity to those who brought their troubles to him. Behind the tablinum, and occupying almost the entire width of the building, was the atrium or peristylium, the beautiful interior garden of every Roman house, which we also saw in the Villa Adriana. Behind that was the triclinium, the large dining-hall, and near it the nymphæum or summer dining-room, with its elliptical fountain, all surrounded by little rooms, intimate apartments such as the French, at Versailles, for instance, call *cabinets*.

It is open, easily understood, and I have not exaggerated the bareness of it in omitting to mention that some pieces of marble still remain to decorate this red skeleton. Now, having kept myself strictly to the bald facts, having obeyed Stendhal,—who tells us not to supplement things, who hates indirect emotions, born of the object and not of the subject,—I may, at length, say what I feel. Devastated as it is, the palace of Augustus does not strike me as bare. The light reinforcement it has received is as real as the dismemberment. Where shall we see a ruin so respected, so thoughtfully arranged? It has been cleared and cleaned. We tread the real pavements of the palace, not a spear of grass springing up between its cracks nor a bit of loose stone lying about upon which to turn our ankles. As of old, in the time when it had walls and roofs and furniture, an army of ser-

vants must pass through it every morning, sweeping, dusting, and setting it in order. The smallest fragments have been carefully placed along the brick base. In the basilica the bar of the tribunal, or what remains of it, has been raised again in position. In the atrium pieces of the marble facing have been replaced on the walls. In the triclinium the porphyry pavement is still intact. The borders of the nymphæum are still rounded and the little ship still floats in the basin, a flowering bush, as in the time when diners surrounded the table of which it formed the finishing touch in luxurious comfort. We cannot but admire this care, so judicious, so different from that which has been given to the Forum. It is good to see the disorder created by the crowd in the public square surrounded by the masses of great buildings. But here, in the house, everything should be in its place, as it is, imparting a feeling of intimacy which touches the tenderness in us. I have said that the house was unencumbered, but it is not bare. Besides the mural decorations, have been found, among these ruins of ruins, quantities of little motifs, of ornament, which seem not to belong to the redressing of the interior nor to the exterior. They were part of the decoration which have entirely disappeared: balustrades, little columns, capitals, the small objects which go to complete the beauty of a house. They have been gathered together and fixed within arm's reach upon brick pylons placed here and there with studied care, though apparently by chance. There is one in every room, each covered with little things, making the same sort

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**The Palace of the Cæsars**

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**House of Domitian, Palace of the Cæsars**

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**The View of the House of Domitian, Palace of the Cæsars**

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**The Palace of the Cæsars, Circus Maximus**

of touching appeal to our hearts as the little cities I spoke of the other day. We approach them with respect, but soon find ourselves talking to them intimately. Here is a marble slab, made, no doubt, to rest above a door, bearing the relief of a dolphin led by a love. Here is an arm, the plump arm of a child. Here, a little capital which must have crowned a door-post; a slender column, a marble spindle, fragment of a balustrade, ten, twenty, thirty heads, some as small as a fist, others larger, even to life-size. Not a pylon but carries three or four of them, here before us, on a level with our lips, following us with their blind, but piercing, looks. At the end of an hour we find ourselves turning to them, asking them questions, these pleasant travelling companions scattered among so many souvenirs. Then they speak of all the grandeur and all the miseries that were unfolded before their dead eyes and shut lips. What do they not tell! They have heard Augustus sigh, have listened to his prudence and his hesitations. They knew his cunning heart and the astonishment that he never overcame at seeing the sad Octavius become a great prince. They laugh at us a little for having taken these hypocrisies seriously and because they know of his continual terror at seeing escape him a fortune that always frightened him. Propertius might make Augustus —*Vincit Roma fide Phœbi*—the protector of Apollo, these heads were never deceived. They bid me think of Livia's modest little house where Augustus used to seek the mother of Drusus and Tiberius, the virtue and simplicity in her cottage acting like

balance wheels to him. They give me a glimpse of all palaces born of this one, explaining them, if not justifying them: that of Tiberius, the incorruptible, who ended at Capri, that of the madman Caligula, of the Flavii until the fall. These little heads have seen everything, they know all. And I tell them my surprise and my joy at finding them here to receive their friendly welcome so near to my lips, their divine smile above these open tombs. They fill this Palatine of the beautiful oaks and cypresses, of crumbled walls and ruined palaces, with grace and untouched youth, and with all my lover's heart for Rome, upon the last and the smallest of them I leave a kiss.

With feet made light by tenderness, I walk about everywhere among these dismantled walls, holes, and brambles. From the top of the steps of the Temple of Jupiter, I look at the panorama across the Tiber where Saint Peter's and Garibaldi dispute precedence as they will continue to do until the day soon to come when modern Italy will be so freed from her passions that she can divide her grandeur between her two fathers. I have gone down to the niches of the Pædagogium and climbed back again to the exedra of the Circus Maximus, made my way into the majestic Stadium, almost as full as the Forum of marble debris. I have burrowed under the grounds of the Villa Mills where still sleep the vaultings of the second house of Augustus. By way of Septimius Severus's palace I have gained the terrace from which I see the Campagna, where round up the elephantine arches of the Thermæ of Caracalla, where, against the background of the

Sabine Mountains stands out the circular body of the tomb of Cæcilia Metella. This walk must be taken with guide-book in hand: it is not for me to name and number all there is to see here, nor can pen describe them in mass or in detail so overwhelming is their beauty as a whole. The eye measures grand lines of stripped brick, and who can paint those yawning arches? I find confirmation here upon the ideas on certain points of art that I gleaned from the Villa Adriana. The Palatine was built up, no doubt, successively from the time of Augustus to that of Severus, and even when Augustus began to build, the hill was so occupied with houses that he could not spread out his own as he might have done. His successors, who ordinarily were not troubled by scruples against demolishing whatever they did not like, might have worked out an harmonious whole, if they had wished to. But they never thought of such a thing. Five palaces succeeded one another in disorder, one riding another, unequally separated, in a word each one for itself with no thought of general equilibrium nor of its neighbour unless it might be convenient to lean upon it. We saw this still more strikingly, as the work of one man, the architecture of one period, in the Villa Adriana. Here on the Palatine, however, the Romans seem to have been more violently seized than was Hadrian by the passion for symmetry in a single building. The palace is square, with the central court, the apartments equally distributed and divided all around the rectangle, nothing out of proportion, no room cutting away what justly belongs to another,

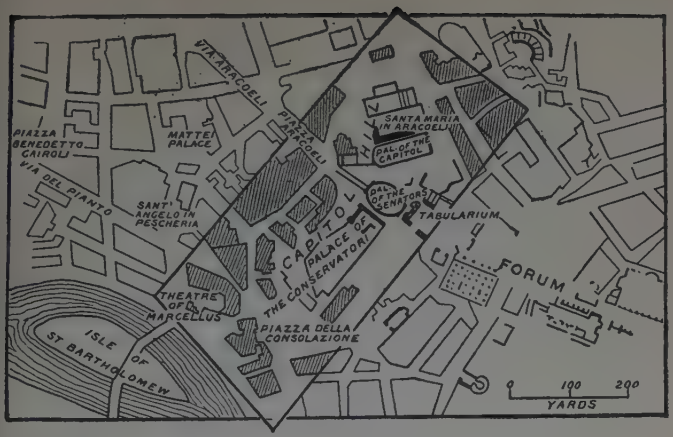
and, except in the basilica and the nymphæum, the eye encounters only right angles. Everything is lined to a drawn cord and arranged in perfect order. The plan, too, is invariable, exception perhaps being in the palace of Septimius Severus who made somewhat freer use than the others of the apse and the arch, yet maintained the customary respect for building in symmetrical slices. Now, how do the scholars explain this contradiction in the Romans, their manifest indifference to the well-ordered arrangement of numbers of buildings together, who think nothing of the jumble of houses revealed by the excavations of the Forum, who permit all the rules of harmony to be broken that momentary convenience or passing fancy may have its way with each structure without reference to the others, yet who, the moment a house, great or small, is under consideration for itself alone, they are possessed with a sort of madness for order and proportion, subjecting it all, even to the most intimate apartments, to the square and compass.

These are but small problems, however, beside the great lesson taught by the Palatine, this imperial tomb. The pleasure we have here comes less easily, less promptly than the enjoyment we have found elsewhere in Rome. We must wait for the emotion which arises from the depths of our being, fruit of the noblest rather than of the most pleasing qualities of the soul. But when it comes, it is powerful and fills us with a serious joy. Nowhere else in Rome does one feel so clearly the impression of vigour, force, energy, physical and moral. The most timid human-

ity cannot fail to be exalted by such formidable masses as these works of men. The Palatine is a great school of noble inspiration and human pride. Come here day after day if you want to perfect yourself in the way of necessary and fertile effort. If the builders of these palaces, in an age of limited and primitive resources, could realize work so colossal and with such an air of majesty, testimony of the boldness and the mental poise of the builders; if, indeed, those people were great enough thus to build up the Palatine, the proof they give us is that man has but to will firmly to succeed. Let us lift our heads, and be like them, strong, bold, conscientious, and free. We have but to will to be worthy of our fathers and to enter proudly the walls that will recognize us. Let us work! Let us lift our souls toward beauty, toward justice and radiance! Our youth should be able to attain the heights that the Roman age crowned with such ease. The Palatine, dry as it is, tells with all its stones what attainments may be reached by a people without great talent, without or almost without artistic genius to help them, but with tenacity, with good judgment and with great culture. Rome was a realistic rather than a visionary nation, gifted with a remarkable political sense, and which from the first knew how to give to art and to all the arts their due place. By them she developed her genius and survived her overwhelming catastrophies, quite as much as by the force of her social organization. Is not that which she was able to do then within the power of men today? The ruins of the Roman decadence on

the Palatine are a comfort and a support to our maturity.

Having crossed the valley from the Palatine, I have come to pass the last hours of the day on the side of the Aventine. In all the niches of the Septizonium, among the cypresses of the Villa Mills the Cæsars lift their phantoms, born of the mist which rises from the depths where the Circus Maximus is lost from sight. The depths in which they lie as the inevitable result of their wish to absorb the magnificent development which they should have been contented to direct is a last lesson. And over there Saint Peter's, flaming under the rays of the setting sun, offers the same testimony. Garibaldi whose fine silhouette dominates the Janiculum and turns with the victorious air which is not that of a victor, toward the Vatican hill proclaims what a man or a people may gain when the ideal, once awakened, is tenaciously cherished without weakness. One day Garibaldi seemed to sacrifice his ideal when he "obeyed," but from his renunciation came unity in the Savoy monarchy, the embrace of all Italy, reconstructed at length, and the prodigious fortune of Savoy is not the least of the lesson of what may be obtained by perseverance, confidence in the genius of the race, and by force of will.




### Seventeenth Day

## MICHELANGELO'S GREAT INVENTION

### The Capitol

ONE cannot separate in mind, more than can be separated in history, the Sabine Capitol, the Albine Palatine, and the valley of the Forum where the two tribes came down from these hills and fought, became reconciled and started forth on the conquest of the world. The Sabine citadel became common property, and it was perhaps after all in memory of the compact that the wolf was brought one day from the Palatine to the rock of Tatius which she inhabits to this hour. But, with all the good will in the world, the traveller who comes up to the Capitol cannot think himself in the heroic times whose origin

was traced to Saturn opposite to whom the Palatine raised Hercules. The Capitol has nothing to link it to the ruins of the Forum and of the Palatine. In the place of the Arx, the ancient citadel, on the north, is the Church of the Aracœli; in the place of the Temple of Jupiter is the Palazzo Caffarelli; in the place of the Tabularium is the Palazzo del Senatore. The shelter of Romulus might, perhaps, inspire us if Marcus Aurelius, who is in the centre, was not there to say to us: "How all things disappear in a short time, bodies upon the breast of the world, their memory upon the breast of the ages! All pain, pleasure, admiration, everything is vain, to be despised. All is disgust, corruption, death!"

The old Capitol, witness of the whole Roman glory, is dead indeed. We must not hasten, however, to attribute the ruin of the ancient hill to ingratitude. On the contrary, the Capitol only has resisted the cataclysms which overcame three or four of the Roman civilizations. It is still the centre of the city, the ædile is still seated upon his plateau. What the Capitol is now it has always been, adapted to the needs of the ages. The men of today have preserved that which the seventeenth century transmitted to them because the seventeenth century conceived with an idea of grandeur the structures in which we love to walk. This grandeur is the more impossible to equal in that it is the work of Michelangelo. Buonarotti stamped whatever he touched with such a mark that the rashest of defacers stop at the very beginning when they undertake to tamper with his

work. They might turn the bridle of Castor and Pollux, build up the tower and put a clock in it, decorate the Palace of the Senator to exaggeration, but the steps, Marcus Aurelius, and the double staircase still show the master hand.

Has not too much honour been paid to the Baroque; have I not myself gone too far in attributing to it the discovery and occupation of space? When Bernini was born Michelangelo had been dead twenty-five years, and some sixty years when Bernini built the colonnade. The generations have had time to study the invention of the old master, and they seem to have profited by it, since none of those who were charged with finishing the Capitol have dared to touch the primitive plan. Michelangelo formulated the law, set the example; they have obeyed and followed. The church on the Vatican could not serve as a model here. Space is not left frankly here; it is dissimulated under proportions which annihilate it, whereas the Baroque advertises its space. And while the Baroque takes possession of space, it does nothing but apply to church interiors the exterior model given on the Capitol by Michelangelo; it brings into prominence that which Bramante, in a certain measure, used to hide.

The Via Aracœli ends in a flight of broad steps bordered by balustrades whose lower pilasters carry two crouching sphinxes and upon whose upper pilasters stand Castor and Pollux holding their horses by the head. These broad steps lead to the little piazza so perfectly adapted by Michelangelo to the smallness

of the natural conditions and the greatness of the historical needs that it seems much larger than it is. With the exception of a few details, such as the too low fountain and the too high *campanile* which are not his, all is in the true proportions, the harmony of Buonarotti's plan. And what is there? Merely three medium-sized palaces, two at the side, one across the end of the square. That stands high, on the defensive; the other two, on the ground level, are of open, cordial aspect; but all three are brothers with the same pilasters and engaged columns, born of one inspiration from the earth to the roof balustrades above their cornices. That is all. The statue of Marcus Aurelius in the centre of the square seems to keep those palpitating stones at a distance from his majesty; they do not give the least suggestion of crushing the statue, nor the statue of relieving the walls. Between them the air moves freely and the sunlight pours over all. Unlike Verrocchio and Donatello, who perched the Colleone and the Gattamelata ladder-high, Michelangelo placed this antique equestrian statue on a base so low as to suggest a mere rise in the ground. We have Marcus Aurelius close by. The breeze that ruffles his tunic caresses us at the same time; and, as his dignity keeps back the stifling walls, so the very accessibility of his hand forbids familiarity. This low statue fixes the distances and, with the corresponding palaces, makes the square majestic.

Michelangelo loved the defiance of his materials; and more unfavourable ground was never offered to

his restless genius. Everything was against him. Two or three palaces were already built, the space at his disposition ridiculously exacting, the declivity jeering at the idea of adapting it to monumental steps. How could the grandeur of spirit which was to evoke the Capitol take flight in these cramped conditions? Genius answered, "by a *tour de force*." It did not begin by setting straight the first of the existing palaces, that of the Conservatori, on the right, which was built obliquely; but by building another, on the left, with an equal slant, making the two trend toward the same point, thus giving the effect of prolongation, and at the same time of adding to the apparent length of the limited space between them. At the end, the little square was cut off by the Palazzo del Senatore, and that was raised first, then pushed back in appearance by the artifice of a long double flight of steps built against the ground storey to hide its ugliness. The old refuge of Romulus, the little space of ground that the legendary fig tree must have shaded completely, and which the three buildings might so easily have turned into the bottom of a well, Michelangelo made vast by the architectural arrangement of the statue. And the narrow and short declivity of the hill he widened by broad steps and lengthened in effect by rectilinear balustrades. So were the limitations of the site overcome, and the requirements of the historical centre of the modern world were satisfied by exact dimensions, the right heights, well-calculated profiles, space amplified without trickery, and the happy relation of all things to one another.

After having conceived and realized the beauty of space, Michelangelo added unto that invention another: the monumental ensemble. How often have we been struck by the fact that up to the seventeenth century there existed in Italy no sense of the harmonious grouping of buildings, no recognition of correspondence made by the nearness of one monument to another. On the Palatine the palaces are heaped one upon another haphazard. The Forum is helter-skelter of arches, altars, and columns; when they were all in place they must have looked as if they had come up of themselves. The Villa Adriana is a confusion of distinct and even joined houses. No order, never any gleam of prearrangement, illuminates them; the buildings stick together, clamp one on another in absolute independence, each for itself. The palace without façade, which the Vatican has remained to this day, is altogether Roman in that: the popes could excuse themselves for it on the score of avatism. In fact we are well acquainted by this time with the Romans' custom of setting their buildings side by side with no thought of balancing them, still less of making them appropriate to the site they occupied, natural or ideal.

Read the list of the monuments that have been built on this little Mons Capitolium; it will make you dizzy. Michelangelo saw at once that, having to make a little village square hold the entire history of Rome, he could only do so by unity of arrangement and of decoration. The idea which time always simplifies, must, he knew, be born simple and nude, and

he found the architectural whole which was the perfect expression of it. For the first time he made here three palaces which did not exist each for itself, but all for the common beauty. They sustain one another, as inseparable as the several wings of a castle. The three are held together by their style, while their differences in detail save them from monotony. Marcus Aurelius in their centre is the axis upon which they are balanced and which supports them. And they, statue and all, are held in their place by the balustrades, commanded by Castor and Pollux, and above which appear the trophies of Marius and the statues of Constantine and Constantia. The Piazza del Campidoglio is as great a commemorative monument by reason of the double invention of its art as in its historical importance.

Let us render to Michelangelo the justice that, for this work, has never been given to him. He endowed art with two new sources so fertile that they are drawn from to this day. Nothing but space and the *ensemble* have yet been found to affirm power and assure effect; grandeur is not possible without space and a harmonious whole. Among so many great architects, it was Michelangelo alone who made this fertile discovery. He demonstrated its truth with frankness and loyalty, without artifice either in basements or terraces, holding himself, indeed submitting himself, to the defective equations of the problem that he had to solve. In the case of Saint Peter's where the question was but to diminish the given space, ability had full swing. On the Capitol every obstacle rose, since

much must be made of nothing, and these difficulties he surmounted in realizing that great masterpiece, and apparently doing nothing new. The Capitol has none of the grandiloquence of the colonnades of the Vatican; it is majestic, but restrained. It does not take us captive by any burst of wonder, especially by any roundness—so useful in deceiving the eye. His lines are straight, clean, and pure. He wins us gradually, doing us no violence; accessible, as he is, only to those who question as they look. He has the coquetry of perfect beauty, sure of itself, which consists in presenting a noble idea in impeccable form with modest bearing.

The church of Santa Maria in Aracœli Michelangelo left out of his plan. It was then and is still dear to the Romans on account of the summit it occupies, said, in his day, to have been the site of the Temple of Jupiter, although today the preference puts the Art there and the Temple on the other side, in the Caffarelli gardens. Temple or citadel, the place is sacred, and the church commemorates great things. Michelangelo could not touch it, nor make use of it because of the distance at which it stood from the centre imposed by his group of buildings. So he hid it from his Piazza del Campidoglio and built a separate flight of monumental steps to it from the Via Aracœli. These steps are so terrifying that we prefer to enter the church by the side door, reached by a pleasanter way from between the Capitol Museum and the Palace of the Senator. Although one of the oldest churches of Rome, the Christian legends attached to the Aracœli

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**Campidoglio**

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**Capitoline Wolf**

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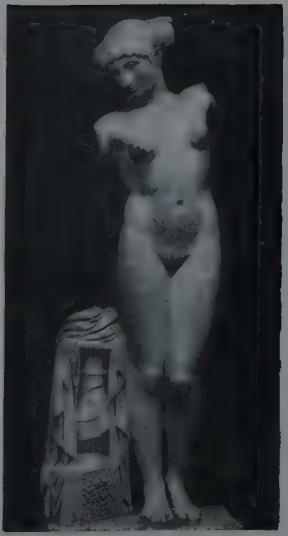
Capitoline Venus, Capitoline Museum



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Esquiline Venus, Capitoline Museum

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Statue of Marcus Aurelius, Piazza Campidoglio

have been fatal to the conservation of its primitive form. It was here that Augustus, come to consult the Sibyl upon the choice of his successor, was surprised to learn from her that the birth of a child in Judea rendered his anxiety as to the next emperor superfluous, the child having the power to take charge of the world henceforth. The prophecy was fulfilled and, on the proud Capitol, a church was built to commemorate the spot where the Sibyl had spoken, and was called *Ara Cœli*, altar of heaven. There is no resisting such traditions. The past crushes things as well as men. Illustrious churches sometimes have the fate of illustrious families dishonoured by the grandsons who think that anything is permissible to them in virtue of their names. In this Christian temple, where the worshippers must have so often mocked Jupiter and Juno, I have just seen, in a niche, covered by a glass globe, a little statue of the Infant Jesus covered with precious stones and surrounded by lights. At his feet lie envelopes well sealed, stamped, and postmarked. I am told that the *Bambino* receives letters from the end of the world. Some women approach and a clerk raises his arm to a hidden mechanism, and the *Bambino* advances toward us upon his little carriage, with his glass globe, his gewgaws, and his correspondence, while the good women cross themselves.

The Aracœli is not rich only in its moving idol. Tombs, frescoes, and some remarkable decorations make it, together with the Minerva and the Popolo, among the richest churches in Rome. The notable

frescoes are those by Pinturicchio. Among the tombs, it is worth while to look for those signed by Sansovino, Bregno, and Donatello; among the decorations, see the ambones by the Cosmati and the columns. It is always worth while to look at the columns in the Roman churches, but they seem more desolate here than elsewhere, perhaps, where certain, if not all, of them have never budged from that temple,—whether it was to Jupiter or to Juno Moneta,—twenty-two of them, of beautiful blue granite, seeming to lament their misfortune to be fixed in darkness by the Christian religion when they were cut for the sunlight of a portico.

It does not take long to see the Aracœli, nor even to take in what Michelangelo made of the Capitol; but to place the collections of the two palaces in one's memory days of careful study are not enough. Their marbles and bronzes are among the most important antique statuary. Greece and Rome shine here as brilliantly as in the Vatican or the Thermæ. The *Dying Gladiator*, the *Thorn Extractor*, the *Satyr with the Grapes*, the innumerable busts of the emperors and the great writers of Greece, the *Capitoline Venus*, from the *Venus of Cnidus* by Praxiteles, known to us from coins, the bust of Brutus, the sarcophagi, the bas-reliefs, the statue of *Agrippina*, the *Esquiline Venus*, the most charming body of a young girl that chisel has ever shaped; then the Consular Tabularium, the marble Plan of Rome, the *Marforio*, the *Wolf*, too, without counting the minor objects, vases, jewels, utensils, all rank together in the memory with the

most moving pieces of the Papal and the National Museums. Here I am taught again the lessons I learned in the Vatican and the Thermæ, precious lessons, confirmed, developed, made more clear. The Capitoline Museum has had the same origin as the other two: the Roman soil; they cannot speak another language, but they enrich the vocabulary. It was formed gradually by the popes out of the pieces that they rejected from their palace for obscure reasons in which intrinsic beauty surely had no part. Certain of them, however, were bestowed out of fine feeling, as when Sixtus IV. gave the bronze *Wolf* and that treasure from Olympus, the *Thorn Extractor*, to the City of Rome, although the popes were under the attraction of modern Italian art—the Quattrocento was then in full flight—until Julius II. He was the first of them to understand the miracle of the antique and to do it justice. During three centuries the Roman collections were enriched by glorious masterpieces, at length classified and set forth by royal Rome with as much loving care as ever papal Rome bestowed upon them.

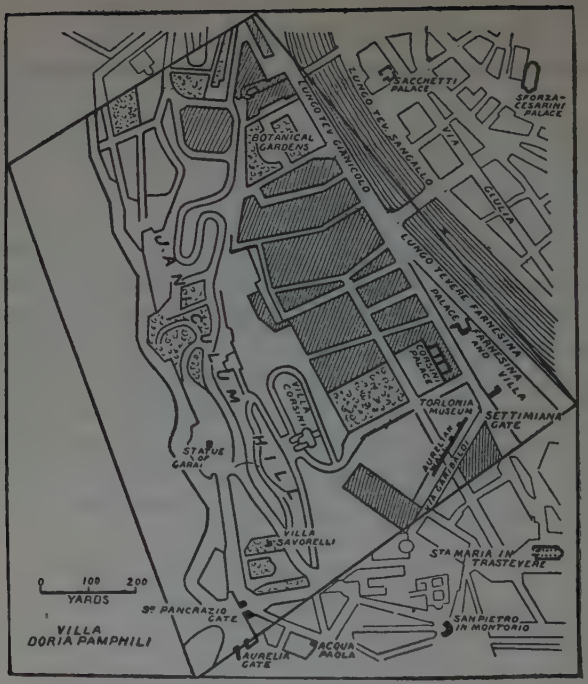
The two palaces of the Capitol and the Conservatori are to be visited without haste and untiringly. The first contains general works. Napoleon drew freely from it, and when France had to restore what he had taken, it was found that his selection included nothing essential to the history of Rome. On the other hand, the Palazzo dei Conservatori is especially Roman: the *Wolf* enthroned in the hall of the ædiles, *Junius Brutus*, Canova's *Pius VII.*, the Roman magistrates,

besides the vases, terra-cottas, Etruscan and Latin antiques, a bronze chariot, a chair, a bed, jewels, and Revolutionary relics of Garibaldi. I have especial pleasure in the picture galleries where all the manifestations of the Italian school are represented by excellent examples: Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, Carracci, Guido Reni, Caravaggio, Dosso-Dossi, Garofalo, and Lo Spagna. Each of them reminds me of delightful days passed in Venetia, Æmilia, and Umbria. From Umbria, especially, I find again, and with what joy, he who pleases me more than all the others: Giovanni di Pietro, called Lo Spagna. Nine panels present the nine Muses with some of that freedom of drawing, that firmness of accentuation, that vigorous expression, that frankness of light, and that charm of colour which are the hall-mark of the greatest of the Umbrians. Here in Rome, he is seen in his full mastery, in all his superiority.

Oh, I see, of course, that these Muses are a little affected and not very much Muses in fact. We are a long way from Praxiteles with so many attributes, decorations, and such sweetness; but so great is their charm that we do not think of them as subjects, we think only of these lightly graceful women, so prettily dressed and undressed, so sumptuously entwined with their veils. There is on the shoulders and about the loins of *Clio* an emerald tunic worthy of Aphrodite rising from the briny waves. If Lo Spagna had never done anything but draw the folds and paint the reflecting tints of this tunic he would deserve our blessings. For his sake, we can forgive the Umbrian

School, and also for the sake of his friend, the divine and pure Rafaello Sanzio; they make us forget the Nellis and the Peruginos.

Taine, on coming out of the Capitol, where he had seen all these many beautiful bodies under draperies that take their supple forms, and feeling his heart contract with jealousy of Michelet's *fistule*, exclaimed: "The great change in history was the coming of trousers." In the history of the traveller there is a change as great as that, which comes when he has felt the antique and seized the sense of perfect beauty, which Michelangelo and Raphael of Umbria have continued to transmit, carrying the torch to us.




**Eighteenth Day**

# THE FORNARINA

## The Farnesina and Pamfili Villas

THE reputation of the Trastevere has not been usurped. When Rome set forth to make war on those of her neighbours who rebelled at her dominion, nine times out of ten she crossed the Tiber and began by tramping over the terraced fields along the Janiculum. The Trastevere was the first stage on the route of the Veii who,

for their part, when they repulsed the attacks of the Romans, followed up their victories to the banks of the Tiber, sacking the suburb before leaving it. In all countries the border people are rough and poor. They keep the blood of their race pure, since others have no desire to share their poverty or to live and keep those whom they love exposed to the constant dangers of invading or passing armies.

Today the Trastevere has some palaces, one of which, the Villa Farnesina, is illustrious, and, it seems to me a palace that the ancient quarter is not unduly proud of, certainly not more so than is profitable. The glory of the Trastevere is made entirely out of its ruggedness and the tatters with which it drapes the rough and muscular bodies of its children.

The Fornarina was a daughter of this Roman border. Was it really she whom Sebastiano del Piombo painted in that portrait at Florence to which Raphael's name has so long been assigned? Before changing the author the arbitrary authorities should have changed the model. That beautiful, plump Venetian bears no resemblance to the *Fornarina* of the Barberini. Sebastiano's relations with Raphael, to whom he did such an ill turn with Michelangelo, could hardly have inspired Raphael to paint his enemy's mistress. They have done well to attribute the portrait, the glory of the Uffizi's Tribune, to Sebastiano, if it is his; they would do better not to longer inflict such a contradiction upon so irreducible an adversary.

I cannot say that in strolling about the Trastevere

I have often met Raphael's *Fornarina* of the Barberini Palace. That would be too much, although she has the right look for this muscular quarter. Not particularly beautiful, the *Fornarina* is a strong, almost a big woman; her flesh is firm, her ample curves are not swollen, she does not tremble like jelly. And those great brown eyes of flame! When one has seen the portrait of the lover, in the frescoes of Siena and the Vatican, one smiles in imagining that fine head resting upon the ample shoulder of this mistress. It is not true that Raphael died of love, but we can understand how the legend grew. The Trasteverians, men and women, have been and still are, a hearty race, retaining the fists and the biceps of their ancestors who used to jump at the bridles of the horses that trampled over their young and their grain. In these streets of the outskirts the Trasteverians, men and women, young and old, squat and loll about their poor and dirty houses, on the sills of their shops heaped up with old stuff, the eye on the watch, the hand quick, and the word piercing. Beautiful girls are not to be seen under their rags and squalor. The princes Riarii, Chigi, Corsini, who lamented their lot among these miseries, knew better than we do how to distinguish the beauty under the brush heap. They made her comb her hair, no doubt, before she entered their palaces. The Trasteverian is hostile to any one who lacks a palace, leisure, or abundant taste. His nearness to monuments has cultivated him.

Santa Maria in Trastevere and Santa Cecilia are the two principal churches where the Trasteverians

go to pray to God to raise up a new Raphael to do them justice. The first is one of the oldest in Rome, quite as old as her sisters outside the walls, and more restored. She has kept her columns of the second structure, of the twelfth century, which add to their antique beauty the strange effect of inequality, disconcerting at first sight, then interesting, as one takes pleasure in noting the different heights of the arches and the capitals. Charm makes up for order, and the light which plays upon these red, but pleasing, columns, is delicate and soft as velvet. The light is wisely distributed so as to fall upon the mosaics of the apse and upon the ancient green and porphyry pavement where I am so happy to find once again the art of the Cosmati. Here even more antique fragments have been used than in San Lorenzo. They must have cut up entire columns to obtain all these disks and diamonds. What pretty play of reflected colours where the sun's rays send golds and blues out of the mosaics, which reflect again until the whole church is filled with rainbows! One feels that he has had a bath of light which has carried its joy to his innermost being.

Saint Cecilia, the eloquent and melodious martyr, had the good fortune to inspire two masterpieces: that of Raphael and that of Maderno. Why did the too zealous enthusiasm of the eighteenth century set its heart upon entirely rebuilding her temple in the pillared style? Cecilia, too, was a Trasteverian, and consequently, a strong soul, if it is really she whom Raphael and Maderno have given us. Maderno's

is more so than Raphael's, however, with a delicacy and childlike charm that belies her race. Raphael's *Saint Cecilia*, which I saw at Bologna is, in spite of the outrageous repainting to which it was subjected in Paris during its short sojourn with Napoleon, still a round, fat creature, who, without any other indisputable testimony, proves to us that Raphael in painting her, had his mistress before his eyes. The *Cecilia* of Stefano Maderno, which lies under the altar of her church, is a fine, frail, supple girl. It is said that Maderno sculptured the statue after the mummy of the saint, found in the Catacombs, and the marble has taken on something of the brittle look of the mummy. Cecilia lies at her length on her side, the knees bent somewhat, the body draped to the feet which are crossed, and below the drapery the arms extended in front of her and the hands partly open, the bosom of a young girl is indicated, and the head which is turned, is wrapped in a veil whose ends come forward, showing two tresses of hair. It has but one fault, a capital one in which we see all the weakness and offensive taste of Bernini's school. Cecilia was beheaded. Maderno was not so stupid as to forget that. He cut the head off the statue, then put it back on the shoulders—on the neck, I should say, and, on that account, the neck has an exaggerated length which accentuates further the delicacy of the entire body. This blemish aside, we find in this work such grace—like that in Bernini's first works—such charming reality, such abandon that it fills us with a sweet emotion. To be sure, it is not the strong woman

who converted her husband and her judges; it is not the inspired, singing Cecilia; it is not the indomitable and proud Trasteverian. It is a poor child, resigned victim. Which of the two is false? This one attracts us by her youth and tenderness, although we remember that Saint Cecilia was a woman grown, of strong and sublime virtues. Our hearts are touched with surprise before this Cecilia; we seem to be giving out pity to some other one. But she is very beautiful, restrained, delicate, a work of art of a school which elsewhere shows itself false, heavy, and grandiloquent.

I have found the beautiful girls who belong to the train of the Fornarina, I found them at the Villa Farnesina. Before that I paid a visit to the Corsini Gallery, full of interesting canvases that one must have seen, certain of which will be remembered on the day that I shall soon devote to modern Rome. Then I went to the pagan Raphael, historian of the gods at the same time that he was historian of God. Agostino Chigi's villa no longer has the amplitude it once had. Gardens and terraces have been cut into by the quay of the Tiber, but the casino is essentially untouched, although the loggia, like those of the Vatican, has been enclosed to preserve the frescoes. A great rectangular building, attributed alternately —and even simultaneously, as does Burckhardt to the length of four hundred pages,—to Peruzzi and to Raphael, the Farnesina is of Bramante's, and not of Bernini's art. The lofty taste of the Renaissance, serious and full of grace, dominates it throughout. Comparatively small, as it is, and with all the reserve that

is fitting to its modesty, it is as pure and noble as the Farnese Palace to which it was linked by so many ties that, in the end, it came to belong to that greater mansion. It has the same fine air of quiet power. Its upper frieze, under the cornice, is charming, perfect, although one can no longer see it at the distance it requires, nor through the bushes, and to appreciate its lightness and perfect proportions, we must call upon our imaginations to restore it to its old setting. It has elegance, sobriety, and all the discretion becoming a little house belonging to a great palace.

The supple genius of Raphael is revealed here in a brilliant manner, beyond all the surprises we expect of him. Filled as his brain was with the serious compositions he was painting at the Vatican, he was equal to the tenderness demanded in a pleasure house, even to the bedchambers where he was a bit mischievous as well as pleasant and voluptuous. He left the Vatican for the Farnesina, left *Heliodorus* and *Bolsena* for *Galatea* and *Psyche* whom, in turn, he left as easily, to go back to the others. He is all that we can desire, just as we can desire him. It was Raphael's masterly ease that used to irritate the painstaking Sebastian del Piombo. We, standing before him today, enchanted, filled with wonder, can understand that. Leaving the unforgettable figure of Julius II. present at the miracle of Bolsena to paint Jupiter, that good big papa embracing the naughty son, Love; for that alone we must admire this illustration of Apuleius. Raphael did not paint it, but the design is entirely his. Giulio Romano, Francesco Penni, and Giovanni d'Udine

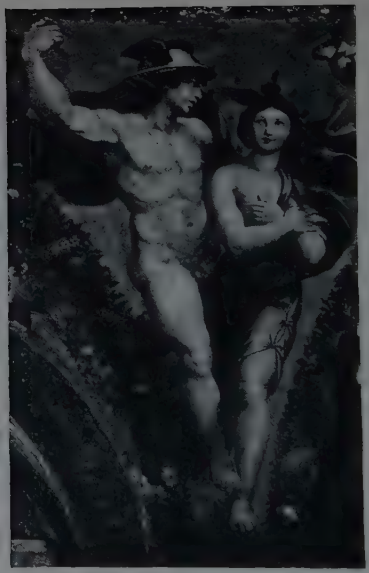
were his workmen, but the best of the work was Raphael's. The artist capable of conceiving these forms, so free, so new, so daring, so full of grace, with such a fertile imagination certainly would have realized them with greater skill than his pupils. He would not have so insisted upon these garlands of foliage and fruit, and Psyche holding the urn of the infernal regions he would have carried higher, making her pendant of the angels of Heliodorus. She would have remained a Trasteverian, but a Trasteverian with Umbrian blood in her veins. However, that which is his, so altogether his, is the idea; the action, the conflict. And that is admirable without reserve attaining the heights of truth. In these frescoes Raphael is of the pure Greeks with the addition of that which the Renaissance has given to the world of originality in its interpretation of the antique. There is the bold action of the Greeks and their eloquent frankness of the nude, while from the Renaissance he has these forms which seem to be still closer to the surprise of life. But if the forms of the antique seem to us to be merely ideal forms, may we not find the difference less in the artist than in man who has changed, especially under other skies? However that may be, the nudes of Raphael come the nearer to touching our senses. We can almost see the banquet of the gods in a *Directoire salon*, a little more undressed. To say that is to belittle him, no doubt. Anyway he is very near to us. Here Raphael proves once again the marvellous and miraculous fertility of his genius. The man could do anything; he shows it especially in

the fresco of *Galatea* which is one of the richest pieces of art, expressing noble playfulness and the most caressing voluptuousness, always chaste and always in supreme taste. It is told that Michelangelo came to see this fresco one day in the absence of Raphael. He looked at it a long time, then, seizing the brushes, he painted the head of a triton large and black, and went away. When Raphael returned and saw the great triton's head, he said: "Michelangelo has been here. He is right; my heads are too small." And too white, perhaps? We find them neither the one nor the other, for he altered them according to the tactful lesson of the great master. That, like everything else, he assimilated instantly, his fortunate genius accepting everything that could nourish it. Look at the frescoes above and beside his, the *Metamorphoses* and the *Polyphemus* of Sebastiano. In strength, colour, grandeur even, they carry the mark of a master; but the effort, the pain they cost the man who painted them is visible and they pale under the contrast. The Christian painter of the Vatican, the psychologist of portraiture, the artisan of Virgins wished, one day, to be pagan, and he was pagan with the same perfection that he put into everything, enjoying it with all his might. It has been said that Raphael was unique; surely he is that here.

Such a facility in passing from one subject to another cannot be had without price. The price that Raphael paid was a certain coldness, except in portraits in which his interest was aroused by the sitters. His nudes are faultless, although one could wish them

Anderson

**The Garden of the Villa Pamphili**

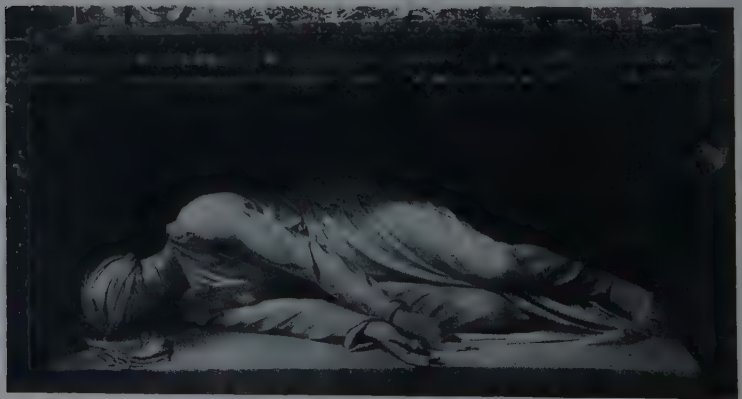


Anderson

Mercury and Psyche, by Raphael

Anderson

Jupiter and Cupid, by Raphael, Farnese Palace



Anderson

Statue of the Saint, Church of Saint Cecilia

warmer. I feel that strongly as I stand before Sodoma. No artist, I believe, is more seductive than Sodoma. Others we may admire with more reason and more reasons. No other appeals to us with such power of attraction. Memories of him are tenacious and troubling. Of all the painters I have seen in the course of my travels, he has made, I will not say the highest impression, but the most lifelike. Here, at the Farnesina, he overcomes me. The *Marriage of Alexander and Roxana* surpasses everything else that I have known of Sodoma. For one of the rare times, perhaps the only one in his life, Sodoma could here abandon himself to his pagan instincts. Of course the man could not help showing in his religious work that he was a lover of the human form. Often, as in the fresco of *Saint Catherine* at Siena, and in certain panels of the life of Saint Benedict at Monte Oliveto, unable to hold himself in, he oversteps the limitations of propriety laid down for him. In the flesh of the women in the *Catherine* there is a fulness and palpitation nothing less than edifying. Some of the pages at Monte Oliveto are worthy of Hadrian's court.[1] Yet all his work there shows the restraint he was under. Here absolute liberty was given to the pupil of Leonardo who knew how to appreciate Raphael. He was unbridled. Do not think that he relaxed under his freedom. Never has more sovereign nobility appeared in his work. In this subject, which happens to be pagan, he sees but the opportunity to express himself without preoccupation foreign to the

[1] *Little Cities of Italy*, vol. i., chap. iii.

work itself, and so he realized a masterpiece. Some people find this fresco overcharged and compare it with the work of Raphael who knew how to fill his surfaces without encumbering them. I do not feel this with *Alexander and Roxana*. Everything is in it, yes: Roxana, Alexander, Hephæstion, Hymen, the slaves, the Cupids, the bed, the colonnades, and the landscape, yet I do not see too much. Some people say, too, that an historical painting demands more restraint. This is rather mythological than historical, and so Sodoma has treated it. But of what consequence is such controversy over this general harmony, this abundance without excess, this truth without discord, and all these exact and ingenious details? What matters it beside the splendour of the piece? That is incomparable. Hephæstion nude, smiling with happy satisfaction at the charms of Roxana; she lifts her draperies modestly, and the superb Hephæstion, full of pride, proclaims that he has nothing to fear from this caprice; but Roxana, in her timid modesty, is so generously beautiful that we feel less reassured than he appears to be. There is between these two bodies, the one strong and fine of line, all disclosed to our eyes in its magnificence, the other round, soft, velvety, lightly covered by the veil that hides the bosom, a duel, the victory of which Alexander, Hyperion's buckles scattered upon his long tunic, already gives to Roxana in offering to her his crown. Sodoma has written here the whole poem of the flesh, the flesh that he loved so well and of which he is one of the two or three great poets.

Sebastiano del Piombo is more master of himself when he is not near Raphael. In going up the Janiculum, I stopped at San Pietro in Montorio whose pride is Sebastiano's *Scourging of Christ.* The admirer of Michelangelo here stands out free, but always pushing his effects to the utmost limits. Beyond bounds he does not go, however, no more than did his master, all of whose extremes are logical, nay, seem necessary. This scourging is severe; it hurts. I passed into the little court where Bramante's delicious round temple, which seems to have a "play" cupola, held me an instant. Leaving the church, I admired the famous Acqua Paola, one of the most legitimate excesses of Maderno and Fontana. Then, by the Gate of San Pancrazio, I went to finish my day under the umbrellas of the Villa Pamfili, to visit the country house after the pleasure house.

The entrance is from a sacred way. A triumphal arch, sustained by neither walls nor gates, commands the avenue which branches at once in several directions, descending into the valley that nature has made in the summit of the Janiculum. Rome lies to the right and along an elevated alley runs the aqueduct of the Acqua Paola. Above everything shines the dome of Saint Peter's and points the little summit of Monte Mario. Farther away are the Soracte and the mountains of Tivoli. It is a panorama of wide beauty, of calm and of light, that Roman light from which all impurity is swept away by the alternating breezes of mountain and sea. It is exquisitely fresh under the oaks in view of these fields

and rocks flooded with sunlight. Paths leading into hidden distances invite you to stroll or to linger in sweet idleness and let the world slip. Seated on a stone bank, I look at the Campagna and at the woods, my eyes resting now upon the one, now on the other, trying to choose between their sovereign charms of contrasting beauties, and, in the end yielding to both of them. The park, however, attracts me much more than that of the Villa Borghese, which has a suggestion of indifference, of being public. At the Villa Pamfili the groves have something intimate, personal, I should say, about them. With the gates shut you would feel at home. In the Borghese park, you would feel that you were a thief. Much more vast though it is, the Pamfili never bewilders me an instant. The long, broad field covered with anemone spreads out a carpet of such variety and brilliancy as the East has never conceived of. The meadow, shut in between two walls of oaks and bordered at the end by umbrella pines, invites one to picnic, to the siesta, and, in the end, one would be weaving wreaths. Even in this pine wood, exceptional as it is in size, strength, and majesty, I see the careful hand which controls the order and cleanliness noticeable everywhere. Nature blooms in her beautiful liberty; man but prunes the parasites and restrains excess. The umbrella pine is characteristic of picturesque Rome. We often come upon one, at a street corner, holding a palace in its shadow. The effect is striking. But what real grandeur a tree must have not to require solitude? A beautiful tree standing by itself in the

middle of a field, before a house, cannot fail to be magnificent and whereas drowned in a forest, it is belittled. Not so the umbrellas of the Villa Pamfili; they lose nothing by being together. Each one does its share in the magnificence, and the whole is dazzling. They defy every storm and every beam of light. Always dark under a brilliant sun, unmoved by all the winds of heaven, the giants spread out their wide skirts to the skies, leaving their trunks sleek and nude, a vast quadrille of ballet dancers fixed by enchantment as they are pirouetting on their toes.

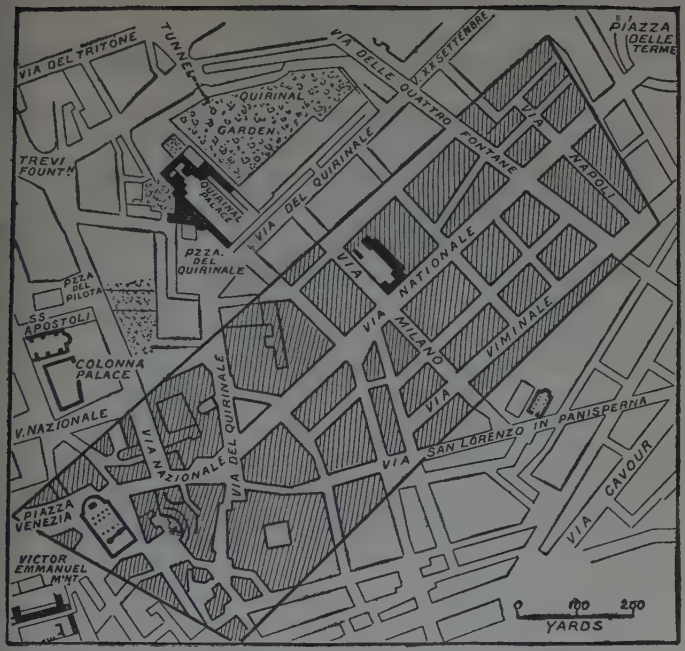
Further on lies the Laghetto, fed by a fountain in rock-work, and running away in a brook of cascades as far as the swans. I cross the stones, climb through the woods, and, suddenly the gardens of the casino lie at my feet. Bramante's design for the garden of the Belvedere, of three terraces connected by architraves, was followed by Algardi who planned this villa for the nephew of Innocent X. The lowest terrace is an English garden, somewhat disturbing, perhaps, to the general harmony, but not to eyes like ours, which love this arrangement. It is made up of mysterious groves and winding paths with a purely Roman arrangement of running water in profusion—basin, jet, and what is called the theatre, that is a rounded portico of marbles and rock-work enclosed by a border of plants and grass. Above this portico is the second garden, flat, without trees, all in flower designs, the true Italian garden this time, rectangular, and whose only summits are those of the rose-bushes and the oleanders standing in their terra-cotta pots.

Seen from above, these multi-coloured arabesques remind me of the mosaics of the Cosmati, and I admire the instinct which inspired the artists in marble and the gardener to make the same decoration. In France we know nothing but the English park or the French garden with its straight stripes and bushes cut like pedestals and surmounted by vases or statues. There is another thing to know: that is the Italian garden whose stripes are short and curving, which has some suggestion of architecture throughout. It is, in fact, a garden built with the house, harmonizing with it, repeating its motif and its lines laid flat upon the surface of the ground, and surrounding them with decorated walls, embellishing them with statues, with porticoes, with stone seats, grottoes, and niches. The garden expresses the tastes of the master; it has no life apart from his, no existence separate from the dwelling it accompanies and supplements. Soon, at the Villa Albani, I shall give more study and greater detail to the Italian garden. The Pamfili garden obeys the Italian law of gardens. It shows a character of its own in the galleries of oaks and umbrella pines that cast their cool shade upon this vast hollow where all the pollens of Italy have gathered themselves together and germinated. Now, in the last days of May, it is invaded by roses: low growing roses, climbing roses, running roses, and their perfume comes up to the little wall where I am leaning. In the centre, upon the great border of the rectangle, the steps branch out and lead to the third terrace where the house stands. Light, pleasant, even joyful, the

casino opens its green windows wide, spreads out its white walls, in graceful lines, rounds its niches where statues smile lifts its points on the great upper gallery, and in all its colours, all its forms, all its decorations seems to look at its reflection with satisfaction in the garden below. It is no longer a garden that I look down upon, but a great basin reflecting the entire villa. Make the garden for the house or adapt the style of the house to the park; that is the law of the Italian gardener. I am reminded of Frascati, and of Tivoli, too, somewhat. At Frascati I saw an excess of gardeners' buildings until they seemed child's play or the booths and cottages of a State Fair. At Tivoli I saw a considerable palace command a little garden which corresponded in nothing with its villa and was encumbered without discernment in the hope of making it seem larger. Here everything hangs together, united and balanced. The Pamfili gardens are the drawing-rooms of a pavilion whose intimate rooms, in the same style with them, are in the midst of the forest.

The Villa Pamfili was the fitting country house of the princes of the Farnese and the Farnesina. The three range together in perfect gradation. For the city, the severe and noble palace, inspiring respect and opening its doors for sumptuous entertainments. The Farnesina was the Trianon of the noble masters who went there to leave behind awhile the pomp of their state, but still maintain a certain gravity, imposed by the eyes of Rome always upon them. It was only when shut in with *Psyche* that they could

really unbend there. But the Villa Pamfili so well hidden that it might stand wide open, all flowering as it was, that was the place for love. Here art sprang from nature herself who lends to it all her charms. No need of Raphael nor of the Carracci; the flowers and the umbrellas were sufficient for the interlacing fingers or the outstretched arm. After the intrigues and the entertainments of the urban palace, after having tasted of Galatea's lips at the Farnesina, when one craved repose or freedom, here was the Pamfili.




**Nineteenth Day**

# MODERN ROME

## The Janiculum

BURNING sun shining on the city, though relieved by the freshness of the nights, warns the ardent pedestrian that for the sake of lucidity alone he may as well give himself up to the *vetturino*, the ever-hailing-you cabby, and bless him for saving time and averting disaster even while cursing him for his importunities and dishonesty.

Moreover, a quiet day is necessary once in a while. It is not time lost; one takes up the chase better the next day. So, surrendering to the Roman tyrant this morning, I visited the four or five places indispensable as data to the questions I wish to answer today; and, this afternoon, I had myself hurled to the heights of the Janiculum. There, with Rome at my feet, I rested, looking at the struggle between the storm coming down from the Sabines and the breeze rising from the sea. I put to myself the problem whose solution I have been seeking since the day of my arrival in Rome. Has this Rome that I see the feeling she ought to have towards that other Rome whose cemeteries I so greatly prefer that I neglect her for them? Does she do wisely and well for her dead mother, that which she cannot refuse to do without sacrilege? Does she remember to what she owes her supremacy in Italy, occupied as she has been and as she is in responding to the new necessities born of the present century, to the civilization and the political upset of which she has been the prize; is she all absorbed in becoming what she used to be and what she never was before: the capital of a great kingdom, and this time, a great capital of the twentieth century, ranking with Paris, London, Berlin, and Vienna? Does she hold in something like a stable equilibrium the two contradictions whose terms I formulated the first day when I called her a living museum? For her new glory, what has she sacrificed of her past glory, and what does she preserve of her past in working legitimately

for the present? How does she keep the two in neighbourly relation?

It has not been, is not, an easy task! In the eighteenth century the President de Brosses wrote: "Imagine what a people must be, of whom one-third is priests, one-third never works, and one-third does nothing at all, where there is neither agriculture, nor commerce in the midst of a fertile country and upon a navigable river, whose prince is always an old man, sure to reign but a short time, often incapable of doing anything by himself, and surrounded by relatives who have no other idea than to make the most of their opportunity while it lasts, and where, at every change of incumbent, fresh thieves arrive who take the place of those who have no further need of proof where impunity is assured to anyone who wishes to trouble society if only he is recognized by some one of great name or near to some protection, where all the money necessary for the needs of life is drawn from foreign countries. . . ." This, also, is what Sismondi says: "In Rome everyone wears the cassock, a livery, or goes in rags." Chateaubriand, with his sumptuous discretion, spoke of "the dead who pass from coffin to coffin. . . ." Stendhal had a similar impression. Girardin said: "It smells of death." Nor is this testimony contradicted by the pictures in the Vatican Library, the Corsini Museum, in engravings, and in all the scattered works of which Rome is the subject. Might Rome have acquired independence with her prosperity? Read the last chapter, entitled "Society," in Taine's *Journey in Italy*. You

will see that nothing had then changed since the time of the good de Brosses. The page of 1863 is the same as that of 1740. It was also the Rome found by the monarchy when it passed the Porta Pia on the 20th of September, 1870, the true, nameless Rome which was to become a great modern capital. Today, as we go out of our hotel—where we have but to press a button to flood our apartment with light, to press a tap for a warm bath, or lean on a communicator to talk with friends in Paris,—it is easy for us to put on a superior air, regretting beautiful old Rome. What a pity those unhealthy old houses have been pulled down, that that drain has been pierced, that this piece of land had been put upon the market, and those trolleys! We do not reflect that the sanitation, the comforts and conveniences that have become so indispensable to our life would be impossible without these "sacrifices of the picturesque." In 1870 Rome had 240,000 inhabitants. Today it has between 50,000 and 100,000 more than double that number. Where should we lodge if the city were not developed? In the first place, Rome must grow large enough to shelter her own citizens, and, besides them, she has a great floating population.

The traveller thinks only of the old palaces, but the palaces could not house the new people; there was nothing to do but pull down the least important of them and build dwellings and all the other buildings that the necessities of a capital require. Nor could the incoherent mass of so many infected streets lend itself to the free, well-lighted, rapid movement of modern

life. In tearing down entire quarters, old Rome has been murdered, but rendered habitable. Travellers would have liked to preserve Rome as Venice has been preserved. What a fate for a capital; no business but that of catering to the strangers who visit it and a mortality of thirty per thousand among its inhabitants!

In order to lodge the newcomers, two new quarters have been built, the first in the ancient *Prati*, the meadows that used to be so admired near the Vatican. Early in her new development as it is, already Rome is beginning to complain of want of air. Perhaps, then, she should be able to keep the gardens that have been given to her and transfer her building efforts to the sides of the Cælius and the Aventine. No doubt, the merited reputation for unhealthiness borne by these hills has made building enterprise hesitate before the expense necessary to fit them for the exigencies of the twentieth century. Anyway, as yet the building in the Prati has suppressed nothing of interest to the traveller for art's sake. The second new quarter has been built upon the Esquiline, around the Railway Station and Santa Maria Maggiore. There, too, nothing of importance has been suppressed. Most of the land was unoccupied, and the new population called to the capital has found there wide, airy streets with healthy houses to live in, at the expense of the lamented "picturesque" which still characterizes the Cælius and the Aventine. Man lives, however, not on the picturesque, but on the hygienic, and as people have continued coming to stay it has

been a pressing matter to build a merchants' quarter. Rome could not grow without a corresponding growth in the prosperity of her shop-keepers, and were these enriched *negocianti* willing to live in the suburb of the Prati or in the ruins of the Velabrum? Oh, no, they must have a quarter where, according to modern customs, they could have their own mansions, each standing by itself, surrounded by its own garden, fitted with modern comfort or, if not that, luxurious quarters in an up-to-the-latest-minute apartment house. The Villa Ludovisi was sacrificed. It was a great crime, the greater that, since Rome needs to breathe, she might have spared this lung. On the other hand, it is certain that only there, in the gardens of Sallust, was it possible to find the conditions required for healthfulness, nearness to business centres, and a soil free from substructures of ruins. The Ludovisi quarter is today the rich and elegant part of Rome, such a quarter as Rome had need of the moment she became a great city, and which meets the requirements from every point of view. Let us not forget, also, that to the sacrifice of this villa for building lots we owe the passing of the Ludovisi-Buoncompagni collections into the National Museum of the Thermæ.

Then there are the gardens of the Farnesina which have been paved off by the quays of the Tiber. But the Tiber was in the habit of overflowing, and it was too much to ask that an uncertain number of Romans should be drowned every year to give tourists the pleasure of walking in the groves where Raphael used to linger, and opening the cornice of the villa at

a certain distance. The casino of that villa is intact; that should be enough for us. Besides, large compensations attenuate these sacrifices. The State has not only added the park of the Villa Borghese to the little Pincio which had become inadequate, and added the museum of that villa to the city's priceless collections, but also had bought the Villa Corsini on the Janiculum, providing another magnificent promenade towards which nine travellers out of ten turn on their arrival in Rome, according to the voracious word of Piranesi. It is precisely upon that promenade that I am writing these notes, all Rome lying before me, one of the most beautiful panoramas in the world. Do those who lament old Rome complain of this, too?

I leave it to engineers and others more competent than myself to state authoritatively if underground Rome does or does not possess all the drains and other water-pipes necessary to a great modern capital. To me the machinery seems to work satisfactorily. Water floods the streets every morning to such a degree that, in going out of my hotel, I used to think it rained every night in Rome. Certainly it is not without work on the part of the administration of the city that such watering is possible. Is there a traveller who comes in from the Roman Campagna who does not appreciate the care which enables him to walk about without eating the dust in this city where months sometimes pass between a rainfall? I have been watching a storm that came up just now from Tivoli. The sea-breeze met and vanquished the vapour-laden wind, pushing it back upon the mountains where it broke

into floods of rain. Not a drop of it will reach Rome, where the streets will be watered as usual tonight.

The most delicate problem to be dealt with in and for the modern capital was that of the daily movement of the population in its work and pleasure. It was necessary to create great avenues for large crowds; to do so without sacrificing anything that merited preservation, that is to say, destroying nothing but hovels or houses without character or lacking especial historical interests. I make no effort to recall such and such palaces, where the tram passes now, nor to dwell upon the scruples, more or less grave, felt over their loss. It is enough to know how to read, not only the old books, but old maps, and to know how to look at what remains.

In the centre of the city, the principal artery has been traced from the Tiber to the Piazza Venezia through the middle of the ancient Campus Martius, which was the important quarter of the sordid Rome of the popes. To the right and the left of this street, the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, branches off a number of infected little streets which suffice to demonstrate the necessity and also the moderation of the sacrifices made to put through this street. But let us see how it has been made. Not at all in a straight line which would have demolished a dozen palaces, churches, or interesting houses. On the map the Corso Vittorio Emanuele looks as if it had been drawn by the trembling hand of an old man. Where it begins or ends, at the bridge of Vittorio Emanuele, near the Tiber stands the ancient Bank of the Santo Spirito, the bank of the

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**View from the Janiculum**

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**Cloaca Maxima and Temple of Vesta**

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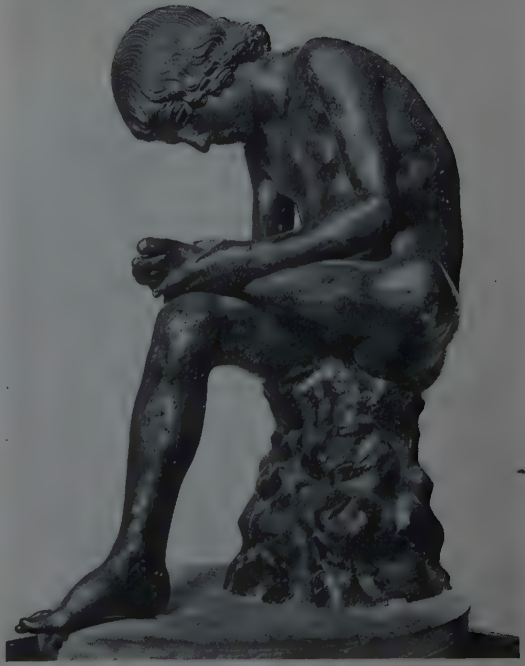
Boxer, Museum delle Terme



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The Thorn, Capitoline Museum

Chigi family, so the street bears to the right. Farther on stands, intact, the Palazzo Sforza-Cesarini, the ancient palace of Cardinal Borgia, given by him to the Cardinal Ascanio Sforza, a gift of thanks for Ascanio's renunciation of all dispute against him for the tiara. In front of the Chiesa Nuova is a square which could not have been crossed directly without pulling down, a little further on, the Palazzo Sora. Of course the admirable Palazzo della Cancelleria survives, even if the street must swerve to the left to pass without hurting it, as the next curve is quickly to the right for the Palazzo Massimi alle Colonne, to the left again for the Vidoni, violently to the right once more for the Strozzi, left for the Gésu, where it is strangled between that church and the Palazzo Altieri, to be squeezed at last between the Palazzo Doria and the Palazzo Venezia.

So much for the first part of this *corso*, which unites the river and the centre; the second part is called the Via Nazionale and unites the centre of the city with that other river, the railway. It has barely left the Piazza di Venezia when it runs into the Palazzo Colonna, inclines to the right and comes upon the solid end of the Quirinal. That which Trajan was able to do has been an easy task for modern Rome. To cut into the hill was mere play, the serious matter was to choose between what palaces and churches and the Forum of Trajan the cut should lie. The choice which sacrificed nothing of importance but convenience in traffic, was made by turning the street twice upon itself at a right angle upon the steepest incline

of the hill. This difficult point passed, nothing remained but to level the next hill, the Viminal, which had no treasures to be preserved, and to carry the street straight up to the Thermæ and let it end there in the great Piazza whose situation before the Central Railway Station has not been made an excuse for negligence. The Piazza delle Terme is bordered by houses none of which merit the cry of abomination which mounts to all lips in the course of a walk about Paris. The new houses of Rome may not be beautiful, but they are not ugly. They are insignificant, the evil that does the least harm.

This great artery created, it was necessary to put it in communication with its periphery. The Via del Tritone, one of the most commercial streets of the city, has been widened. The Via Cavour has been opened from the Station to the Forum, crossing the ancient Subura. The Via Arenula runs from the Corso Vittorio Emanuele to the Ponte Garibaldi, and large streets connect the Corso with the Tiber. The most important work, the piercing of the Quirinal, was accomplished in characteristic manner. The necessity to unite by practical, and not calamitous, roads the new quarter near the Station with the Ludovisi quarters, the Piazza di Spagna. Between these quarters, which bite upon the ancient Campus Martius and the Viminal, rises the Quirinal, obstacle insurmountable, but not impenetrable. A tunnel was made under the gardens of the royal palace, with a street connecting the Via Nazionale with the Via del Tritone, a tunnel faced with white and accommodat-

ing trams, carriages, and foot-passengers all at the same time.

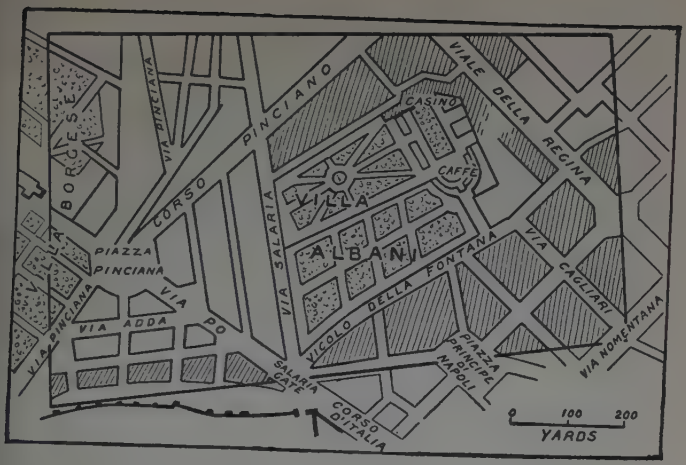
How many other details might be described! I have told of enough to show what care Rome bestows on her double problem of the ancient and the modern city, that the legitimate desire she has to live does not make her forget her past. Oh, no doubt, amidst so much great and important work, mistakes may be found to crow over! But, before we hasten to condemn, it would be well to think over what new discoveries Rome has made in all this recent work with pick and shovel. The sublime *Pugilist* of the Thermæ, for instance, was found during the digging for the foundations of the National Theatre on the Via Nazionale. In excavating for the quay of the Tiber, in the Farnesina gardens, workmen came upon an entire house of the time of Augustus, where were rotting the stuccoes we see also in the same National Museum. Moreover, an entirely new museum, the Antiquarium, has been made out of what has been brought to light in the course of these recent public works. Rome is so full of hidden ruins that when a proprietor demolishes a building he can never be sure that it will not disclose antiquities of such importance that archæology and history will rise at once to forbid his rebuilding. "Indemnify me," he says. "The State is not rich," he is answered. "Well then," he cries to his workmen, "fill in. . . . " How few Romans, except those who have been building very lately, can say that they have no treasures,—perhaps statues, even temples,—under their cellars! Yesterday I was at

the house of Count X. whose palace stands at the foot of the Capitol. On his table, I noticed a marble statuette of Hercules about twelve inches high, a charming thing of fine lines, with a warm tint like that of old ivory. The master of the house told me, "I found it while digging in the cellars of my house to repair the foundations. . . ." Every instant, in your walks about the city, as you graze a house, you hit your elbow on something sticking out of the wall, and looking to see what has hurt you, you find an Ionic or a Doric capital whose columns are lost under the walls or whose bases are far beneath the sidewalk; and often you see many in a row. Rome is built upon the strata of five or six centuries. It is not easy to lay wires, pipes, drains among them! For my part, I am convinced that, with some exceptions in details, modern Rome has done the maximum of what has been possible under her conditions. She might have avoided pulling down—even to rebuild it on the other corner—that wing of the Palazzetto Venezia which stuck out upon the Piazza. It seems that this sacrifice was required by the monument to Victor Emmanuel. Romans may answer to our objections: "One must pass. The life of the city is developing on this side; we cannot live in a pocket any longer." But to pull down a palace of the Quattrocento so as to give full view to the end of a new monument is too much. Why not make the monument a little less big?

There are mistakes, but it is not necessary to see only them. We may think of what is yet to be done.

The task for the realization of which Rome is now dedicated shows better than anything that can be said the double or treble care of the capital: to be a modern city respectful of its treasures and to enrich it constantly by the further discovery of ruins. I have already spoken of the admirable work accomplished in the Forum and on the Capitol. Now, with the encroachment upon the Villa Mills, the "archæological promenade" is to be laid out. A great, circular *viale* or boulevard has been opened at the foot of the Palatine, Aventine, and Capitol Hills. The route has been laid out in view of all the data in existence upon the ancient monumental topography of Rome. These are the poorest quarters of the city, —and every hovel along the route is to be torn down, and excavations made. Rubbish will be cleared away, treasures dug up, the ground levelled, and the beautiful new boulevards will wind their way around the historic hills. I should like to add to this project another, already long talked of, and by Garibaldi: that of exploring the bed of the Tiber. How many works of art in the museums now carry the label: "Tevere!" The bed of the Tiber is still choked with masterpieces, especially near the bridges from whose heights, either by simple vandalism or to lighten the flight of escaping citizens, common thieves or pillaging foes, were thrown priceless objects taken from palaces, temples, and churches. Garibaldi wanted to turn the course of the Tiber, let the river bed dry, and excavate. The project was simple and bold. The progress in machinery now permits the achievement of the same

results at less risk. It would be relatively easy to sink caissons near the bridges of Sant' Angelo, Sisto, Palatino, Fabricio, among others. Over them has passed all the barbarism of the Middle Ages, all the avidity of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, all the lordly savagery of the armies of all times, even our own. The Tiber will be an inexhaustible source of wonders for our children.




### Twentieth Day

## AFFECTATIONS

### Villa Albani

OF modern princely coats of arms, that most often found upon palace, villa, and vineyard is the Torlonia's. The Torlonia family have no pope upon the branches of their ancestral tree, their nobility being too recent, for were not the fortunes of the Medici, the Rezzonico, and the Chigi also of mercantile origin? The founder of the family and fortune died so lately as 1829. He was a banker who profited by the upheaval produced in Rome by the French Government and the restoration of the papacy. You know Stendhal's unforgettable portrait of the Duke of Bracciano. His palace, upon the

Piazza di Venezia, was demolished for the Victor Emmanuel Monument. Torlonia married his two daughters to two of the greatest Roman names, making them princesses. The sons became princes also, and today at least ten palaces, villas, or vineyards bear their name. A large part of the Roman Campagna belongs to them, and their collections of antiques are the richest in Rome after those of the Vatican, the Capitol, and the Thermæ. He is no ordinary traveller whom Don Giulio Torlonia permits to see the hundreds of masterpieces of the Torlonia Museum which stands next to the Corsini Palace in the Trastevere. On the other hand, Don Giulio willingly allows his Villa Albani and its treasures to be seen by any one recommended by a friend or who can prove his serious interest in art. You saw this delightful place as you were going out the Via Nomentana on the way to Santa Agnese. It fell into the hands of the Torlonia from the Borghese who had it from the Albani.

It is charming and instructive. Since the disappearance of the Villa Ludovisi and the purchase of the Villa Borghese by the State, the Albani can tell us more details than any other spot about Rome concerning the nepotic régime which did so many centuries of harm to the papacy. The founder was Clement XI., famous in France for the *Bull Unigenitus* which accomplished the ruin of Port Royal. When the Cardinal Francesco Albani became pope, in 1700, he could look back over two centuries and a half in which the Catholic realm had been the prey of the

brothers and nephews of the popes Pignatelli, Ottobuoni, Odescalchi, Altieri, Rospigliosi, Chigi, Pamfili, Barberini, Ludovisi, Borghese, Aldobrandini, Buoncampagni, Farnese, Medici, Rovere, Borgia . . . "helping themselves," as the good President de Brosses observed, "while there was time, since fresh robbers would be sure to arrive as soon as they had enough." The pontifical domain was distributed among the popes in imposts, city districts, land, villages, and open country. The papacy, like the lay royalty of all ages, was the source of the fortunes of the family of the occupant of the throne and for the noble families enjoying his favour, with this aggravation that a change of chief on an average of every ten years created a new corps with greater appetites. The severe Sixtus V. himself could not escape from it. His prolific sister married her daughters right and left, dowered richly by the Church. Constantine's donation to the papacy, followed by those of Pepin and of Charlemagne, whose effects we saw in the Æmilia, the Marches, and in Umbria, were false, as we know. They had been accepted, however, as real, in the belief that they were made to assure the independence of the Apostolic See in the midst of conquering Europe; but, independence not being good enough for them, the popes had turned the royal gifts to the benefit of their power as an oligarchy. Instead of using them to assure the security of the personage representing the Church, they had abused it to found upon the ruins of Italy the fortunes of those whom intrigue or chance carried to the chair of Saint Peter.

Clement XI. was not the man to refuse to touch the spoils of office sanctified to the papal family by so many generations of appropriation. Even less than other men could an Umbrian Albani resist such established customs. The seizure of Montefeltro's principality by the papal nephews Rovere for the creation of the Duchy of Urbino by the Holy See was the history of his native country. His family's neighbours d' Este had the same fate, as well as the Riarii. What did he know besides the detail of how every rich domain had fallen, sooner or later, into the hands of the pontiff, to gratify himself or his relatives? Why should not Albani, too, bring with him to Rome a large number of dear ones whose hearts were set upon gaining no less than others had done by the usual methods? Nothing less, indeed! This villa was a bit of the good luck that fell to his nephew, Alessandro Albani, Cardinal, afterwards Minister of State to Pius VIII., the pope who reigned the one year of 1829. Chateaubriand and Stendhal agree in depicting that Albani as lively, crafty, and avaricious. He entered Holy Orders late in life, at the time of the Conclave of 1823, from which he expected much. His youth was passed at Bologna where he used to make Cantarelli sing the pieces he was fond of composing. Following the traditions inherited from Clement XI., it is said that he was well nourished by Austrian supplies. In 1829, on the eve of the first effort of the Italian Revolution, after the years of Napoleon's relatively liberal government, Rome was stormy over anything that recalled the Austrian, and the day that Cardinal Albani was

named Secretary of State these words were written in chalk on the walls of the Quirinal:

"Siam servi si, ma serv ognor frementi."
(We are slaves, but slaves who are always grumbling.)

Would Albani have been astonished if he had been told that the day would soon come when this beautiful ancestral villa would be occupied by the children of the banker Torlonia, to whose entertainments he went in the Palazzo Bracciano in the Piazza Venezia? What an eloquent sign of the régime to which he owed his fortune, his title of cardinal, his collections, and his secretaryship! But he would have been indifferent. In 1815, when France was obliged to return to him the three hundred works of art that Napoleon had carried away, he preferred to sell them to the King of Bavaria, rather than pay the transportation—the profit was twice the cost. The mortal wound of the papacy had been just that indifference and rapacity. The pope could see high and wide. He can still. His entourage, whether of his family or functionaries, annihilate all disinterested efforts by its anxiety not only for the present generation, but for the imminent moment. As for the future God will provide! To get rich and keep hold of power are the only thoughts in the Vatican where the pope alone is anxious for the general good. The avidity no longer has the same object: it aims now at power; it is less vulgar than formerly, but it is equally short-sighted and fatal to the Church. The nephew of

Clement XI. thought principally of surrounding himself with works of art, as did the nephews of the popes, his predecessors, the Ludovisi, the Barberini, and the Pamfili whose villa on the Janiculum and whose palaces, also, have passed into the hands of merchants, the Doria.

Outside of the Porta Salaria, close to the city walls, shut in between the houses of the new quarter, the Villa Albani, in its general arrangement, resembles the Villa Pamfili, but a Pamfili reduced to a citified appearance. A great park, planted with some rare trees, leads to the casino overlooking a formal garden made in flat, circular stripes and enclosed by a second structure above which one used to see the Sabine Mountains in the distance, now only six-storeyed apartment houses. The most striking thing about this garden, which Burckhardt has pointed out so well in spite of his avowed ignorance of garden art, and that which makes this villa still more characteristic than the Pamfili among Italian gardens, is its entirely architectural arrangement. Except a corner near the entrance on the left, where it is necessary to hide a servants' lodge by a thick grove and bushes in comparative disorder, nothing at the Albani is left free to Nature. No attempt is made to imitate natural wildness, as in the so-called English garden or the corners given over to the umbrella pines and the anemone field of the Pamfili.

The upper grounds upon which one arrives from the park and from which one descends into the garden is laid out like a chessboard. The paths

intersect at right angles, forming dense copses shaven close as the head of a French soldier. You walk between green walls scarcely higher than you are and where not a bud sticks out beyond the even surface. In the southern half of this park I counted seven transverse paths united by three running in longitudinal direction, all drawn by line and compass. The northern half, equally geometrical, but differing in design, has a magnificent, large round centre, shaded by three umbrella pines which lance eight paths in low-trimmed quincunces, all as straight and close-cropped as the others, toward the ends of the garden. It is by these ways, between two verdant walls, that you reach the terrace and the steps which dominate the garden of the flat stripes. This also is enclosed by hedges, but here we are under the eye of the master, an eye demanding that Nature be laid out and decorated like a palace. Bushes are treated like veritable façades, from time to time cut into niches with columns and pedestals whereon have been placed busts and statues, above which emerge sawed-off and levelled cypresses like soup-pots above a balustrade. If you go down into the pit framed by all this verdure you will find a great flower garden. Here the designer's pencil must have taken vengeance on the constraint it had endured on the terrace above: not a straight line, not a simple, clear-cut design is seen. You would say that the garden represented a knot of snakes, the head of Medusa, or the Erinyes, Proserpine's hair, or is it simply to represent a tangled bundle of ribbons? Look nearer, or rather higher:

from the terrace of the villa. These designs correspond to the architectural ideal of the epoch. Arabesques, volutes, tongues, and serpents turn, twine, intersect, and mingle together. We know those supple lines! The Baroque art has been applied to plants.

It is not only these floral embroideries that remind me of some monumental *motif*, I see projections of a door, a fronton, even of a belfry. It bears a striking resemblance to Santa Maria della Vittoria, the church where Bernini's *Saint Theresa* lies in a faint. The same arrangement, the same excess. Here it seems to say that these flowers are not beautiful in themselves, they could only please by being forced to play some part foreign to their nature, as if, at every instant, they recalled the human intervention to which they owed their place on the stage. And this they could not recall except by their united submission to the same ideal.

Yet this is not ugly, and I am convinced once more that real ugliness is but incongruity. Everything that holds together has a reason for existence. We may not like it, but there is a certain beauty in every harmonious whole. What we call the Louis Philippe furniture is displeasing, and because we have but pieces of it lost among our Louis XV. or Louis XVI. decorations or amid our modern furniture. Reconstruct a suite of rooms in that mediocre style and the pieces would take on their proper value, inferior no doubt, but not so shocking after all. There is more to be said of the style of

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**Antinous, Villa Albani**

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**Villa Albani**

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**The Fountain at the Villa Albani**

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**The View at the Villa Albani**

these gardens, however, which has its part in the general conception. You can see that its essential relation to the house was in the mind of the architect who designed the whole. These flat stripes have reference not only to the lines of the villa, but in correspondence with its ceilings and its hangings. It is a way of understanding Nature peculiar to this country. Those who think that they see a model garden at Versailles are much mistaken. There are the same prunings, necessarily, for furbelows, but with us, once the path or the avenue is laid out, the great trees are allowed to grow naturally. The flat stripes, especially in borders, are straight and the flowers are free. The French garden is a conception quite different from that of the Italian garden, and the English garden is yet another thing. The celebrated saying of Fontana sums up the landscape feeling of the Baroque artists: Nature is made to furnish a place in which to spread out the most beautiful conceptions of that art of architecture.

The main buildings occupy the two smaller sides of the quadrilateral of this garden. The first of the long sides is bounded the entire length by the trimmed hedge, set with statues, which sustains the park laid out in quincunces. The second long side is dominated by a terrace upon which rises a small building known as the Billiard and composed of what we should call his children's apartments, if we were not speaking of the residence of a cardinal—the nephews' rooms, let us say prudently. Of the two greater buildings which command the two small sides, the principal one is the

casino, built by Carlo Marchione, who continued the work of Maderno and the Fontanas, one of whom, Carlo, was living at the same time as Marchione. To do Marchione justice, he applied his theories in all their amplitude only to the garden. The casino is far from participating in the serpentine orgy. Little as they were esteemed at Rome, the Renaissance palaces seem to have made such an impression that no one dared depart very far from their model. The Villa Pamfili has a little the air of a Florentine villa. The Villa Albani is still less shining with Baroque splendour, which, anyway is generally less corrupt in its civil architecture than in its churches. No doubt that madness was authorized by the fact that it was for God. Did the cardinals intend to remain modern? Certainly they refrained from extremes. The casino, one storey high and crowned by a gallery above a very broad portico, is well suited to repose and to the long summer evenings, a most convenient paradise for a wearied Roman who might long to breathe the fresh air from the Sabines and enjoy the play of the moonlight on the verdure and the distant rocks. The rooms are spacious, but we cannot enter them without receiving a shock from the gilded ceilings and the coarse marquetry of the doors. The vestibules and the staircase are of pretty design, enlivened by statues, all in white, either of marble or imitation, presenting soft contours to the eye. They swear a little at the red which dominates the reception rooms. One must choose what one likes. In one corner we come upon a charming surprise in a

small room with decorations purporting to be Chinese. In this villa, unlike most others, we find appealing traces of life: tables, arm-chairs, beds, carpets, vases for flowers, candelabra with their candles, the *prie-dieu*, the writing desk, the toilet table, in brief the things of daily use. One might shut the door, draw the curtains, and go to bed. There is a charming intimacy and familiarity about it. I should like to ring to order lights out. . . .

Opposite the casino, with the pretty stretch across the terrace between, is the Caffè, a pavilion in the same style as the casino, but more flowery. On entering by the concave portico I am in a great hall, with painted ceiling and generally overcharged decorations, that gives upon a terrace overlooking another garden now abandoned. That is all there is of this building whose use was simply for a change of place, to take coffee and the siesta when the sun was full on the casino, or to catch the wind on warm nights.

Here is the frame. We have had the portrait of the master, Cardinal Alessandro Albani, nephew of Pope Clement XI., lover of the arts and, like his predecessors in the functions of nephew, protector of artists, dreaming of making his name as famous in the history of art as that of the Farnese. Good fortune put in his way a scholar who was also an artist of the first order, Winckelman. Winckelman had the taste and the science, the cardinal had the desire and the money. They understood each other and, in the course of several years, the Villa Albani became an important museum which today overflows into

the other as well as into the Torlonia palaces. When you have an opportunity to visit the Villa Albani stay there as long as you can, since good taste forbids the request for a second card. You will find there, among some perfect works, a dozen "bits" so necessary to your study of the antique that without them your ideas upon it must be false. An entire afternoon is not too much to pass among them and in these paths, under the umbrella pines of the great round, and under the oaks of the terrace, cut in vistas even with the gallery to afford views and light.

As I am making neither a catalogue nor a treatise of these pages, I shall not enter into the details of the collection, less masterly than those of the Capitol and the Thermæ, but as important and quite as suggestive. The traveller who wishes to deepen somewhat the sublime impression received at the Vatican and at the Baths, should follow a systematic and not a cursive method in looking at them. Do not try to see everything, much less to examine everything. Try rather to clarify what you have already begun to understand upon some definite subject, to seek an answer to some question determined upon beforehand with the help of your guide-book. Go, if necessary, twenty times, from one object to another, comparing them with others already known, until suddenly a summing up of the relation between them will dawn upon you. Then you are no longer vagabonds in art, but well-informed and thinking explorers. You go away the richer by two or three ideas. Of course it is ridiculous to think of learning to understand Greek art

within a few days, but we all can try to get some light upon it.

For instance, if we put these two steles of the sixth century B.C. beside the *Birth of Venus* in the Thermæ of Diocletian, adding the bas-relief here, in the Casino, called a *Group of Equestrian Combatants* which is of the fifth century, we see this: In the sixth century perfection was virtually attained; the artist only lacked a little audacity; the figures did not quite dare to move. Seated they were somewhat like dolls, in three pieces, bust, thighs, and legs. But look at the drapery; it was as soft and pliable in the sixth century as in the fifth. Look at the gestures of arms and hands; they are perfect. The fifth century did no better. Look at the child in the arms of his mother. He is not seated, but he already bends, like the *Hours* in the *Birth of Venus*. The piece scarcely shows less of purity, truth, and expression than the *Combatants*. By such comparisons we can come upon the march of progress in the act. We divine the tottering steps, we follow the traces of timidity of those artists freed enough to do what they wanted to with the upper members of the body, but not daring yet to move the legs. In the sixth century they, too, flew through the air, like those of the *Laconian* in the Vatican.

Let us also profit by the fact that we have under our eyes the best copy of the *Sauroctonus* to note once more the excessive sweetness of Praxiteles by which Canova allowed himself to be too much charmed, since he could not see it all for himself in life. Praxiteles treated everything almost alike, with the same loving

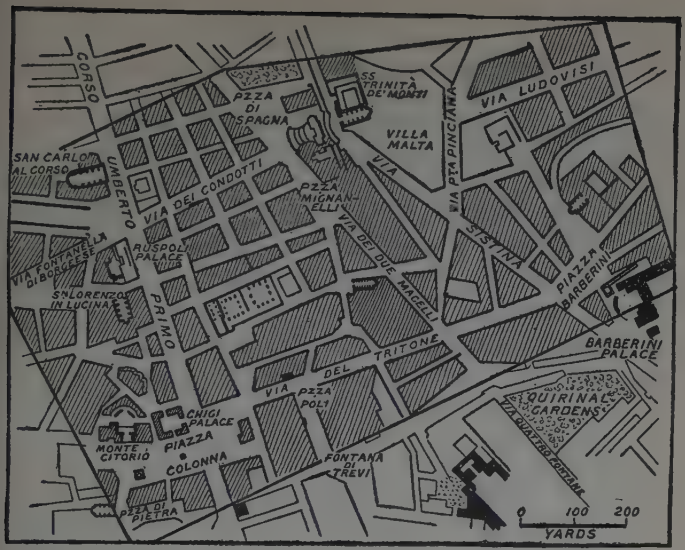
chisel, afraid, one might say, to displease his models. Without going so far as to say with Stendhal that the faces of the antiques have a stupid look, one may say that the antique face has not the expression of vivacity to which we have become accustomed by the modern face, because the entire body expresses feelings and the result is that the art of Praxiteles, so charming, so taking at first, soon becomes fatiguing and we hasten to take a bath in virility and real truth from Scopas, from Myron, and from Leochares. I could almost say that Praxiteles was something of a Grecian Perugino—with genius and veritable grandeur added.

The original Greek art is represented at the Villa Albani by specimens of a sort not found in such numbers anywhere else except at Athens: I mean the steles, one of which I cited just now for comparison. The co-operation of Winckelmann's scholarly attainments in their collection is evident. The statue exalts the sentiment of the beautiful, but teaches little. The steles, the bas-reliefs, on the contrary, are inexhaustible mines of knowledge. In them we find clothes, head-dresses—the famous Patin hat was taken from them—shoes, utensils, beds, vases, lamps, animals, and the arms of warfare and the hunt. What writer upon ancient manners has not drawn from the bas-reliefs for his descriptions? Those of the Villa Albani are numerous enough for many *Fabiolas*. On the stele I cited above we may see how the Greek fashion of dressing the hair, which became so charming on the head of the *Laconian* in the Vatican, was, in the sixth

century, heavy, thick, falling upon the forehead and upon the neck, drawn and constrained. The *Warrior* of the Villa Albani is famous the world over. The soldier enemy is on the ground, and the raging Greek has jumped from his horse to finish his victim. The freedom of movement, the easy hang of the drapery on the torso, the realism in the wounded man lying on the ground, are more than enough to show us that the stage of perfection has been reached. Already, in the fifth century, as is proved in the bas-relief called *Hermes, Eurydice and Orpheus*, one may foresee the Alexandrian school from which we have inherited the bas-relief of the Capitol, Perseus holding out his hand to Andromeda delivered, exactly as a gentleman helps a lady to alight from a carriage, while Andromeda, in floating veils, daintily raises the front of her skirt. That does not belong to the rank of the Albani reliefs. Nor is *Electra and Orestes* in the Thermæ of their category. In those two we see the over-development, the pushing too far of the qualities of grace and of restraint characterizing the Albani steles, that purity of expression, that care to preserve a beautiful line, the over-development by which the Alexandrine school was lost.

Would you like to make a comparative study of some of the best Greek works beside Roman copies which also are remarkable? This is your opportunity, thanks to a large assemblage of both in rather a small field. Would you like to distinguish the original Greek work from its Roman copy, or to distinguish the Greek from the Roman in general? For this last

problem, the study is made not easy, but approachable by the *Antinous*, the most beautiful of all Antinouses. The *Caryatides*, also, may be studied. You may follow the decadence of Roman art as it became more and more heavy, massive, and "stuffed," striving after majestic effects rather than expressing real force. The range of subjects for such observation is unlimited. Whatever one you choose will not fail to be fruitful, if you know how to look and think. Above and beyond everything else, pure beauty, quite of itself, without your looking for it, will seize upon you every instant. You will go out of the Villa Albani ennobled and enriched. I have passed here one of the most fertile of my Roman days, a day that has yielded me two or three clear and leading ideas. I came to it with less fever than that which consumed me when I visited the Vatican, where I received the first kiss of the Greek; I have learned to have more perspicacity in my choice, to be more discriminating in my loves.




### Twenty-first Day

## ANNIBALE'S VIOLINS

### The Palaces

ON opening my window this morning I saw the palace of Monte Citorio for the first time. Yet it has stood in front of me ever since I have been in Rome. I have not been able to raise my curtain or to approach the mirror without having its great façade spread out before my eyes, and I often amuse myself over the relieving of the guard. Now

I look at the great, red, slightly rounded wall, the narrow door, the shut windows, and the little *campanile* telling off the hours of my winged vacation. Why do I see it for the first time now? Last night, after visiting the Villa Albani, I came in with thoughts full of Roman palaces and their significance, artistic, and social. This morning Monte Citorio impressed me as a palace for the first time. It was begun by Bernini for the Ludovisi. Gregory XV. was pope from 1621 to 1623. After the first year of that reign, the Ludovisi family was so well provided for that it was able to build this celebrated palace, and, after five years, to lodge itself in this colossal style. Some seventy years later, Innocent XII. bought it of the Ludovisi, commissioning Fontana to complete it for a wider scope, so that before sheltering the Italian Parliament, as it does now, Monte Citorio housed the pope's justice, or, rather, the papal tribunals. This was one of the first palaces to dazzle Rome with Baroque decorations; it shows us what Michelangelo's art became in the hands of his vain and incapable successors. "My style," said Michelangelo, "is destined to make great fools." It will be interesting, in my walk today, to verify his words. In the ancient field of the Campus Martius, comprised between the Pincio, the Quirinal, the Capitol, and the Tiber, which was the Rome of the popes and is still the liveliest part of the city, I am going to look for the palaces of the once great and to look at them with attention, profiting, at the same time, by the opportunity to see pictures, for painting is none too

abundant in Rome. Apart from the frescoes, which anyway are rare compared to the numbers in Tuscany, I have only seen thus far the galleries of the Vatican, reduced to three halls, and the paintings of the Villa Borghese, the Palazzo dei Conservatori, the Palazzo Cesarini, and of the Accademia di San Luca, a poor enough showing taken together, although each contains some master works, such as the *Communion of Saint Jerome*, and the *Transfiguration*, *Sacred Love*, *Saint Petronilla*, the *Muses*, and some works of Canaletti. The palaces of the Barberini, Rospigliosi, Colonna, and Doria number some famous canvases among their collections, and I hope, at least, that they will make me forget my surprise at finding Rome so inferior to Florence and Milan where the museums hold the traveller entire weeks without exhausting his interest. The day will be well filled indeed if I finish it at the Farnese Palace where San Gallo the Younger, Michelangelo, Annibale Carracci, and Monsieur the Ambassador of France have called me!

I said just now that Monte Citorio was the work of the Ludovisi, an indulgence in that great fortune made in Gregory XV.'s reign of two years. The Barberini Palace was built in 1624, by his successor Urban VIII. Barberini. The Rospigliosi, built by a Borghese cardinal in 1603, was bought in 1667, the year of his election, by Clement IX. Rospigliosi for his nephews. The Colonna, of the first style, before the reconstruction of the seventeenth century, is the work of Martin V. when he mounted the pontifical chair in 1417. The Palazzo San Marco was called into being by

Cardinal Barbo, who became Pope Paul II. in 1464. The Cancelleria was constructed by the Cardinal Riario, nephew of Sixtus IV. and cousin germain of Julius II. Cardinal Alessandro Farnese began the Farnese in about 1514, some twenty years before his election as Paul III. In 1608, three years after his election, Paul V. bought the Borghese of Cardinal Dezza and finished it. Enough of dry dates! They repeat themselves indefinitely for all the palaces. The papacy served to enrich the family, and when the election fell to a man already rich, such as a Borgia, Farnese, Chigi, it served to increase the fortune of the clan. In such cases the terms of the problem were inverted: the fortune procured the function, the function assured the fortune, and nothing was changed. The popes' care of their families began with their nephews and nieces. Nothing could have been more normal than that, and it is only childish to judge them rigorously for it. The whole world did the same. All thrones were considered as personal property with which the proprietor of the moment had a right to do as he pleased, and of which, moreover, he would have shown himself unworthy if he had not assured the glory of his own family. It was a point of honour with the popes to see their relatives independent, that some had lands and important offices, that others were gathered around the papal chair in a sufficiently numerous troupe of servitors and dependents. It was important, also, that the papal family held its head high in the world of royalty, where it claimed its place the more insistently, lacking welcome. The

popes did not digest that answer given by Charles of Anjou, brother of Saint Louis, to Nicholas III. Orsini when he wanted Charles's daughter to marry his nephew: "A pope, although wearing the purple, not having inherited his power, is not worthy to mingle his blood with the blood of France." The popes aspired to nothing so much as to mingle their blood with that of royalty, and they attained their desire by boldness, prestige, and money.

In looking at these Roman palaces, we must not forget the times in which they were built and the passions which made them necessary, or we shall fail to understand them. Seen from the angle of reason, they are explicable, although certain of them must fail to satisfy a severe taste. And what is taste? The art of tying one's cravat in matters intellectual, says Goethe. Taste changes, like the fashion in tying cravats. There is but one thing that does not change, the deed and its consequences. So, I have looked well, with impartial eye, at the Baroque palaces before entering them. Not one of them but has all the faults of that style: rant, insanity, and turgidness. They mingle all the orders of architecture, piling one upon another. They force every part to say the opposite of what it should express, making round that which should be square; oval, that which should be round, forcing columns to lie down and pinnacles to stand on their heads, compelling everything to bloom with extravagant and colossal decorations. I saw that in all its entirety at Modena. But at Modena I was, at length, reduced to indulgence. After I

began to appreciate that my severity was due, in part, to the comparisons that I could draw between the Baroque art and that of the Renaissance, I recognized certain intrinsic merits in the Baroque. In brief, having thought about it, I became less severe upon it.[1]

In Rome I am struck by the same points of comparison which at the outset fill me with the old aversion. I am pitiless for the Doria, the Barberini, the Rospigliosi, because they had the Farnese, the San Marco, and especially the Cancelleria, purest of all, under their eyes, yet took no heed of such good models, rather denying their unity, the sobriety, and the logic which make the Renaissance palaces perfect works with which no one can ever find fault. That said, witness borne, here, no more than at Modena, can I hold my indignation long. The reasons of last year at Modena hold good in Rome today, and to them I add others, purely Roman, from which I cannot escape. Yesterday, at the Albani, I asked myself if the Farnese, the Cancelleria, the Massimi, the Giraud, and the other Renaissance palaces in Rome had not restrained the fatal descent of the architects of the centuries subsequent to their destruction, since the profane works of the Berninis irritated me less than their religious works. Possibly, but not much, for influences of that sort are obscure and diffuse, working unknown to the artist, certainly not by his will. If Borromini had been impressed by the neighbouring Cancelleria he would not have built the Sant' Agnese

[1] *Little Cities of Italy*, vol. ii., chap. v.

Anderson

**Farnese Palace, Portico**

Anderson

**Farnese Palace from the Rear**

Anderson

**Palace of the Cancelleria**

of the Piazza Navona beside the Spada. Why then is Saint Agnes's suggestive of the Cancelleria? Is it? To me, yes, and that is where the fine shade of feeling comes in.

The Baroque palaces are, like all the works of this epoch, contrary to law, I mean to reason. But they were dwellings made to dazzle the beholder and nothing can do more dazzling for the money than that art. The times, political and social conditions, changed between the Renaissance and the Baroque periods, between the fifteenth and the seventeenth centuries. One year in that time, the year 1530, upset the peoples and the thrones of the world. Before that, the papacy was seeking, trembling every day for its existence. It was not admitted into the European concert. It was struck in the back. When a Barbo raised the Palazzo of San Marco, a Riario the Cancelleria, there were but a few Quattrocentists to whom beauty gave direct satisfaction. Bramante and San Gallo arrived later, and Peruzzi also, to maintain the tradition. But they were soon overcome by the political and social overturning which divided Italy between the pope and Charles V. Then the popes became kings, sure of the next day, and installed themselves. Recognized sovereigns, respected and tranquil, their thought turned to showing themselves off, a matter in which the usefulness of palaces was fully appreciated. They formed a brilliant court around the Vatican, inhabited as they were by the papal families whose interest was to conserve an advantageous régime. All that would give prestige to the apostolic descent

would fall back upon the apostle. The interests were bound together, the pope could live tranquilly. The more the gaze of the crowd could be fascinated, the more assured would be the pontifical power. Such opulent and magnificent personages would be respected.

See this Barberini palace towering above the square which it commands, its iron gates, wrought like a coffer, opening on the garden with the broad flight of steps. The palace offers enormous arches for carriages to pass through, and the two storeys above present an extraordinary confusion of the three orders of architecture among the maddest orgy of ornaments. Impossible to pass that building without saying that the proprietor must enjoy great revenues and a high position! The Colonna family could not keep Martin V.'s Renaissance palace in its pristine beauty. In danger of losing their place in the procession, they were obliged, in the seventeenth century, to make it over according to the taste of the day. The Borghese, knowing that modesty is forbidden the parvenu, hastened to leave the Rospigliosi for the present Borghese Palace, enormously and massively imposing. Every palace in Rome built after 1550 sprang up upon this principle of ostentation. The times were fully ripe for Bernini when he appeared. The taste of his day had need of him and created him, it was not he who formed that taste. The pope in the lead, all rich Romans wanted to cut a dash in the world, and the best way then, as now, was to have a city house which the passer-by would crane his neck to look at

and whose walls displayed the size of the owner's fortune or exaggerated it, which was so much the better. Then, why are we so shocked at an art in such perfect harmony with the manners that created it?

If I am no longer indignant over the Baroque, it is because I now understand that it expresses exactly what it wishes to say. Never was style so frank. Before certain Renaissance palaces,—the San Marco, for instance,—we find ourselves wondering if we are not looking at a fortress, but no hesitation is possible before the Barberini or Colonna. These are palaces, the houses of great nobles who kept within their grasp all that could make them powerful, masters of their yesterdays, their todays, and their tomorrows. The Baroque has never pretended to be a great art, but a shining, useful art. In the churches it is reproached with reason for intruding into sanctuaries set apart for meditation, but who can deny that it is altogether at home in the palaces designed for entertainments and for show? The lamentable and so often despicable Baroque is, therefore, only another confirmation of the law of beauty which exists not in conformity to a given type, but in harmony, and not only a harmony of the work in all its parts, but of the work with the ideas and customs of its times, with society in the sum total of its development.

Having rendered justice to the architecture, let us see the painting from the same equitable angle. But first, let us see what each palace has to offer us in itself. Many pictures, few works of art. Doubt-

less, if one or two famous canvases were removed from these galleries, they would be rarely visited, or the proprietors would keep them shut to the public, for the possession of certain pictures creates a sort of obligation to open the house to all comers. The *Fornarina* imposes upon the ambassador of Spain the obligation to allow the gates of the Barberini to stand open, the *Fornarina* and Guido Reni's *Beatrice Cenci*, pictures of two beautiful legends over which the world weeps. We remember having come upon the *Fornarina* in the Trastevere; as for *Beatrice*, learned scholars forbid me to grow sentimental over this beautiful girl with her hair done in Greek style, as it was called in her day, and who, for the moment, at least, is not the victim of an incestuous father and who, this year, at any rate, is not painted by Guido Reni. I shall still think of him, however, as I pay this lovely girl the homage due to her grace, which is all sweetness, and to her incomparable charm.

Here beside her is an incontestable antique. You must recognize it, so brilliantly its superiority shines before your eyes: the model of the *Suppliant* already seen at the Vatican. By the unforgettable impression it makes upon our memories, we may judge of that received by the artists of the sixteenth century under whose eyes these works came out of the ground. Although I do not know how to hold a painter's brush, it seems to me that if I had the gift to wield one, I could never have painted the droop of a shoulder, whether drapery fell from it or not, without giving it this line. Rome is full of such lessons furnished

by the antique, and nothing is more legitimate than the profit gained from them as we have been taught by Raphael and Michelangelo, the first to draw inspiration from them. An artist has only to vivify the impression received, to re-express it in his own manner: that is but to walk in the steps of the geniuses of the Renaissance in whom literary and artistic antiquity inspired new works, filial, but not plagiaristic.

At the Palazzo Rospigliosi, the obligation to the public is called the *Aurora* by Guido Reni. Where is the *Aurora* of Francesco Barbieri, called *Il Guercino* because he squinted? It used to be seen at the Villa Ludovisi. It is still there, but in the casino, that part of the villa bought by the United States for its Academy of Fine Arts. I have read descriptions of it and know that it is the same subject, treated in the same manner: preceded by Hercules, Aurora in her chariot drawn by two spirited horses, dissipates the darkness, disappearing under a veiled form. Guido, on the other hand, has suppressed Night and his open book. Once more I am impressed by Guido's superiority. Relatively, he is simple, seeking his effect with moderation and in light and charm before everything else. These he attains in this luminous *Aurora* which lacks something in harmony,—values, as artists say,—but is fine and full of grace. Guido Reni was one of the rare painters of his time who knew how to see the antique and keep it in mind. He came much nearer to Domenichino and the Carracci than to Lanfranchi whom Francesco Barbieri followed servilely. In his

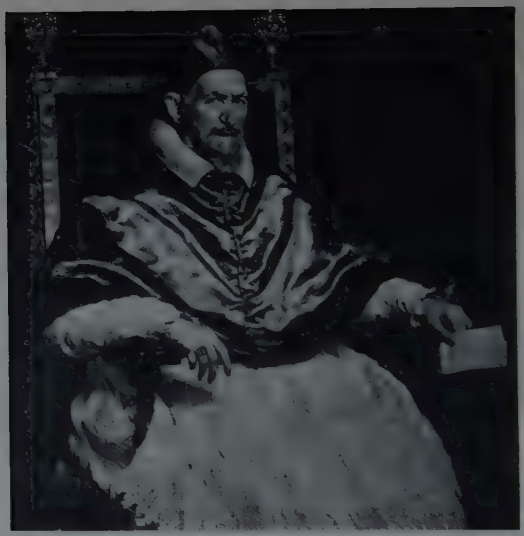
ease and restraint without affectation, he seems to me the least Bolognian of the Bolognese. His religious works may give the lie to this restraint and justice, and abundantly, but, without according to it Stendhal's hyperbole, we have proof in *Aurora*, of what, with a little more artistic conscience and honesty, Bologna might have merited of posterity.

The public duty of the Doria Palace is called *Innocent X.*, by Velasquez. Innocent X. was of the Pamfili who had the Villa in the Trastevere and the palace in the Piazza Navona. The Doria inherited the fortune and the portrait which is equal to the fortune and could recuperate it, were it in jeopardy. M. Carolus Duran, who loves red, must have come here often to study the great virtuosity of these combinations. It is useless for me to insist upon the greatest of portrait painters, upon the first of all painters who showed the soul in the face. How faithfully have I searched this wonderfully painted visage, bespeaking only the power which terrifies, the authority which menaces. It rolls its big eyes, draws in its lips, seeming to lance forth thunder, the high colour only adding to its inflamed appearance. Was Innocent X. so terrible? I am not able to take him seriously, I am not afraid of him because of an extraordinary resemblance I saw in him at once to a charming man and true poet whom one meets every day in Paris. I can never have anything but the feelings of a comrade for this pope because *Innocent X.*, come out of his frame, is my *confrère* Edmond Harancourt.

At the Palazzo Colonna there is little of special

Palazzo Barberini

Anderson



Innocent XII., by Velasquez, Doria Gallery

Anderson

**Palazzo Spada**

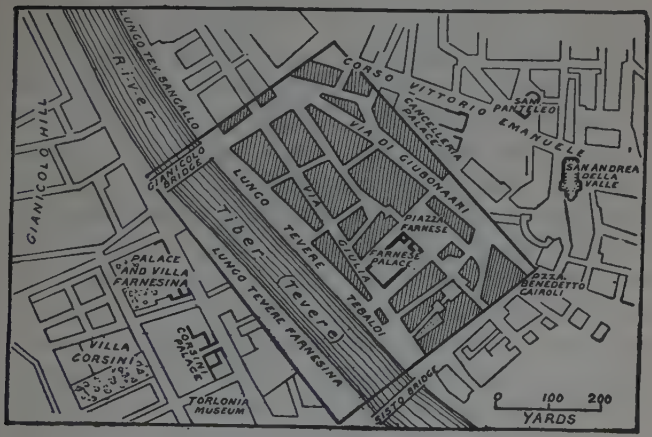
interest outside of the paintings by Gaspard Dughet, brother-in-law of Poussin, in whose works we find the principles of the great master, the laws on landscape laid down by Poussin. I know that I am unjust toward certain canvases, as I have just been, at the Doria, toward Claude Lorraine and Lotto, at the Rospigliosi too, but not towards Domenichino of whom I have already spoken in his own time, still less towards Signorelli, our Poussin, and others at the Barberini. At the Colonna we see some portraits that merit a halt—for the sitters much more than for the painting. Indeed, when I think of all these galleries together, my thoughts dwell more on signatures than upon intrinsic value and much less on particular beauty. Any one who is not familiar with the galleries and churches of Italy will do well to visit these four palaces in Rome, the Villa Borghese, the palaces of the Conservatori and the Corsini and the Accademia di San Luca. Then, perhaps, he may have a general idea of painting in Italy. Besides, he must study the churches of Rome and the Vatican: Michelangelo, Raphael, and Domenichino will suffice to initiate him into the supreme art of fresco. Every traveller who, before coming here, has passed through Florence, through Milan, through Venice, will be struck by the inferiority, except, of course, in certain pieces, of the paintings which Rome has to show him.

Among the pictures ordered by Rome for Rome, I have found the masterpieces of no one except Domenichino, and when a palace possesses a celebrated can-

vas, like the Barberini's *Fornarina* and the Doria's *Innocent X.*, it is here by the chance of inheritance, not by the choice of the owner. Titian and Correggio shine brilliantly in the Villa Borghese, but Titian's and Correggio's works at Florence and at Parma leave those in Rome far behind. The Borghese were fond of pictures, but it is noteworthy how, at bottom, princely Rome cared comparatively little for them. Florence, Venice, Milan, with their museums, Genoa, with its palaces, tell us plainly enough what a great noble could do when he loved the arts. The Roman nobles, with two or three exceptions like the Borghese or the Ludovisi, had nothing in common with the Medici of Florence or the Brignole of Genoa. The Romans bought because it was a part of their function to give alms to artists, or to decorate their walls, but they bought anything, no matter what, without looking at it, much as many people do today, pictures being as essential a matter of furnishing as glasses for the sideboard.

To the Roman prince, painting was not an art to be enjoyed intimately, but exclusively a decoration, a matter related to walls which should add to the splendour of his palace, particularly to the kind of splendour he demanded of it, bold, striking, attracting universal attention. The crowd could not recognize the merits of a Titian or a Lotto, although it might feel, even in a confused way, a sense of the beauty of a work, but it seems to me that a work so easily admired as that was too independent of its proprietor to cast any glory upon him. A cardinal

covered the walls of the church to which he was entitled with frescoes. That appealed to the people in the cardinal's name and inspired their respect for so generous a man. The acquisition of a canvas by



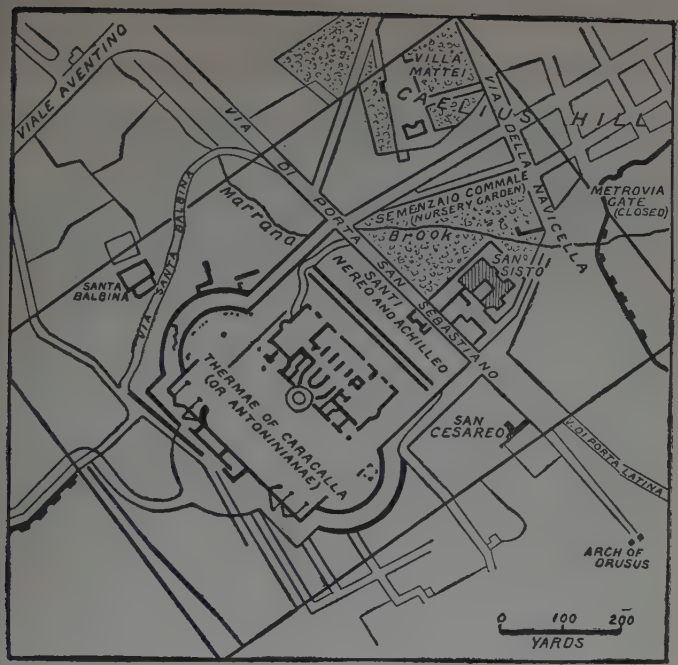

Palma Vecchio or by Botticelli would have had but an intimate glory, consequently inferior satisfaction. The pope's nephew acted upon the same principles as the cardinal, built his house and ornamented it in the same manner: everything for ostentation. Ludovisi, Buoncampagni, Farnese, Borghese: they stripped the Roman ruins, the Thermæ of Caracalla, and the Palatine, not for the joy of possessing masterpieces, but for competition in prestige. All was vanity, all was representation. The cardinal's church was

covered with brilliant frescoes because the painting must make a vivid impression upon all beholders, for the same reason that his reception room had a decorated ceiling.

This ideal, artistic, architectural, pictorial is expressed in the Farnese Palace, but with this superiority over some others: that it is beautiful while fulfilling its showy purpose. It had the good fortune to be overtaken by three great artists, San Gallo the Younger, Michelangelo, and Annibale Carracci who saved it from the grandiose and other disasters of bad taste. In San Gallo's work certain details may be disputed, such as the abundance of windows and their decoration by useless columns, little in harmony with the wall masses; in the court, one may regret the heaviness of the porticoes; but no one would fail to recognize the general nobility of the lines of this quadrilateral standing so majestically at the end of the Piazza, between two fountains, vast, imposing without straining the eye, and without gew-gaws. Surely, there can be no one upon whom the upper storey and the cornice, work of Michelangelo, do not make an impression so strong as to suppress all that does not belong to them. What is a cornice? Well, this one is enough, so right it is and of such proportions, to turn a pleasing work into something sublime. The frescoes of Carracci are not sublime. They are not asked to be, and I imagine that even the ceiling of the Sistine would lose something here. Carracci, on the contrary, gained much there. It is not without reason that I think of the Sistine, as I have been doing since

the first moment I began looking at these ceilings, for Carracci thought of it long before me, and no more with a thought of copying it than have I of drawing comparisons. The only inspiration that he demanded of the master was that which strikes the visitor on his first approach: the general composition. It is the same arrangement as at the Vatican: an idea treated in many parts, in divers phases, each of the phases having a centre of its own. And there is the fault, found at once, because I have just formulated the principle of all literary work. But, on the other hand, what virtuosity and what expansive joy! The work has been criticized for its false colouring, conventional attitudes, and that air of preparation felt throughout. In the cold bareness of a museum one would see those defects, but under the two hundred electric lamps artistically hidden behind the cornice in the *salons* of Monsieur the French Ambassador, one sees, on the contrary, all the decorative genius of the piece. The silks and the golds have need of abundant light, the joy of light must illumine those faces and those shoulders. The eyes of beholders were to be caressed by rounds and nudes. That was what the order called for, and Annibale Carracci knew how to fill the bill and at the same time remain a worthy artist. Let us not be severe upon him. Like Perugino, he is punished by posterity. With Guido Reni and Domenichino, he, and especially he, maintains the dignity of their century. And, on winter evenings, when the French Ambassador's violins sing under this vaulting, waking the ravished soul of his assistant

Domenichino, Beethoven may anger him somewhat, but Haydn and even Haendel will not leave the amiable and pompous Annibale untouched by their harmonies.




**Twenty-second Day**

## URBAN PLEASURES

### The Thermæ of Caracalla, the Colosseum

UNDER the shadows of the Villa Adriana, at Tibur, I have seen how the emperor rested and amused himself in the country. Today let us see what were the recreations of the Roman in town under the successors of Cæsar. The time was then long past when the Forum sufficed for the public

games; in three hundred years five amphitheatres had been built. Still more were the Romans past the time, although it was more recent, when the Thermæ of Agrippa met all the demands of a people not yet accustomed to complete idleness. Of the amphitheatres only the Colosseum remains today. Of the thermæ we know how Diocletian's became church and museum; those of Caracalla, the Thermæ Antoninianæ exist in an important and unutilized state of ruin. Bring the Turkish bath up to the dimensions of the Paris Opéra, add to it tennis grounds, a stadium, swimming pool, bowling alley, and divers other gymnastic equipments, a library, some reception rooms with their discreet dependencies, decorate it all with masterpieces of Greek art, follow the voluptuous people who frequent it as they leave it for the circus near by where they satisfy the bloody appetite always engendered by effeminacy and laziness, and you will understand why the Roman citizen supported the insolent, savage Emperor Caracalla and permitted him to waste the Republican Empire. The personal insecurity of the morrow was largely compensated for by so many convenient institutions and pleasures. The Romans were amused, instructed, cared for, baited—and nourished, thanks to the wheat brought from Africa at the expense of the treasury. Comfortable, voluptuous, and almost gratuitously, life moved between the baths and the circus. Who paid for it? The Emperor, by means of the imposts laid upon the provinces and the colonies, by means of pillage, of inheritances willed

to the Emperor more or less voluntarily, by exactions, and suicides to order.

First let us go to his baths, the famous Thermæ of Caracalla. We must look for them, not strictly, perhaps, but practically outside the city. The fields where they stood are well within the limits of modern Rome, but, just as they were built beyond the walls of Servius, so, today, they and their surroundings remain outside the life of the new capital. On the Appian Way, at the foot of the Cælius, among the high grass and gardens peopled only by columns, in the wildest of landscapes, they raise their formidable walls which might easily be taken for those of a dismantled citadel. A Frenchman at home who wishes to understand the sensation that they awaken should think of the mediæval ruins of Coucy, or those of Pierrefonds before they were restored, seeing in his imagination bricks instead of stone. The surfaces gape with great ugly, shapeless holes, parts torn away, pitfalls: the debris of a skeleton long since stripped of its flesh. The traveller who comes here should be well supplied with the best of intellectual goodwill. He will require the imagination of either an artist, an historian, a scholar, or a psychologist, for he will have need of the creative faculty. These walls can no more be described than those of Hadrian's Villa or the Palatine. We cannot analyse that which has a value only in the mass. He who already knows something with which to rebuild this ruin in his own mind, even if he can but recall the columns of Santa Maria degli Angeli, and how Michelangelo put that

church into the Baths of Diocletian, will find help in seeing these Thermæ somewhat as they were and in filling their immensities with people—such as he has seen perhaps upon old engravings of Saint Peter's or Saint Sophia, little maggots out of a bag of grain. The archæologist will curve the vaultings and decide upon the coffer ceilings. The simple tourist, however, will not be the less impressed. He will say to himself, how grand it was in conception and how colossal in realization! The poor outline, he will exclaim, where nothing can be seen now of all that used to be! On the Palatine some artistic remains still exist. Here there is nothing. It is more difficult for me to picture the Thermæ of Caracalla here than when I am seated on the Belvedere or in certain other halls of the Vatican, but especially in the *Atrium Rotundum*, for instance, with the statues in their niches. Yet, to a thoughtful visitor, the immediate and direct impression here yields a fertile harvest. The whole is so clear cut, the carcass so majestic, that even the man without the reconstructive faculty is conquered. All the elements of the great Thermæ being absent, the character of the ruins is but in the line and extent of incomparable strength and majesty. This architecture of the giants is so thick, formidable, immense, so altogether overpowering, it cannot fail to awaken our noblest emotions.

What lessons may be drawn from them, dry as they are! All Rome is in this colossus raised for a people mad over an out-of-door, a highly socialized, sensuous life, and who expected everything of him to whom they

had confided their fate: worldly power, riches, and pleasures. They wanted a master, but one who could satisfy all their passions. In Caracalla they had a master who knew how to serve his own interests in making them wonder at him, and in pleasing them by flattery and in augmenting their passions while he gratified the lightest desire of individual or mass. Compare these Baths with the monuments of the Forum, that last expression of the independent and personal Roman life, impregnated by the sentiment of liberty as it was understood by Antiquity: participation in the government of the city. It was the Greek conception expressed in Rome exactly as in Greece, by simple buildings, accessible, restrained, straight porticoes and ceilings. It is a striking fact that the thermæ of Rome were born with the Empire, the first having been built by Agrippa. Cæsar contented himself with a basilica, still, in his time, the expression of the communal life of political liberty. As soon as that was suppressed, Cæsar's successors saw the importance of giving the people voluptuous and lazy tastes, to make them find it so pleasant to bathe, to be perfumed, and to play with the disks that they no longer thought of anything else. The more the citizen's initiative is suppressed, the more he must be distracted and persuaded of his greatness without allowing him to compete for his own development of greatness. The emperors struggled for the gigantesque. Who could produce the most enormous work? The more tyrannical and odious the emperor was going to be, the higher and broader he built

hygienic vaults. He cast his spell of illusion, he put his subjects to sleep, he deceived as much as he could. The citizen lived in pleasure and magnificence, the things to which man most quickly accustoms himself. He laughed at those who would persuade him of poverty and fall. Happy and rich, he could not believe that his agreeable life would end; or he grew cynical, persuading himself that if the end must come, sometime, so much the worse—or, so much the better! In the meantime he lived on the fat of the land, doing nothing, his senses satisfied, his muscles supple, his body perfumed; he recited pretty verses, while such statues as the *Hercules*, the *Torso*, the *Laocoön*, the *Venus Callipygus* filled his mind with perfect plastic beauty. It was the realization of a dream: to enjoy everything without trouble and without care.

To this first lesson, entirely social, is added another, æsthetic. Is it not, indeed, remarkable that the arch did not appear until this time? The round arch is Etruscan, no doubt, and it is commonly thought that the Etruscans had it from the Greeks, and that being true, even to this detail, Roman architecture was still Greek. The Romans would have it entirely Roman, but the fact is that the Roman arch was never employed in what may be called buildings *de luxe* until the time of the Empire. When it was adopted, colonnades and entablatures were passing to the second rank as mere decoration. The arch dominated at once with the vaulting, because it provided the means of covering spaces impossible to shelter under the flat ceiling. The more people there are doing

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The Colosseum, Exterior

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The Baths of Caracalla

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Interior of the Colosseum

nothing, the more necessary to increase the spaces where they can trifle time away. The vaulted arch acquired, the next question was to treat its curved lines, which Rome did with particular and unique freedom. They rise and lance themselves forth from thick walls without artifice. The vaulting rests upon each plan, dissimulating nothing of its weight—not to say heaviness. It sprang out of the partitions tired of standing face to face and longing to meet.

The columns of Michelangelo preserved in the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli have never hidden any of this effort. They ornament, but carry nothing. Do not think that the builders were ignorant of means. Those who rounded these bricks were capable of other boldnesses, and were ignorant of nothing in the art of building, witness the Pantheon, in which for me Roman architecture is distinguished from that of the Greeks and their followers. The domes of Brunelleschi, of Bramante are admirable; but they are quite another thing. They rise from independent pillars. They are full of clever devices, like drums, like the double vault which assures solidity. The Gothic vaulting rests upon columns, and their arrises, which cut one another in two, form two curves which, lanced upward to describe their parabola, meet like the rockets of fireworks and fall back. The Roman vaultings make no effort, strive after no illusion, express their *raison d'être*, even if baldly. See them in the Forum, in the Basilica of Constantine and you will understand all their merit, hear all their eloquence. They are properly the unity of the monument. Have

it, if you want to, that the Roman had little imagination; that, although he invented law, he did not invent either philosophy, poetry, or art. He was not given to dreaming or to creating. But he had a wonderful understanding of how to develop, to make fruitful any idea for which his enthusiasm was aroused. And what an intrepid heart he had to go down into the dust of time to look for the arch and then to raise it to such heights as he did! It was characteristic of Rome, by reason of her weakness, if you insist on it, or, as I think, because of her good, hard, practical common sense that she did not think of things other than as they were and must be. The Roman vaulting gave to the world a great lesson in veritable freedom of expression, by which Palladio was to profit. Any one is also at liberty to see in it a symbol of the Roman majesty, of the weight that Rome laid upon the shoulders of those who sustained her, even to read in its ruin the fragile destiny of the monstrous Empire. Here, in the field strewn by the ruins of Caracalla's Thermæ, we are all free to dream indefinitely over whatever our poetic instinct or acquired knowledge suggests. We may pass moments or weeks here. We might come back a hundred times and always find as much pleasure as in the first visit. Either to people or to restore it, the field is vast, immeasurable; all the ghosts might appear, all the marbles shine under all the forms that chisel gave them. Historian or artist, psychologist or sociologist, any thinking, observing tourist must find pasture here. Perrichon himself would come upon his *mer de glace*. It is a

matter of individual taste. One who loiters among these ruins may prefer to restore to their niches here the statues of the Vatican, the Capitol, and of Naples; another may like to fancy himself swimming about the tank, while there are some who would read Virgil and Plato and let their friends have themselves rubbed with perfumed oils before going to the upper storeys.

The same reveries accompany every visitor to the Colosseum, not, however, the same tastes. The lives of the martyrs, instilled into us by our Christian education have familiarized us with the spectacles of the Roman circus. We have no need of a guide to show us the place. However incapable of calling upon the visions of the imagination he may be, no one can sit on these steps without beginning at once to try to see the place as it was of old. The circus responded to the same social necessity as the Thermæ, and to all tastes the harvest of reflection is abundant. But as I spread out my sheaves I see that I have gleaned little, because, in the first place, I cannot honestly take the harvest of others. The Colosseum has furnished the most varied and ingenious literature. Lovers have felt themselves unwatched; Chateaubriand came here to pass the night with the dying Pauline, when love and art were indeed united in the Colosseum. The guide-books are full of the most minute indications which one must be careful not to paraphrase. The measurements, the number of the spectators, the underground structure and the arena; all those statements the visitor should read with precision, and remember as the unrivalled eloquence of

figures. For me to repeat them would be but tiresome. May I, at least, verify the ruins and deduct the reason why? It is also well known how the Renaissance drew from them by the cart-load for its palaces: the Venezia, the Cancelleria, the Farnese, and still others. The Colosseum has been an inexhaustible quarry. The traveller must judge by what remains of what there was—and of what there could not possibly have been. As to that which concerns architecture properly so called, I can speak of nothing not found elsewhere. This Colosseum I have already seen at Verona, at Arles, too, and at Nîmes! Of all Roman monuments, it is the most familiar to our eyes and to our minds.

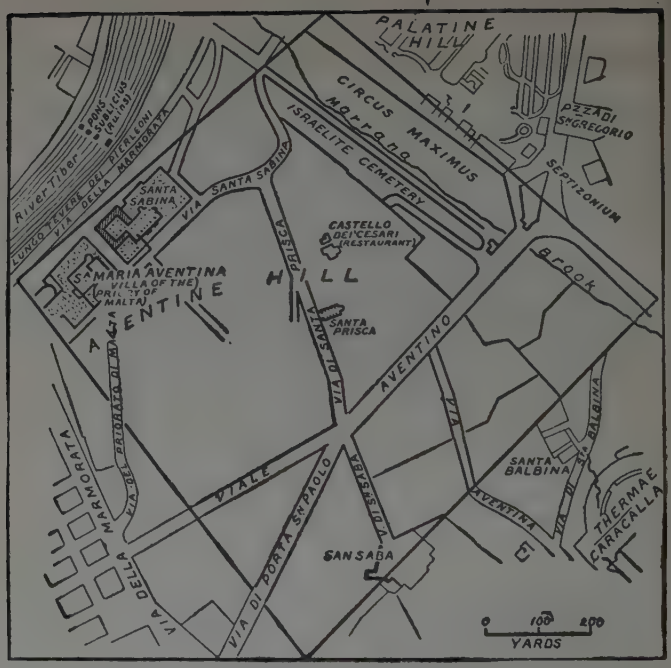
Is that what has put me out and keeps me put out with it? A traveller should first of all take the trouble to be sincere with himself; and if he has a weakness—who has not!—to own his limp or his hump. In spite of all my expectations, I have not been conquered by the Colosseum. Stendhal is always recommending us to have the boldness to admire what we love without troubling ourselves as to whether or not it is in the fashion or liked by others. We should have the same intrepidity in not admiring that which does not appeal to us. I have passed the entire morning at the Caracalla and there I made the whole tour of the sublime. I came to the Colosseum at midday and did not leave it until evening, having been interested, even captivated by what I have seen, but not for one instant exalted. I remember the impression received at Verona; the carnage and the cry of the beasts of

the human and the lower orders. How a people who have left us so much testimony of their culture could take pleasure in those butcheries, the more repugnant that they took no part in them, we cannot conceive. The Greeks amused themselves differently. I felt that at Verona and turned away with disgust. At the Colosseum I remain, for now I understand the reason of the carnage of the people and the emperors that I have seen at the Thermæ of Caracalla. I can conceive it, but I cannot give myself up to it. I am a little ashamed of that, too. In the Forum I willingly enough felt myself a Roman; but here I have some reserves. I cannot picture myself a Roman of this Rome represented here. I cannot admire the life, I feel nothing of the games of the circus. Never having seen the running of human blood, I cannot say that it would revolt me; but at least I am sure from what I know of bull-fights that I should have yawned at the Colosseum. Ugh, so much majesty, so much marble, so much effort for something so bestial, so gross, so cowardly as a struggle between the human brutes carefully lowered to the rank of the beast with whom they were made to rival! There is something lacking in me, perhaps. I may be the weakling I was speaking of just now. Whatever the reason, I cannot key myself up to the diapason that harmonizes with those beings, and without harmony all admiration is difficult, if not impossible. At the Thermæ of Caracalla, it was easy for me to imagine the pleasures offered there. We go to baths in our own day, but to the Colosseum once, perhaps, as to a

bull-fight; never wanting to go again. From the moment we realize what those pleasures were, it has no beauty for us, only the ugliness of its use, and dissociated from its use, what beauty can it have? I do not see.

As I saw it without emotion, for an object foreign to the thing in itself, I am, no doubt, ill prepared to judge. I am aware that my judgment is too warped, to form an impartial opinion of its beauty. At the Baths of Caracalla I should have excused myself on that account. But at the Colosseum that excuse will not do; for although it is a ruin, it has such large portions still intact, sufficient for an ideal restoration and for me to see it without any ghosts. The side toward the Esquiline is as it used to be, entire; moreover one good tier encircles the whole building. The interior has all the seats. The underground structure which has been excavated is magnificent in low vaulted strength. Nothing is wanting but the people, the essential and the least beautiful part of the picture. Yet none of it awakens any strong feeling in me. I notice the slimness of the columns, the arches, the cornices, the solidity of the steps, the vaultings, and the amplitude of it all. But how unsatisfying it is, with no thought for art, no effort to please the mind! Yet how out of place such an effort would have been! That is what puts me in the right. The Colosseum is a perfect circus, I need nothing to make me happy but to admit the circus; and that I cannot do. As at the Thermæ, let us sit on these seats, calling to mind the people and the times. Our Latin and

Christian education has never before seemed to be such a beautiful recompense for our loss of the antique. We can make our little Montesquieu at our leisure and indefinitely; it is the lowest and most futile of diversions. But, under these vociferating and bleeding arches, I could never open my veins. I can reflect, understand, deduct beautiful lessons, and philosophize abundantly; I could never feel.




**Twenty-third Day**

# RESURRECTIONS

## The Cælius, the Aventine

THE walk we take today is silent and solitary. From the Lateran to the Tiber, going up and down the Cælius and the Aventine, far from the modern tumult, away from roads ordinarily and necessarily used by tourists, we shall stroll

among gardens, under oaks, along streets bordered with walls without houses, looking for small things which are not celebrated, nevertheless glorious. It seems strange that new Rome still leaves almost deserted these hills which were the delight of the ancients—who did not know how unhealthy they were. Their insalubrity must be growing less now, however, since the Government gives its military invalids the air of the Cælius to breathe. In the time of Romulus the Cælius was called the Querquetulanus, the oak-grove we would say. It was thickly populated up to the end of the eleventh century, until Robert Guiscard came to ravage it. Ancient Rome lodged her legions there, and there Christian Rome found her surest and most fortunate proselytes. Why has it never been redeemed from the Norman ruin? It seems to me that of all the Roman villas the Celimontana, certainly the most shaded of them all, must be the pleasantest to live in. It is lost in the midst of vacant land and the great walls of asylums and other public institutions which give to this part of Rome the appearance of a conventual city.

Only in Rome are such sad quarters as this relieved by heroic detail. While I am walking through the Via di San Stefano, shut in between two mysterious walls of piety or assistance, I suddenly see a row of old brick arcades standing upon white stone. It is the ancient Acqua Claudia which used to feed Nero's lake by flowing into the shallow land where the Colosseum is enthroned. There is a proud baluster to rest your hand upon! Farther on, half-way down

the hill where the gardens are low-cropped and Tarquin's oaks sway their high branches, the Arch of Dolabella crosses the road, and, after we have passed the son of Agrippina, we are led on by the son-in-law of Cicero, the vanquisher of Thapsus.

A small street branches off to the left, at the end of which is a porch with door ajar. It is San Stefano Rotundo, built, some say on the site of a *marcellum*, a market-place, according to others upon the foundations of a temple to Claudius, still others having it the temple of Jupiter Peregrinus. I suspect the market-place of having been invented by those who will not have it that a temple might have been round. German science is refractory on this point, the archæological summaries called guide-books make us its unconscious disciples. We need not push the Latin pride to the point of denying this German *marcellum*, neither need we adopt it blindly. Among these insoluble problems, let us be guided by sentiment; it is as sure as deductions, which are always rash. Systematically annihilated, brutalized by his grandfather Augustus, his uncle Tiberius, and his nephew Caligula, it seems to me that Claudius, the grandson of Livia, at this moment of meeting him, merits the honour of a temple for his early goodwill, his sufferings as a young man ill-treated by his own kindred, and for the lesson he teaches old men too much smitten with young girls.

Like so many of the Roman churches that are too poor to keep up a regular personnel, San Stefano Rotundo is shut, and like almost all of the churches of

this quarter which has been entirely absorbed by the Lateran, it opens its doors to the faithful but once or twice a year. The traveller, however, has but to ring; he will be rewarded for his patience in waiting for the custodian, for San Stefano is a model of the neglected art of round churches. The baptistries only have dared to adopt it and that without the columns, except at the Lateran, which is one of its charms. This art found its definite expression in the Byzantine; nothing was ever to be better than San Vitale, at Ravenna, whose complete formula was here.[1] I am sure that if the round church had won the day against the cruciform we should not have had tears enough to weep over the loss of the cruciform church, and the rarity of the round temple weighs heavily in our admiration of it. Just the same it possesses great charm. I acknowledge the difficulty in taking one's point of direction in it, I know that the eye can rest on no place but the altar, I appreciate the necessarily limited dimensions, inimical to every form of spreading out, but I see how its art is summarized and hidden at the same time, how the smooth beauty of its columns under a gradually changing light gives an air of aristocratic piety to the entire interior. Constantine and Galla Placidia loved that art, and it is surprising that imperial Rome did not cultivate it more when she had the antique models of the temples of Vesta, of the Conquering Hercules, of Tivoli, and of the Palatine Temple today called the church of San Teodoro before her eyes. San Stefano must have been magni-

[1] *Little Cities of Italy*, vol. ii., chap. viii.

ficent when its colonnade—now unique—was doubled. The gradations of the vaulting, the beautiful mosaics on a white background, and the Ionic capitals must have delighted the tradition-loving and neophyte Romans. The building has but one fault: it aims too high. A wall, supported by two columns and two pilasters, sustains a cupola which would fall in if it were not held up.

Opposite San Stefano is the celebrated and smiling Navicella. For a long time Santa Maria in Dominica passed for the work of Raphael. No one will have it so now. Yet it does not seem to me unworthy of his genius, nor would it be as a subject taking the place altogether; the portico looking toward the marble casement, below Dolabella, the trees waving their branches above the walls of the Celimontana, and a silence which has nothing of sadness, lightly broken by the wind in the weeds, the rustling of leaves, and the singing of running water. For once, no one comes to open the door. Why I pull in vain at the bell-wire I do not know. At any rate I am rewarded for my walk by the charming decoration of the portico. Did Raphael do it for Leo X.,—this poetic, exquisite, although perhaps a little weak Navicella? Besides, I have come to this village of the Cælius for more Roman thoughts.

I go under the Arch of Dolabella and down a calamitous road between high walls, overhung by the oaks of King Ancus, toward the church of Saint John and Saint Paul which commands a square tumbling to pieces with old re-baked brick. The

Gothic *campanile* is perched at the corner of the porch like a feather in a bonnet, its brickwork cut by little columns with squares of porphyry and cornice made of antique fragments. It is embellished in my eyes with memories of the Emilia, of that art of architectural terra-cotta invented by the Lombards in the Middle Ages and of which they left at Rome this almost unique testimony. Rome would never have dared to make such use of brick, seeing in it only material for the skeletons of her buildings which she dressed in marbles. This is my treasure-trove! I am here to find the things that do not belong to her, the things that surprise, daze me in her most desolate and least sublime corners. The old church is not recognizable. The Baroque has climbed even here, although disdaining to go down below ground. As it left San Clemente to drown in the mud at the foot of the Esquiline, so it spared the house of John and Paul buried under rubbish. Rome, in all the pomp of the popes did not trouble herself about the modest origin of her splendour. Yet, upon the Cælius, not far from the Lateran which Constantine gave to the popes, was the house where lived those first Christians, who did the most, perhaps, for the definite triumph of the cult. High functionaries of the Empire, John and Paul adored Jupiter, and their Lares and Penates until the light of God shone upon them. Their house, that of rich citizens, was transformed into a pious shelter which became sanctified by the persecutions under the Emperor Julian. They perished as martyrs, and when the persecutions ceased, their house became

such an object of veneration that a church was built adjoining it. Robert Guiscard burnt the church, but when the Normans were gone, the Romans pulled down the blackened walls, levelled the ruins, and built another church with the new *campanile*. All the while the patrician mansion had been preserved under the crypt. Some twenty-five years ago it was cleared out and now we may see, in the glow of electric lights, how the Romans of the time before Christ were lodged.

The Christians sheltered their new sentiments in an old frame. The house of John and Paul is one of precious instruction, unique in Rome, I believe. The house of Livia, on the Palatine, has great prestige and is of touching simplicity beside the pomp of the Empire. That is fragmentary, however, and of too great contrast not to seem to me affected, appealing to me less than the house of the two converted patricians. This is made up of a series of seven or eight rooms, the atrium, behind it in the centre, the tablinum which we would call the drawing-room, parlour, or sitting-room. On either side are divers bedrooms and the triclinium or dining-room. It is exactly the same arrangement as that of the houses on the Palatine, of Hadrian's Villa, of all Roman houses and of the houses at Pompeii: rectangular rooms flanking a square central court which is commanded by the principal living or reception room. All the rooms are vaulted and painted and the doors are arched. By what miracle has the bathroom with its bathing place and basin been preserved for us? By what miracle, also, the cellar where still stand in rows intact, fixed

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**The Arch of Dolabella**

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**St. Maria in Dominica**

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**St. Sabina on the Aventine**

in their niches in the masonry, the pointed amphoræ in which oil and wine used to mellow? Life has been taken by surprise here in all its minutiæ, and I cannot examine the decoration on these walls without turning my head every minute as if John and Paul were coming in. I can see them so clearly, moving about the house, from the tablinum to the triclinium, from the cellar to the bathroom! The phases of their lives are written for me on the walls. In the triclinium are some young gods, entirely nude under a mantle thrown back, playing with garlands upon which birds are perched, while near them peacocks lift their claws or strut about. Those exquisite and cultivated young pagans, John and Paul, were surrounded by flowers when they ate. In the tablinum all is changed. The Roman brothers have heard the great voice of the Lateran. Upon these walls are spread out the mystic symbols and exultant texts. The Eucharist is represented by a vase full of milk at which two lambs are drinking. A praying woman with open arms means the Mother Church. In all the bedrooms, the new religion is proclaimed, secure in the faith of Constantine; even the scenes of martyrdom are fearlessly represented in serene unconsciousness that they were going to be repeated even upon the masters of this house by Julian. Three lives are enclosed within these walls, one material, two ideal, and the two ideal lives as different from each other as from the material life. The house of John and Paul is material for the history of the heart as for the history of the human body. In it we come upon the Roman citizen in his

actions and in his thoughts. Witness of the transition between the pagan and the Christian ages, it illuminates the two epochs of the Roman soul at the same time that it makes us live an instant of the life that Cicero, Horace, and Seneca must have lived in modest little houses like this, arranged, decorated, mounted in much the same way, furnished with hot and cold water and all the conveniences up to date.

After a halt in the shade of the Piazza San Gregorio, —where again I saw the brilliant Domenichino I hunted up ten days ago,—I have found the climb up the Aventine rough, dusty, and hot. The Romans respected this hill to the point of leaving it outside of their pomœrium, because, they said, it held the tombs of Aventinus and of Remus. Will modern Rome always respect it? Now, at any rate, she neglects it even more than the Cælius. Today the Romans are attracted towards it only by the Castello del Costantino, the restaurant which stretches its terraces opposite the Palatine, and whose guests find in those magnificent ruins a garnish that gives taste to every dish. I notice the grave joy that fills the eyes of the crowd which surges up here on Sundays and seems spellbound by the celebrated mountain, feeling its beauty and not altogether ignorant of its history. How many glorious stages has the Aventine marked in the history of Rome! Tomb of the first kings, refuge of the people struggling for their liberties, the place assigned at length to the statue of Juno taken from Veii! All Roman history is written here: the foundation of the city, the submission of the rivals,

and the establishment of popular rights. After going over the Aventine, one understands why the people chose it as a retreat and a defiance against their enemies. It was an inexpugnable refuge with the widest of all the views over this sublime landscape. From the height of that summit dominated today by the hospitable Castello, not a movement was lost among the noble inhabitants of the Palatine, those who occupied the sides of the hill before the time of the emperors. On the right the Campagna revealed all the cohorts gathered there, as far as the Sabine Mountains. To the left rolled the yellow flood of the Tiber, and neither the hill of the Janiculum nor that of the Vatican could hide anything in their crevices. The Aventine today, as of old, may be a desert, but it is full of interest.

On the ruins, or, no doubt, within the walls of Juno's temple, a church has been placed: Santa Sabina. On this protective and defensive mountain and in this dwelling of the clairvoyant goddess, Saint Dominic felt himself called to unite around him the brothers whom he named the dogs of God—*Domini canes!* It was from here that those enraged and too often sanguinary defenders of the faith, went forth in their enmity against hypocritic servitors of Jesus. For their sakes Santa Sabina should remain intact, this Christian basilica of the early days, keeping the pagan form of the temple it replaced. It is, perhaps, the purest basilica of Rome, the least "embellished" by the disrespectful ages. One day, when, at the house of a friend, I was admiring some homely old family

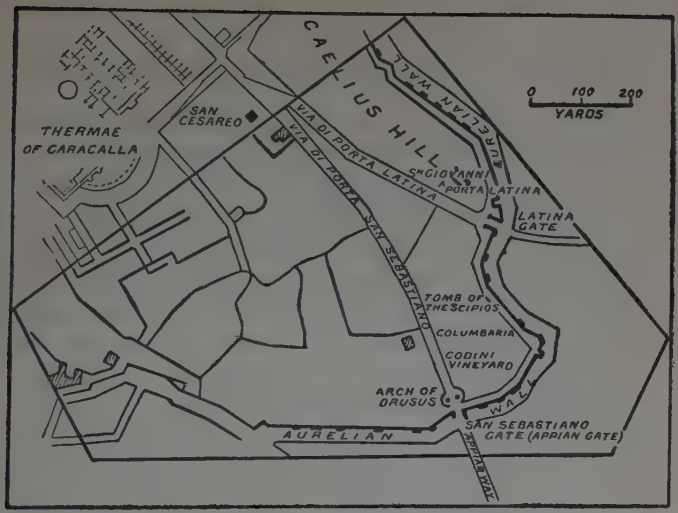
furniture, my friend said: "I was fortunate enough to have ancestors who had no 'taste.'" The ancestors of modern Rome had too much "taste" in their day, what Goethe called the tie of a cravat in intellectual matters, the fashion in art to which we owe the Baroque churches that have disfigured Rome. But the Baroque-mad gentry did not climb up to the high Aventine; they left Santa Sabina the pure model of a basilica: columns carrying the solid wall, ceiling with the beams in sight, narrow apse in the form of the triumphal arch. Are the columns those of the temple of Juno? Their Corinthian order makes it impossible to think so. Just as if I had never said so before, I feel like stating again my liking for the basilica. I especially like to accord to the pagan basilica the inspiration that a new theory denies it. For some time there has been a disposition to make the primitive church grow, not out of the pagan monuments, but out of Christian houses, out of the house of John and Paul which I saw this morning. The nave would be the atrium, covered; the apse, the tablinum where the altar of the true God must have displaced the Lares and Penates; the aisles would have been made of the portico of the atrium; and the transepts, of the wings of the atrium, that is of the sleeping-rooms, their partitions thrown down.

Before the cult was recognized, the Christians used to gather for worship at the houses of their most prosperous brothers, and, after the Edict of Milan, they may have modelled their churches on the plan of those houses. But this does not seem possible when one

sees a Santa Sabina so like the basilica given us by the excavations in the Forum, in the many forums, nor does it seem likely to one who knows the heart of men and the slow social progress; the inevitable conclusion is the simplest, the most economic, and that which clashes least with the customs of the time. How many humble neophytes went to the temple to adore the God who, they were told, could help them, without really caring who He was, Jupiter or Jesus, if only He could comfort them! The old temple and the old basilica, in which the people had been accustomed to gather, lent themselves to the gentle evangelical penetration, aiding in the duties imposed upon the new priests. The struggle for the Altar of Victory shows the care that was taken to keep old established places. The effort it would have cost the architects of those early centuries to transform the house of John and Paul into one of these vast enclosures seems to me beyond the intellectual and material resources of that time of poverty when art was obscured by the darkness of night.

This little problem involving archæology and psychology came to me for solution in the gardens of the Villa Malta. Perched above the Tiber, as upon the crest of a wall, at the very turning where the rock of the Aventine deflects the course of the river, the Villa Malta holds close around its narrow defences a still narrower garden. It is a charming bit of floral architecture, hanging in two or three terraces upon the flank of the rock which dominates the muddy stream, the violent Trastevere and the noble hills. The situ-

ation is not by any means the most beautiful in Rome, but one of the most expressive. Seated before this full landscape where the vigorous elements of Rome are concentrated, I should have liked to dream of the first ages of the Christians and their refuges for worship, houses or basilicas. A stone seat in a grove invited me to this meditation. Alas, at the end of three minutes someone came to drive me away. I was told that when the German finds himself before a landscape that pleases him, he feels his soul grow wings, he becomes poetic and expresses his sentiments to his companion by putting his arm around her. So many of that type have been here that it is now forbidden us all merely to sit down in the gardens of the Villa Malta. So, with other food for meditation, I bid my tired feet carry me down the Aventine and along the Tiber until I gained that other basilica so many times rebuilt and altered, popularly called the *Bocca della Verità*, the Mouth of Truth. This mouth has been shut for a long time. As in the case of the *macellum* of San Stefano Rotundo, let us have no fear of proud names for our sentiments. Let us be modest and affirmative, modest in our judgments, deliberate and affirmative in the expression of the hour. If we wish a truth at any price, let us never go to look for it farther than in the simplest and least absurd of the probabilities.




### Twenty-fourth Day

## TELLUS MAGNA VIRUM

### The Appian Way

THE other day, when I was sitting on the steps of the Colosseum, I regretted that the complaisant literature of the world had so over-embellished certain places whose grandeur I could not feel, or at least the grandeur attributed to them. Most decidedly I do not want to overload the *vetturino*

who brings me out here on the Appian Way with any such baggage. Especially am I extremely afraid of the twenty pages of Chateaubriand's letter to Fontanes. Although read and re-read a hundred times, not only are they too heavy for my *cavalla*,—a light animal, quite in keeping with my study of Rome,—but they carry with them the innumerable family to which they have given life and an accumulation of balderdash besides. Since 1803, when Chateaubriand had this new vision of the Roman Campagna and was moved as no one else had ever been known to be by the melancholy suggestions of this landscape, not even Corinne has been able to or has dared to see the Appian Way in any other light. Before his day, Chateaubriand notes with some vanity in his *Memoirs*, all the world looked upon the Roman fields with the eye of Montaigne, the dry and practical eye of an engineer or a farmer. I, too, going to Frascati, first saw them with such an eye and the first literary recollection that came to me was that of the Périgordian nobleman. Who will win today? I trust it may be neither the one nor the other. Not that I flatter myself that I shall create a new point of view, first because I believe that there are but the two to take: that of proprietor or poet. But I want to look at it alone and with sincerity. In going to Frascati, to Tivoli, to the Tre Fontane, to the Villa Pamfili and to Grotta Ferrata and upon the heights of the Palatine and the Aventine, I have been able to ask some questions of this Campagna, looking across it as I have done with an interest foreign to it, in a way favourable

to an impartial and independent impression. The Appian Way is now going to show me this Campagna merely in its last aspect which is lacking to my sheaf of impressions. After considering it in all its other aspects, it would be unjust to leave out of consideration its decorations, that is, its ruins. The tombs and the aqueducts count for as much in its appearance as its herbage, its grass, weeds, and wild flowers. A landscape is inseparable from its buildings; it would be unfair to eliminate the one from the other. What is it that attracts us to Rome if it is not its memories as much as its monuments? And if I had not sworn to think of him no more, I have enough there to put Montaigne in the wrong. Perhaps it would be worth while, one day when we had time, to institute proceedings against that good man, usually so sensitive, so dry, however, here. His manner of seeing Italy is really terrifying. But let us leave him and the others to rest in peace in her dear memory, and look at her ourselves. If my impressions resemble those of any one else, I shall be sure, at least, of having taken care not to have them do so on purpose.

On going out of the Porta San Sebastiano, the road follows the route already begun in the city, between two walls cut, from time to time, by gates rarely opened upon the vineyards, behind them, by poor churches or by heaps of stone to which it is difficult to still give the name of houses. The pavement is hard, and abounding in calamitous humps and hollows. It is the road of an abandoned suburb. Rome is no longer entered from this side, the road being too nar-

row for modern use. It cannot be widened without damage to the tombs, and gradually it has become frequented only by tourists. On the right there is a door which opens upon some large gardens covering the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus. It is supposed that the first Christians gathered in the shadows of these subterranean rocks to worship and to listen to the Divine Word, but if any considerable member of them took refuge here in the time of the persecutions, surely they never got down these twenty steps, candle in hand. These Catacombs are nothing but winding passages; one barks one's elbows with the slightest movement, and cannot see ten steps ahead, not because the guide has snuffed his candle, but because he has made another turn. So, the Catacombs are visited in Indian file and without seeing where one is going. There is no room, no free space except before two or three important tombs, such as the Papal Chamber, where twenty persons would be crowded. The Catacombs were only cemeteries; it was here that their dead were brought by the Christians whose religion forbade cremation. The walls of the rock were dug out in rectangular niches, symmetrically, one above another, and the body, placed in the hole, was shut in by a slab of stone. The tombs look like an exaggeration of the great files one sees at a notary's office. Here and there inscription, engraved design, traces of painting are scarcely visible; all purely documentary. Yet, what is the strength of legends and oft-told tales! Nothing is more flat and less rich in souvenirs than the Catacombs, but who would not

go to see them if only for the sake of *Fabiola* and *Quo Vadis?*

The Appian Way soon leaves the high walls behind, and passing the insignificant ruins of the Circus Maxentius on the left, mounts to the tomb of Cæcelia Metella, which stands alone on the edge of the embankment. "There is a real tomb!" I exclaim. It is the first on this road of sepulchres, and a feeling of inexplicable contradiction makes me look back toward the enclosure of the Catacombs. Are not they also tombs? By what detestable pride am I asking of these burial places here a display that those others humbly disdained? The Christians laid their dead underground because the Romans, as a matter of religion, would not have tolerated their proximity. Why reproach them because they were not pretentious? Were their dead the less virtuous for their modesty? Let us wait before answering until we have seen more of the Roman tombs that Cæcelia Metella seems to assure us we shall find worthy of the name—according to our ostentatious taste. High upon the side of the road, dominating the city and the plain, looking toward the mountains, the crenelated tower where sleeps the daughter-in-law of Crassus seems placed to keep watch against those who would profane the dead of the Appian Way. This mausoleum passed, I am in the presence of the entire group of tombs I have come to pass in review.

Straight on to the mountains, the uneven road runs between grassy fields strewn with debris and bordered with monuments. These, like all Roman

ruins, show nothing but their carcasses of old brick, rusty like the weeds and grass around them. They show all the forms that piety and vanity could conceive; in cones, in rectangles, in pyramids, they stand amid the meagre pines, in clear silhouettes against the blue sky. From time to time they are flanked and dominated by a cypress. In the breeze the grass waves upon a knoll decorated with evergreen-oaks and umbrella pines; it is a large tomb which has become covered with earth and planted with trees. Poor carcasses! Poor trees! Poor humus! How terribly dry it is, how desolately abandoned! Gradually, however, some details strike me. In the midst of a score of fragments caressed by the grass, the great brick skeleton stretches out its cut-short arms, its lamentable stumps. Another carries upon its breast its own treasures which have been gathered up and fixed there: bas-reliefs, garlands, little heads, inscriptions commemorating unremembered centuries. This one has retained its pediment above some marble figures. The cornice of that one is surmounted by a volute. A third shows nothing but an enormous belly. Sometimes a striking detail stands out. The wheel of my carriage hits a stone, I look at it, and see a slab upon which is extended an entire body, the legs somewhat apart, the arms thrust out from the hips; it is a man who sleeps with head thrown back. The years have eaten away his face and hands, but the trunk and limbs are intact, left to lie on the edge of the road, like an old shoe. The sunlight playing upon the moss attached to it, gives to the ancient

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**The Appian Way**

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**Tombs on the Appian Way**

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The Tomb of Cecilia Metella

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Aqueduct of Claudius, Campagna

marble, here and there, the tints of a miserable unhealthy life. Around the body is the faint outline of a mantle thrown back as if the wayfarer had yielded himself up to the heavens above him. He sleeps indeed in neglect, innocent in his nudity, stretched upon the grass which grows up and around him, casting over him shadows as light as his naïve soul and lost memory.

I said in the early days of this visit that Rome is a living museum. The Appian Way is a short museum of the Roman soul, its bald aspect making it sinister, its ruined aspects making it resplendent of the past to which we owe everything. Is it not a beautiful, an ideal cemetery? In the places where we lay our dead together we try to prolong their life by memory. The Via Appia keeps its tombs doubly shut, without name and devastated. Our individual indifference creates a general piety embracing the universe to which Rome still lays down its laws. Look at that little head springing into relief. It may be the head of a good citizen or a bad one, of an honest man or of a speculator, but it is the head of a Roman, one who hurried to the Forum, who besieged the Curia, who threw his tunic in the fire where Cæsar burned. It is one of those tombs which gives the lie to the inanity of the passions, one which proclaims the beauty and the efficacy of the human virtues. These sepulchres enclose the world, the ages born of Rome. The little, mean, selfish effort, or the generous, heroic effort, no matter which; the effort of all these dead reaches our own life as full as was theirs of the divers traits of

puerility and of grandeur; ignorant of the morrow, too, as are ours. Who was this man who has been lying asleep on this marble slab for so many years? A nobody, perhaps, some obscure and modest gentleman whose children had for him the pride he never had in himself. People smiled at them, perhaps, when they saw this figure of a man who had no great fame when he was living thus laid out under the brilliant sun; but the sons were more right than they knew; they may have thought that they were working only for their own day and generation, but they were working for ages to come in which we were to halt where they had been and take from their vanity a lesson in civism and confidence. The Rome which sleeps along this line is the obscure Rome of obedient subjects whose modest and obscure lives of devotion to what they considered their duty made the grandeur of the Empire. Quite as much as the Forum, even more than the Palatine, this road sown with sepulchres speaks to us of the great city. Many citizens are buried on this Appian Way which was trod across the harvest fields by the people running to the siege of Alba. This grass is nourished by the Roman dust, not only from these few tombs that I see, but by that of all those who marched behind Valerius Corvus and Furius Camillus. Their collective memory lies beside these sepulchres. What was I doing awhile ago to almost abjure the Catacombs? From where did those trembling and mysterious Christians come, after all? Were not they Romans, too; tenacious, heroic Romans, like their fathers? Their victories

were other than those of their fathers, but none the less destined to nourish the generations that followed them. The Rome of the popes, which played such a great part in the world, and the Christian morality of which our life is made up have, both, their roots in those pigeon holes of Saint Calixtus; the source of the social organization of the modern world is on the border of this road. I have no right to separate these dead one from the other. All children of one mother, they join hands. Nor should any pride of monuments make us forget those who had no need to display their heroism in perpetuating it. Each accomplished the task that devolved upon him, perished for it or died when it was finished, and all these Roman ashes are mingled in our hearts, deserving the same title to gratitude.

But if we wish to understand the fraternal beauty of their common memory, should we content ourselves with looking merely at their corpses? This Campagna stretching about me and them belonged to all. They all have worked here and kept up the duty which they transmitted to successive generations. Why have these bare fields, stripped of all that makes life, never been repeopled? In her earliest times Rome was an agricultural village which is typified in history by Cincinnatus; and she was nourished by the crops harvested on the Campagna before the days of the wheat from Africa and the flocks fed upon the Mantuan and Umbrian plains. Then came days when the Campagna was ravaged by enemies, and when, at length, she tired of that, she demanded of the Senate,

and, later, of Cæsar, the bread which never ripened. The hordes that threw themselves against Rome camped upon these abandoned lands. Times changed again. Grass grew here once more and the lords of the pontifical realm praised the pasturage of the Campagna; yet that, too, passed, and again the land was in danger of depopulation from the same causes: devastation, and the grinding down of the impoverished farmers. In the time of the popes, as in that of the emperors, Rome begged her bread. She works today, but has she lost the courage to push the plough? See her seated here in this vast meadow of sparse rank grass like that which grows above the cliffs of Northern seas, upon the dunes of the Channel. Since that distant day when the last discouraged Roman put his tools in his stable and went to hold out his hand at the palazzo door, the Campagna has not changed; the undulating grass upon the undulating soil, both scanty, the soil unrenewed, the grass lacking the strength to grow; and not a roof, not a flock, not a man. Is the new-born city and country going to ignore the ancient soil where Tarquin made his bulls kneel, where the flocks used to skip and jump, upon which Horace used to look tenderly from the height of his litter on his way to the Tiber, rejoicing in the generous bloom? Is modern Rome going to leave her magnificent Campagna to foxes, dogs, and hunters? Following the dogs is the only life remaining to it now. That is free; even the low walls serve rather as benches than as barriers. Why has the fruitful half-century which has so changed the face

of Italy disdained these fields, leaving them to the sterility which has so long possessed them? Everything feels Italy's new renaissance except this death where there is no sap, no breath, where nothing emerges from the despised and neglected soil but rank grass and weeds, but the great ruins of the tombs and of the aqueduct which seem to impose its uselessness upon all that it commands.

The arches stretch out endlessly, chained together or solitary, poor, enormous bodies strayed and lost in the arid fields, carrying as well as they can their load of stopped-up stones. Now and again an arch has freed itself from the others, and you see the broken conduit. Nevertheless the colossus keeps on his way as if it were not his own members he was sowing along his road. Sometimes he seems to halt near an umbrella pine as if to refresh himself in the shade that reminds him of the Sabine Mountains whence he came, now so many centuries ago. Will he never arrive at his destination? Rome is still so far away, too far, perhaps! He rises again, takes a few steps, falls once more, tries again, but at length succumbs, not to rise another time. "I am tired out," he says; "my day is done. Let the re-born city look after her own life."

The re-born city certainly has looked after her dead. Away out upon this road and upon this desolate Campagna I see nothing which is not cared for with the same respect as are the Forum and the Palatine. The Basilica of Cæsar, the Palace of Augustus, the Via Appia, Acqua Claudia; all advertise the same

care, and he who knows how to look and to feel will be as much moved among these ruins of earth and water as before the sub-basements of the Regia and the arches of Septimius Severus. Why should these great red arms of the aqueduct be less memorable than the columns of the Castor and Pollux? Are not the meadows of the Via Latina as beautiful as the marbled fields of the Forum? The old Rome of the kings of the Gracchi, of Cæsar lies here. It had to have its cemetery and new Rome abandoned this to them. As the churches surround the tombs of their ancestors who sleep under the shadows of their belfries so does the great Roman temple keep close its dead. Rome respects the abandoned Campagna which is her necropolis. More than two thousand years lie in these fields. We need not be astonished that they are so vast. What I have seen on the Via Appia and the Via Latina is not much beside what lies there under the soil! Tombs, aqueducts, waving grass, all that has grown here is born of the Roman grandeur, and if the men have abandoned flocks and houses, it is because the living cannot inhabit mausoleums. I shall never see life and labour develop in this Campagna. It is an asylum, a retreat, not the arena. Just now, as I was approaching a stone, mechanically I took off my hat, as I would do before a family vault. The Roman Campagna is a sepulchre for which the world will never lose its respect.

Night falls while I linger, seated on a low wall and watched in every motion by a fox at a distance. The rising mists twine their blue and mauve veils about

the aqueduct. The setting sun rouges the face of the world over there by the Tiber. "*In istâ luce vive!*" wrote Cicero to Rufus, of the shores of Asia. It is always the same light, opaline, pink, shading so gently, so infinitely purely, now brightly, now tenderly from one tint to another. It spreads over the grass which it darkens, it catches upon the tombs which it kindles to a blaze, it caresses the marbles which it rejuvenates. Soon it will fade and go to sleep. The plain will keep watch and shine still. Lorraine's light! We might say so. It is Cicero's light which shines upon the forehead of Cincinnatus as he brings his oxen out of the furrow.

Before taking the road back to Rome I have been underground. Not far from the Via Latina, two tombs have been dug out; those of the Valerii and of the Pancratii. The stuccoes and paintings in them are still fresh, and the nymphs, genii, gods, and heroes dance and smile. They, too, are dead, yet it seems that could the other dead but appear, they would smile with them. This harvestless land which looks to others as it has to me so sinister, will, if we give a thoughtful ear to its murmurings, breathe unto us the most pure and holy peace. It will yield up the crowned dead, man and marble, will spring out of the dust. Let them sleep, they who have worked so hard in their day! The plough that passed here would cut open their breasts. Rome's children make for their mother a magnificent pedestal of their bones and of their dust.

**Twenty-fifth Day**

# THE VOICE OF JUVENAL

## The Lateran

AT the end of an immense square, shut in on the left by the walls of the city, on the right by a garden and the remains of an old palace, is the Lateran, church, museum, baptistery, which, as it stands today, never was occupied by the papacy. The indifference, indeed the hostility of the popes, in spite of appearances, for this place which saw their first spiritual and temporal strength, is altogether inexplicable. To be sure Peter was buried on the

Vatican; but what a line of his successors was laid here! All those early bishops of Rome, the great popes, and the saints who confirmed the establishment of the Church, developed and honoured it, from Saint Sylvester to Boniface VIII., including Leo III., Gregory VII., and Innocent III.! One would think that since the papacy had suffered the chagrin of being driven out of the Lateran,—for that shameless exile at Avignon,—it would have wished to enjoy the triumph of its return in the same place. Evidently it preferred to make an excuse of the damage the Lateran had suffered by fire in its absence to direct its return to Symmachus's little house, which, by the way, had been enlarged by at least three of his successors. There, perhaps, the line of the Apostolic Succession was resolved to start afresh, making a new home and ignoring all memory of the trying times it had endured as a disputed kingdom attacked by the armies of its enemies. It thought to renew its strength at the source, Peter's tomb. We know who and what came of those purifying intentions; Alexander VI. the Borgian, whose son Cæsar barely missed, there at the Vatican, succeeding in the absolute civil reconstruction of the religious kingdom prepared so long before at the Lateran.

Of the palace of the Laterani family, given by Constantine to Sylvester I., the present palace of the Lateran possesses nothing, scarcely the ground, since it used to occupy what is now the piazza. Even the little Sancta Sanctorum, the pope's private chapel, seen at the head of the Scala Santa dates from but the last

years before the flight to Avignon. What was left by the fire was pulled down after the return, when the papacy was definitely installed upon the Vatican. The church was rebuilt first, and at length Sixtus V. decided to raise a new palace in the Baroque style. The only testimony that Rome can offer of the formative epoch of the Church is entirely figurative. No pope ever lodged in the present Lateran; even when it was admitted that the Vatican was too far out of the Roman world, Gregory XIII. built the Quirinal, still more inaccessible as a palace, but a cool and breezy place in summer.

Stripped of its souvenirs though it is, the Lateran is not neglected by the visitor to Rome who, no matter where he goes in this suggestive city, cannot lose himself in the present. Here upon this square, which has nothing on it now but an obelisk, I see gathered, among others, the shades of the family of Theophylactus and his daughter Marozia. Here took place, some ten centuries ago, the passionate events I tried to define last year at Spoleto.[1] It is only on this square that we can locate the first attempt at the formation of the Italian kingdom, that ideal which, for so many centuries was a mirage, which Cæsar Borgia failed to constitute, and which it was reserved to the family of Berold the Saxon of Savoy to realize in the day of men still living. The Church has always blushed for her John XII.'s and her Benedict IX.'s whose mistakes were to go too fast, to declare their purposes too openly. It may be that behind the pretext of the

[1] *Little Cities of Italy*, vol. ii., chap. xv.

burnt ruin, was hidden a sense of shame which was the motive for taking refuge in the Vatican, and perhaps Sixtus V. was but effacing mortifying memories under the artistic taste of his time.

If such was his object, he could be proud of his work, so absolutely did he attain it. The only testimony of the Lateran of the past that he allowed to remain intact was the baptistery where, it was said, Constantine had himself baptized. Sixtus, making the obscure centuries still more obscure by the demolition of the walls over which they had passed, joined the first embrace of the faith to its golden age. Was Constantine really received into the Christian community under these columns? It is doubted, but that is of no consequence; certainly this baptistery dates from the earliest days of the Church, from the fifth century, at least. In its columns, in its form, and in its panellings it speaks to us of the round temple; its octagonal exterior wall has served for the model of all baptisteries: those of Florence, Parma, Bergamo, Pisa, Pistoia, all that I have seen throughout Italy. The interior colonnade makes it brother to San Stefano Rotondo, to the Mausoleum of Constantia. It is the Roman stamp, the link uniting the old civilization with the new. Four chapels flank this baptistery, all decorated, at different epochs, with paintings or with mosaics, the most beautiful of which are those of the ancient oratory of San Venanzio. In the centre is the baptismal font where, if not Constantine, certainly a hundred generations of Romans became Christians. Are little children still plunged into it?

If so, it is inexcusable to have relegated the statue of the Precursor to a chapel—at least, it would be so, if the very name of the author of that work were not enough to inspire one with shame to look at it, Valadier,—the execrable profaner who had the temerity to rebuild the Arch of Titus and who committed so many other crimes. The good guardian, who bore me unnecessary company, thought to please me by talking about him, and I kept quiet so as not to disappoint the old man. How many good intentions in this world have no more solid ground! I made haste to flee, however, red with shame, from mere remembrance that Valadier was a Frenchman. But the man stopped me again. At Pisa the custodian bawls out the four notes of perfect harmony that we may admire the echoes of his baptistery. In Rome these four notes are groaned out by the hinges of the bronze doors which the good man opens and shuts slowly to prolong their effect. I halt in my flight to talk to the instrumentalist, ruddy and full of years, dressed in his long coat shining with medals. To my surprise he begins to speak of Paris as tenderly as he did of Valadier, and then he confides to me that he was an officer of the Pontifical Army under Pius IX. When he goes up to the Janiculum what must he think when he sees the statue of him whom he vanquished at Mentana? The papacy, become spiritual again, retired him with the position of leader of the orchestra of the baptistery, with sole right—anyway it is his sole means of subsistence—to work the handle which wakes the singing hinges of these doors presented by

Hilarius to the baptistery upon which Constantine, a century earlier, is supposed to have conferred immortal fame by there becoming a Christian. These doors have been pushed open for—if not by—the imperious hands of Hildebrand and Innocent III. Do not those hinges groan louder for the pontifical officer's bread than he is aware of, louder than we care to hear?

On the other hand, the Basilica of San Giovanni in Laterano, says to us but a repetition of what we have heard before. The façade, a hundred years younger than the façade of Saint Peter's, and the interior which is contemporary, have been built in visible anxiety to make this church appear to be as well treated as the other, while, in fact, it was left to the second rank, that of a parochial church of the popes. Borromini hastened to transform the columns into pillars, and Galilei adopted for his façade the order of the portico surmounted by the loggia. Galilei did not put that loggia there for mischief evidently, nevertheless we see, with satisfaction, that he was more successful in his work than was Maderno. Eternal justice demanded that the original church make a greater impression than the new one. Borromini, at least, knew how to keep his place. He tried to do nothing but to dazzle, and he succeeded. Much more than in Saint Peter's or in all the other churches of Rome, we may see in the Lateran the value of the Baroque art. It here expresses the maximum of its effect, and once again we must reproach it for substituting something else to which it is inferior. A bit of a fresco by Giotto has been stupidly preserved on a pillar. It is a dan-

gerous memento, but San Giovanni suffers by it only. To eyes that are innocent or systematically contemporanean, which but judge things on their own merits, this is a noble church. At any rate, it is magnificent. The enormous white pillars stand in majestic succession, although their sumptuous statues, sustaining a ceiling of sombre richness, lead to an altar upon which God has not come down for some fifty years, where the pope alone can celebrate the sacrifice and which the church on the Vatican might envy, if it were not so sombre. The apse, little of the Baroque as it has, with its redressings of Cosmati marbles, its mosaics, and its transepts inspired by San Paolo, is one of the most solemn in Rome. The tomb of Leo XIII., raised to him by Cardinal Rampolla, still waits for his remains above the sacristy door. Leo XIII., in the depths of San Giovanni in Laterano,—when he makes his last journey from Saint Peter's,—may be proud of the choir he enlarged by throwing back the apse without ruining it and bear testimony that he and Clement XII. alone were the authors of the present church, understanding the parts they played in the work and the lesson it teaches.

The palace of the Lateran, built adjoining the church, is the great classic palace of the seventeenth century, brother of the Vatican and of the Farnese, unfortunately more of the first than of the second. The coldness of it is mortal, in spite of the radiantly beautiful collections that have been crowded into it. Never lived in, it emanates a dense atmosphere of abandon and ingratitude, in the cortile, with the

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St. John Lateran, Exterior

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St. John Lateran, Interior

Anderson

**St. John Lateran, Cloister**

doorways painted in imitation of the loggias of the Vatican, and in the great rooms eternally waiting to be finished. Yet for two hours I forgot how useless and vain, ostentatious and lugubrious it is, lamentably lost, as I was, in examining its antiques, beautiful as the best of the Vatican. Some of them are unique, such as the mosaic from the Thermæ of Caracalla, the *Sophocles*, the *Dancing Faun*, and the prodigious series of Christian sarcophagi, all as generous as the sarcophagus of Alexander Severus at the Capitol. Any one who has been thrilled by the wonderful works of the Vatican cannot afford to forego the two museums of the Lateran. In these poor rooms, scarcely rough-cast, badly lighted, without decoration of any sort, cut by the pavement of the *portes-cochères*, where the wind whistles and the statues seem like exiles, I think of that other palace over there which has usurped the lustre due to this cradle of the cult which has reared them both.

Looking at the walls of the Vatican, I thought of Versailles. Before the Lateran, I think of it much more. After the Fronde, the king of France left Versailles forever, returning to Paris only as a prisoner. The papacy driven out of the Lateran by the Roman people, on returning in triumph to Rome, sixty-six years later hid its shame in the Vatican—where, as events have turned out, it has been prisoner for another half century even now. The same phenomenon has been seen in the north of Europe where an emperor not daring to return to his capitol, hid himself in his castle. The outcome seems fatal, that is to say neces-

sitated by the very essence of despotic power, and rigorously melancholy. To the Vatican we owe Bramante, Michelangelo, and Raphael in Rome. In the Lateran they would have found a church and a palace worthy of them. The vast space, which surrounds it, too vast for the present building, would have permitted the development of fitting galleries for those antiques which are the glory of the right bank of the Tiber. The exodus of the popes to Avignon was nothing beside their removal from the Lateran to the Vatican. Alexander VI. and Leo X. tell us plainly that the exile at Avignon taught the papacy nothing. The customs carried from the Lateran to Avignon, which made Petrarch call the exiled court a sink, were brought back to the Vatican and flourished there while the political evil grew wider and deeper and stronger. Like Louis XIV. and Louis XV., the papacy might dazzle the world with artistic splendours never before equalled; but it was, like the French monarchy, none the less upon the dizzy road to ruin. If one passes over the course of that march, one sees that the only moments when the papacy was great and strong were those when it lived in communion with the people of Italy, when it was purely Guelph. How beautiful it was in the time of the Lombards, of Gregory VII., of the Othos, of Barbarossa! It has not known how to understand the lesson of its history. Returning to Rome, triumphant over the factions, like Louis over the Fronde, in place of taking up close relations with its people, wherein lay its strength, it ran and hid. It was ashamed of the quarrels which

drained its life, that is to say, the sentiment of its mission. In the palace "without façade and almost without approach," it settled down to live, like our kings at Versailles, looking at itself and never around about itself. The awakening of 1848 was terrible.

"It is useless, Cassander, I have wearied the throne and my country enough with my despised warnings; nothing remains but to seat myself upon the debris of the wreck I have so often predicted. . . . Pious libellers, the apostate calls you! Come then, stammer a word, a single word with him for the unfortunate master who loaded you with gifts and whom you have lost!"

So thundered Chateaubriand in the Chamber of the Peers on the 7th of August, 1830; Chateaubriand, whose undeceived ghost we run into at every step here. Ever since the day when the misfortune that struck Charles X. fell upon the Vatican, the same clamours have been raised which we, from the height of the same disinterestedness may try to restrain. The papacy has tried in vain to deceive itself and the world with its attachment to the tomb of Saint Peter; a thing of much greater prestige and solidity in the ambitious eyes of the Saint's successors attracted them to this shrine. It was the vision, constituted by the ages since the official recognition of the Catholic religion by Constantine up to the time of Clement V.; the mirage of the temporal grandeur of the Church, inseparable, in the ideas of the papacy, from the political and social formation of a new Italy. The Lateran had presided over this development. To abandon it

was worse than an act of ingratitude; it was an evidence of aberration. The law may be abominable, it is rigorous. A prince cannot break with his origin without losing his princehood. He is denied by his subjects who, contrary to appearances, do not break with the past, but, on giving themselves up to those who blaspheme the past, themselves reforge the chain of their natural development. To abandon the Lateran was, on the part of the papacy, to declare null and void all which had occurred there; to build the Vatican was to proclaim that a new era had begun, and what an era! The era of despotism, not even of Ghibellinism—which would have been understood, since Ghibellinism was an Italian political form,—but of the simple autocratic government. The Church knew that perfectly at bottom. Saint Peter's throne may be at the Vatican, but the Lateran still keeps the table upon which Peter worked the miracle of the Transubstantiation. They never dared carry that up the hill, no more than the other relics, the Arc of the Covenant, the rod of Moses. Those ancient symbols have a right to rule where they are. An insurmountable force retains them at the Lateran, the force which dominates men, I mean the *raison d'être*. The Scala Santa also has been left to the Lateran, where pilgrims still mount the steps on their knees. The pope, on the Vatican, has never asked himself what the faithful must think of this abandonment. The pope has two religions: one that prays and one that governs. The two have been separated, and it is vain for the Vatican to pretend to reunite

them. The Holy Father cut himself off from the world of the living in fleeing this place where the first Christians prayed, suffered, and prospered. The deserted Lateran is sinister in its icy showiness. I was thinking some time ago that Leo XIII. had chosen the place of his sepulchre for a sublime return to the past and for a strong lesson. May there not be some fear of a popular movement in the delay over laying him to sleep here? What is feared in the near future is that when this transfer is made, the indifference amidst which the papacy lives in Rome will become patent to all the world. Leo XIII. will wait a long time to lie in his sepulchre. To give it him would be to acknowledge too many disappointments and miscalculations.

In recent years how unmoved has the Vatican seen the descendants of Mohammed, once the great enemy, attempt a popular regeneration! If it were still sensitive to what takes place outside its zone, would it not have trembled to see the resurrection by its own democratic forces of the impious violaters and conquerors of the Holy Sepulchre? Papal Rome, shut against all that is not comprised in her little trans-Tiberian domain, obstinately turns her back on the world's acts, and in this self-concentration, refuses the Lateran the ashes of the last clear-sighted pope. Did Juvenal, the great Latin satirist, foresee those who would raise up the ghost of Adrian, when he asked if it was worth while to remain alive when one had lost all object in living?

### Twenty-sixth Day

## THE TRIUMPH OF ENDYMION

### Albano, Nemi

LET us consecrate one day of this month in Rome entirely to nature. Oh, I know that the Roman landscape cannot be separated from its associations, especially those which are of Alba Longa. But they exist only as sites; nothing from the hand of man remains there but the villages with their little streets. There are no monuments, no notable ruins; only the mountains, the rocks, and the lakes. It is to be a day of rest. The body may feel some fatigue, but the mind, overloaded with marvels of art, will have an opportunity to balance its burden with the refreshing marvels of nature. Yet, at the

moment of submitting my programme, I am seized by the fear that I have planned to see too much on this excursion to the Alban Mountains. Although starting forth for Albano and Nemi, favoured by trams and led on by friends as intrepid as they are thoughtful, I have been tempted to go the long way around. I do not urge you to accompany me, but if you shoulder the responsibility yourself, come. You will have to rise at daylight and you cannot return before sundown. You must take the day as a whole, as you will take everything on this excursion, and I am inclined to think that for this sort of spectacle, which is altogether of impressions, the panoramic view of things is worth more than the partial and minute examination. Nature reveals herself in great lines, masses, and horizons. Her character is in the *ensemble;* the significance of the source is felt in the windings of the river.

Do we not find this true at once in the rivers that we follow in the tram across the Campagna, along the line of the ruddy aqueducts? The Alban springs flow away toward the marshes of the Campus Martius, carrying the cradle of the twins out of which rose the City of the Seven Hills, and the waves have never ceased to flow from the sons of Ascanius, enriching the country of Evander. As we remount the courses of these fertile waters, following up the direction of the Acqua Claudia, the way soon begins to climb the Alban buttresses. On the left, Frascati's villas cling to their terraces, larger and more majestic than Tivoli, although the memories and the ruins of Tusculum make it less glorious. The tram begins to pant, and

gradually we see Rome heaped up and spread out at the same time. We turn and tack this way and that toward the beautiful oaks which we already begin to see swaying in the breeze. The olive trees along our route bend under the wind made by the passing tram, giving us a salute of friendly welcome. Scarred old fellows, they are witnesses that one would like to question upon all that they have seen, and their knotty, cut-off heads inspire a respect which keeps us serious in spite of the smiling verdure so profusely spread about us. Omnipresent and omnipotent as is the living green, King Rock does not abdicate. He pierces through every mass and clump, and the jagged edges where he has been lacerated for the passage of the tram unite him, quivering, as it were, to our souvenirs of Rome. A halt along the shady way indicates the road to Frascati. A few steps farther on is Grotta Ferrata where I came a fortnight ago in search of Domenichino. The god of the trams, who makes one follow another at short intervals out in this region, will permit us a second visit to Saint Nil, and if you did not share my *cafard* then, you have the opportunity now to become acquainted with and to love the greatest of the Bolognese. For a long time Grotta Ferrata passed for the Tusculum of Cicero, but, it seems, we are no longer allowed to believe that. Tusculum is up there on the left behind Frascati, where you see ruins. Grotta Ferrata has no ruins, so we need not look for Cicero in the streets of this little village, but return to the trolley which takes us down toward Valle Violata.

Another halt on the line! It is the branch going to—strictly speaking, toward—Rocca di Papa. For a long time it twists and turns, cleverly picking its way in the fallen ground, describing a serpent whose head lies in the axis of the tail, and, giving up its task, at last, confides us to a funicular which deposits us at the foot of the Rocca di Papa. Were you expecting it to be like this? One should always distrust surprises. For my part, the Rocca di Papa seems to me, and I believe I shall always remember it as the most haughty of landscapes, equal, at least, to San Gimignano or to Montefalco. Equal! The emerald sea upon which Rocca di Papa looks above the lapis-lazuli of the Lake of Albano gives to the city a sublimity to which Tuscany and Umbria, magnificent as they are, can make no pretensions. The little town has taken possession of a peak towering above all the others except Cavo, and the alleys called streets, that grip the calamitous flank, pour infection into one another. My first thought is that there is no way to enjoy this unclean village, but one might avoid suffering in visiting it only if one were furnished with a pulley and smelling salts. I turn my head, nauseated, and in an instant all disgust is forgotten in the view. Frascati stands out on the right at the foot of the Lake of Albano, that great bowl of burning blue, made brighter by the green of the oaks. From the lake stretching to the Rocca is that wide plain out of which extends Alba Longa; and over there beyond Castel Gandolfo and Albano lies the shining sea, scarcely veiled by her morning mists. Mountains are every-

where, toward the country, toward the sea, toward the generous valley of Ariccia and away to the sterile plains of Rome. Rocca di Papa dominates the Alban chain like a sordid, but enchanting queen, commanding the peaceful waters and the tumultuous waves. Let us climb still higher and enjoy to the full her pitiful pride. When we have passed the last houses we see, between them and the steep side of Monte Cavo, where Jupiter Latiaris watched over his people, the freshest of delightful valleys. There is a legend that Hannibal camped there. It was then that Jupiter drew back his hand. I like to find in this legend the cause of the Romans falling away from their gods. How could the people adore deities who consented to Jupiter's permitting Hannibal to spread out his forces without striking him by lightning? But how well we understand the Carthaginians! The freshness, the sweetness, the richness of this valley and its peaceful flocks are inexpressible; the pastures are the green of young crops; trees grow thickly on the flanks of the old crater, and the smiling tenderness of nature in a fine and delicate mood seems exalted by the day. It is Sunday. Young people stroll about, lovemaking in this charming garden which is shut in, yet spread out, between the town and Cavo. After the rough climb up the mountain and a long look at the violent, pell-mell race of these peaks and slopes toward plain and sea, what joy to come upon this valley curving gently like the bottom of a pond. Its seductive charm robs me of all courage to scale the heights of Cavo. What should we do there, anyway, now that Jupiter has

been driven out by the seismographers? If only there were soothsayers still! I console myself with the reflection that I should have little satisfaction in seeing Rome and the Tyrrhenian Sea at the end of a field-glass; besides it would also give too grave offence to the good King Latinus to bear witness to Jupiter's bankruptcy. Come, let us thread our way back through the street-drains of the village with the clear blue and white enamel signs announcing their ridiculous names: *XX di Settembre*, *Garibaldi*, sacred to every Italian, but too flagrantly modern for this lofty place, so disdained by the great present and so full yet of the ancient defiance and domination that we think of the fabulous Ascanius whom it had the glory of attracting to its charms. So, let us risk our lives once more in a rush through the ancient alleys to the funicular and the trolley, which, in a flash, carries us to the borders of Lake Nemi.

Marino, Castel Gandolfo, Albano, Ariccia are crossed, climbing up and going down. The route between éach one of these straggling villages is like the avenue of a great park with tall and pollarded trees. They run along the mountains, under the foliage, the sharp rock on the left rich in oaks, on the right the majestic stretch of the Mediterranean plain. How sweet and soft and fresh these mountainsides are, inclining toward the sea! We find them especially so when, after crossing Ariccia, the tramway grips the rock overhanging the beautiful Valle Aricciana, deep, tender, shining with new crops, beyond which the blue waves sparkle in the distance. The sun, high

now, floods the luxuriant valley and begins to shine upon the impenetrable depths where Venus was born. The trees, which were dark and bare but yesterday, spread themselves today and prattle of their joy in returning to life. The road we follow is enveloped in tender shade, kept fresh by the Alban waters oozing from the shelter of the rocks. What a fine dignity it maintains while amusing itself with the branches that fan it with delicious breezes. The windings reveal a new aspect every instant, always fresh and radiant. Sometimes the sea is mistress of the landscape, sometimes the mountains, sometimes the forest oaks, sometimes the village. It seems as if the trolley were carrying us in and out over this little world to show us all its joyous aspects. But why am I not the prey of any memories? If ever memorable ground could excite the historical mania, should not this? The first industrious men who planted it and cultivated it were those to whom we owe Rome, where we are so happy. It was on these robust mountainsides that the wandering race of the fugitive Æneas stopped, enriching them with their own stock as it has never been given to any people, even to the sons of Cadmus, to perpetuate themselves. The lovers of pure nature may here take a beautiful revenge upon those who always ask a landscape to yield up its human shades. Nature is lovely quite by herself; we feel here that she needs to give us nothing else, that she requires no support to please us, that she is sufficient unto herself and unto us in her great generosity and her exuberance of happiness.

Anderson

Albano

Anderson

The Castel Gandolfo

Anderson

Rocca di Papa

I sit apart on the terraces of the Villa Sforza-Cesarini, at Genzano, to breathe in the silence. A most gentle peace perfumes the still air. Poised on the bank of the Nemi, like a bird on the edge of a fountain, the balcony, wreathed with red camellias, seems to be looking at itself like Diana who never was coquettish except beside this stream. She could look at herself here with no fear of the wind furrowing her youth with a passing wrinkle. At the bottom of the perfect circle, garnished and crowned by the chestnut trees, the lake is like glass. Nothing agitates it; neither a shiver nor a caress can reach it. Like Diana it is inaccessible; more than her image, it reflects her heart. I can never find in it those legends of horror that have been attached to it, of which Renan has left us the definite testimony in his *Prêtre de Nemi*. I am even troubled that Gabriele d'Annunzio, who is so responsive to the emotions of this Latin land, should have laid here a scene, a love scene, to be sure, but of a novel which he calls the *Trionfo della Morte*. So far as I know but one writer has felt here the serenity which fills my soul: that is Lamartine, and not so much by his immortal verse as by the association inspired in him by the eyes of Graziella. "The beautiful Lake Nemi which no breeze ever wrinkles," I can never see it gloomy! To call it charming would be to underpraise it, yet that would be less unjust than to call it sepulchral. Nothing moves, not even the trees that loved Diana and look for her features in the depths of the waters, not even the spasm of death shakes it. No, surely, it is not death; it is repose, it is retreat, it is

beatitude. Is life only to be in movement? Life is also in calm, in the pleasure of mere breathing and seeing; it is also in the reflection that things leave in us and draw from us without agitating us. That life is mirrored by the Lago di Nemi as it is not by any other thing that I know. Its two hundred metres of depth, which no storm ever reaches, to which even the shadows do not attain, far from terrifying me and recalling to my mind the murdered priest of Diana, inspires me with confident love and speaks to me of the beauty of indifference. Why be troubled, why live in the harsh sense of the word? What has not this ancient lake seen, with all its woods, with all its waters, its rocks, its plants, and its fishes and seen all without defiance? It lives and is serene, it never cries, nor laughs, either! All that touches it, touches the surface only, nothing can trouble it, and it offers the same mirror to all faces. In the depths of its bowl, as on its verdant and protecting banks, it sees the days and nights pass without ever being touched by them. Men may question it, but it disdains to answer them. They may furrow its surface, or sink to its depths, it does not even feel them. They may turn away some of its supply, it seems unaware of the wound from which the blood flows; it has more! What a beautiful lesson it teaches us! It receives everything, gives back nothing in retaliation, and takes no profit. It is there, the only thing undisturbed in this agitated world, eternally young, like its cold Diana. We die of wanting to live. Lake Nemi lies here peacefully, looking placidly at life as at death,

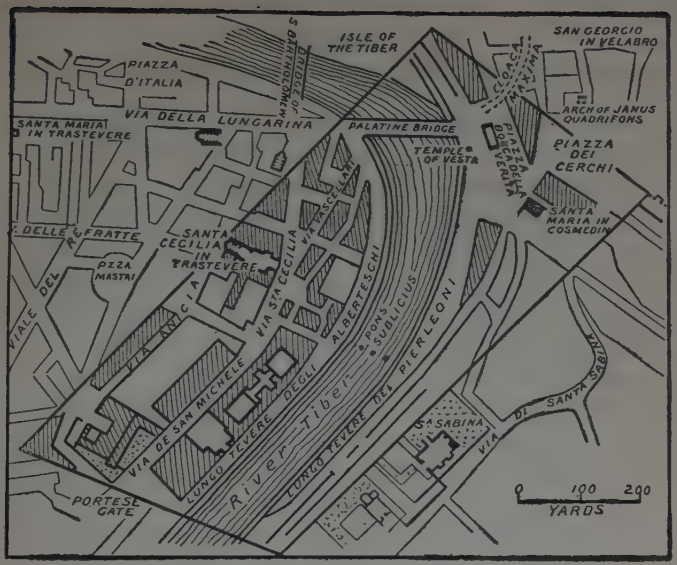
letting destiny take its course. Let us rest in its beatitude, let us enjoy the sun and the modest lilacs and the proud camellias. But we must take care not to enjoy too much or Nemi will reproach us for going too fast. It has been waiting thousands of years and is not yet tired of stretching out its length. Let us rest, breathing deep, as it takes its waters, and if we know how to reflect in our hearts, as does this smooth blue, those whom we look upon or who move about us, we shall be as happy as the angels in heaven of whom the terrible gods asked nothing more.

Alas, like so many men who understand, but fail to profit by, the lessons they receive, I suddenly take alarm at the lateness of the hour and hastily leave Nemi to catch the trolley which carries me once more into the agitation and dust of vanity. I leave the tram again at Ariccia, however, and walking through the woods and along the Chigi Park, come to the Lake of Albano. Under the elms and chestnuts I meet Diana again, but a Diana who has escaped, as I have, from the calm lake, the Diana who visited Endymion. The good-looking shepherd, who dared to cast his eyes upon Juno, slept in the shade of these elms when Diana saw him, and his charms made her forget, as I am forgetting, the lesson of her mirror. She loved and left forever the unmoved serenity of Nemi for the smiling banks of Albano. Let us not be prouder of it than she was, since we must all live, that is to say, be happy and suffer, learn and forget, feel and think, which one can do very well on these banks! If Nemi is the lake of Lucretius, Albano should be that of

Horace. One might pass one's life here thundering the canticles of Actium or the refrain of the old men of *Faust*. With wider banks than those of Nemi, the Lake of Albano lies less deep and more agitated. Dominated by Rocca di Papa, in view of the now sterile fields of Alba Longa, it is contemplated by Castel Gandolfo and visited by the smiling Sunday crowd which finds amusement in throwing stones into it. Between the plain, which was the cradle of Rome, and the rock where the castle of the pope is perched, it laughs over so many vanities, which in the end are all alike. Nemi, reflecting this, would not have a wrinkle trouble his heavy face. Albano, in high spirits over it, turns to the right, to the left, winks an eye, and breaks into a thousand smiles. This was not the place for Juliette Récamier to find consolation in exile; Nemi, much better than Albano, would have taught her the virtue of patience. At the moment when she was trying to forget Paris in Canova's villa, her persecutor was thrown down. The Lake of Albano was not sufficiently serene to keep her. When she returned to Paris, was it not partly to have some part in the storms that she tried to save the life of the poor fisherman whose fidelity to the pope had caused his condemnation? To plunge into a passionate episode is a poor way to seek consolation. Beautiful as Diana, Juliette had the goddess's weaknesses also. Albano is a lover's lake, and there are no sweeter memories in the world than those its graceful beauties arouse in us. One wishes that he had come here when he was twenty, hand in hand with the choice of his heart,

that it had been on these shady slopes he had first known the intense joy of feeling, of being a man,—especially over there on the western shore where there is a veritable paradise. Upon Monte Cucco—where Alba had its necropolis—there are some villas, oh, five or six! At their feet are terraces of oaks and the frisky lake; opposite lies a girdle of chestnut woods; on the left, hiding the roughness of the rock, stretches the dry and thrilling line of Alba Longa, under Rocca di Papa and Cavo; to the right stands Castel Gandolfo and its pontifical palace, a sort of *burg* without defences; and behind lie Rome and the sea. The waters and the woods, dead Alba, the dying papal stronghold, Rome of the Renaissance, and the eternity of the waves! To live here in possession of all the beauties the world has made, those whose mystery we shall never divine and those which man heaps up untiringly! One would go to Nemi from time to time to seek counsel of tranquillity, to learn a little absolute epicurism, and would return to drink Falerno and to project an exalted Forum. Since we have been thrown into this feverish world, let us abandon ourselves to the whirl. It has its intoxications. Diana entered it and was carried under. Albano, which might despise everything, having seen everything from Alba to Castel Gandolfo, is always amused and takes part in the play that enlivens its banks. My dream to come here with those I love, and, from the height of a little villa, to pass the long spring days before this complete spectacle of the earth, its lakes, its woods, its men, and its waves, what is it but my homage to the

fecund passions of this world? Nemi is the ideal, for which Albano consoles us in our infirmity, giving us the exaltation that we are denied by our poor, but rich life!




**Twenty-seventh Day**

## RUSKIN'S MISTAKE

### Minerva, Cosmedin

THE traveller, like the ancient Gaul, counts his days by nights. The nights, much more than the days, seem to warn him how little time he has left. From my little Roman bedroom I shall hear Monte Citorio strike off my wakeful hours of only three more nights. I must make haste! How many things are still to be seen! I shall not see them all, but the essentials, at least, will not have escaped me, and, although certain buildings and certain works of art are not inscribed

on my tablets, there are few that I have not visited. You will find trace of them in reflections that, surely, I could not have made if I had not seen them. Although disclaiming all pretensions to being a guide, I must lay some claim to seeing whatever should be included in a suggestive impression of my journey, everything that is important either for the problems that have arisen in my mind or for the emotions that have been aroused in my soul.

Without mentioning it, without admitting to myself the reason, making a pretext of the nearness of the tramways, I have often found myself wandering about the neighbourhood of the Pantheon. I found myself there again this morning, but resolved to leave it at once. Have I kept my readers waiting too long for the celebrated Minerva? Oh, but you know one goes to see that also repeatedly from the first day; it is natural to step in on coming out of the Pantheon! I rather fought shy of it, however, in the beginning, for fear of being unjust, but I have gone back continually, and I always shall. Not straight back, however, but by the way of the Piazza Navona, Santa Agnese, San Agostino, San Luigi—to see Domenichino again and to say good-bye to Mme. de Beaumont, by way of the Palazzo Madama, l'Anima, and, at length, Santa Maria della Pace where Raphael alone repays many visits; and I have also studied its octagonal form, its rounded portico, and Bramante's cloister! This enchants me especially for its mockery of the learned scholars and the contempt in which it holds their rules. Just as a temple is forbidden to be round and a wall to

rest on columns, so is it against the rule for columns to stand upon the keystone of an arch. I have already seen a bold analogy at Bologna in the Loggi dei Mercanti where the middle of the windows is above the points of the lower ogees. In the Pace Bramante is still more audacious. He has made the columns of the first storey rest exactly over the centre of the arches of the ground floor. Not only has it Bramante's signature, but it is extremely pretty, incomparably light and graceful. The adjoining church, classic as it is, could hardly be more unexpected with its eight panels, its dome, and its nave-vestibule. There is but little church to it, with no mystery and a decidedly un-religious aspect. No doubt there are reminders of a baptistery hovering about it, but corrected, attenuated. Sixtus IV. was the builder of this Pace, in 1484. He was a Rovere, like his nephew Julius II. who, in 1504, sanctioned Bramante's building of the impertinent cloister for Cardinal Caraffa. Ten years later, the Chigi, of the Farnesina, called Raphael here to decorate a chapel and, a century later, a Chigi, Pope Alexander VII., finished the decoration of the church. Today the Pace, as a whole, offers us a good enough summing up of all it should stand for. The Renaissance is seen to the full in its inspiration; it is to me one of the most striking witnesses of the effect produced by the ancient buildings upon the Roman architects. The octagonal form of the baptistery of the Lateran, the round form of San Stefano, and of the Mausoleum of Constantia had seduced them, but they refrained from copying; inspired by them, min-

gling them with other Italian memories, and transforming them, among other ways, by the suppression of the columns, they came at length to believe in the tradition. The Baroque decoration strikes us the more forcibly as eloquent testimony of the decadent march of ideas, of what art had become in the hands of the degenerate pupils of Bramante, Michelangelo, and Raphael.

Baldassare Peruzzi's frescoes opposite those of Raphael are manifest evidence of the presence of the master, watching over his pupils. Michelangelo also observes them, at a distance. Peruzzi is on his honour, to such a point, that, with all general reserves made, he shows himself, here, at least, superior to Raphael. Raphael can bear anything, however, and certain it is that Peruzzi's frescoes would not shine with the lustre they have at the Pace if we did not think of the comparison. We have nothing to do but to face about to examine the two works, turning to one with eyes full of the other, and the fact is not to be denied: Peruzzi wins. By what? Oh, by Michelangelo! By a reflection of strength, of energy, of nobleness. If you wish to see the difference between the two great masters, Michelangelo and Raphael, or at least to see it in the same flash of the eye upon them both, come to the Pace. You will see once more before you leave Rome in what Raphael's genius consisted. He is not troubled by his fierce rival. He goes on his way, which is his alone, painting these sibyls as he painted, during the same year, his *Galatea*, his cherubs like his cupids, his angels as he painted his nymphs. Just the same,

conquered as you may be by so much grace and perfection in itself, you cannot but think of the sibyls in the Sistine, you cannot refrain from saying to yourself that the first requisite of painting is to render the figures represented according to their conditions, not as the type the painter likes best. Pinturicchio himself, Umbrian as he was, did not dare to go as far as did Raphael, although his sibyls have nothing strictly conforming to the prophetesses of Christ.

As for Santa Maria sopra Minerva, it is one of the richest churches of Rome in works of art of all epochs and signed by some of the greatest names. Michelangelo figures here, if not with sublimity, at least, as always, with audacity; his nude *Christ* upsets all our preconceived ideas as much as does his Christ in the *Last Judgment*. The drapery that has been fixed upon this statue disfigures the line, but the work cannot be counted among the best although the torso is worthy of the highest conceptions of the author of the *Moses*. In this church there are tombs, also, among others, those of Leon X. and of Clement VII., that of Tornabuoni by Mino, that of Tebaldi by Andrea Bregno, and still others, especially interesting, those of the gentle Angelico and Cardinal Pietro Bembo, author of the Sarca which we saw at Mantua.[1]

Paintings abound here, the largest and the most celebrated being the frescoes of Filippino Lippi. A sort of glory has been created for that young master in recent times, a late fame altogether merited by his works in the Accademia and the Uffizi at Florence.

[1] *Little Cities of Italy*, vol. i., part ii., chap. vii.

Let us, however, avoid placing the son in the same rank as the father. Charming, voluptuous, firm, and full of grace as are the works of the second generation of the Quattrocento, they can never be considered as rivalling the first. The touchstone of great art was fresco painting of which Fra Filippo and his contemporaries were the masters. After them the hand was more slack. What, was not that the time of the frescoes of the Sistine? One might say at the outset that those are rather great pictures than frescoes. The impression they made on me, if you remember it, was, in the end, almost a cold one. Only Cosimo Rosselli, perhaps, of the second generation of the Quattrocentists is superior to it; he was the oldest of them and kept the nearest to the first generation. Here, in the Minerva, Filippino shows strong evidence of the decadence. His *Assumption of the Virgin*, presented by Cardinal Caraffa, is treated as an altar piece and his *Thomas Aquinas among the Heretics* strives in vain to remind us of the Spanish Chapel in Santa Croce at Florence. Think of that and you will be able to clearly measure the distance and the fall. Fresco painting demanded conditions that were no longer existing, especially at Rome. There was still talent, but the burning flame of genius was not, and only such exceptional beings as Michelangelo and Raphael can be said to have properly succeeded in it. Filippino wished to seize his father's brush, and it is not an altogether useless comparison that has been made between his work here in the Minerva and that of Masaccio in the Church of the Carmelites in

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**The Assumption, by Fra Filippo Lippi, in the Temple of Minerva**

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**Sibyls, in the St. Maria della Pace, by Raphael**

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The Temple of Vesta

Florence, in which, it is said, Filippo had some part. Recall to your mind Filippo's frescoes at Prato, even those of Spoleto, and you will understand what is lacking, how hesitating, yes, discordant is the Roman work of Filippino.[1]

Although I see all these decorations and appreciate the merits of each, it is not for them that I come so often to linger under these vaultings. The quarrel that I should like to settle is not between them and me, but between the style of this church and that of the others in Rome. Until now, the basilicas have had an easy triumph. The Baroque is certainly the most detestable of all styles ever adapted to the Divine dwelling. Outside of that, there is another way of conceiving the house of God, that which we in the North have adopted, if not invented. I mean the Gothic. The Minerva is purely Gothic. Does it carry the palm not only from the Baroque, but from the basilican style? These thousand stiff arms which are clusters of columns, these sharply pointed arches, these tall windows opening to the light of highest heaven, in fact the Gothic which implanted in us of the North our first notions of beauty and which is so intimately associated in our minds with the idea of the Divine, am I forced at last to maintain them in the rank where they had always stood in my mind until my first visit to Italy? Am I brought to admit the superiority of the Gothic over all other forms of architecture even in Italy, eating my harsh words uttered at Verona? Perhaps I should not have so

[1] *Little Cities of Italy*, vol. i., part i., chap. vii.

utterly condemned the Gothic in Italy, if I had had before my eyes other models of inferior beauty. No; the basilica only accentuates my dissatisfaction with the Gothic in Italy. Not, however, in the matter of space. Too often I complain of the architects who were indifferent to the geographical and social conditions under which they worked. Such buildings as our Greek Madeleine in Paris are not ugly in themselves; they offend only in their inability to move us in our foggy atmosphere. Of all the arts, architecture is the most strictly limited by climatic conditions. This is shown in the very birth of the arts which differed according to their latitudes. The primitive artists worked instinctively for the sunlight or for the misty skies. I see it again in Rome as I saw it in Verona and in other little cities of Italy: the Gothic art, born upon the sombre lands of Northern Europe, loses all significance in Italy, the gate of the Orient. In France and other countries, where the sun's rays are rare and scattered, the Gothic, seeking what light it can find in high air, is an admirable support to piety, rising as it does to take at its source the light falling from the open hands of the Saviour. But in this Italian land, no such sentiment is possible, and the Gothic meets no climatic or æsthetic necessity. Here the sunlight falls so abundantly everywhere why aspire to meet it? We are so used to the sun that we cannot understand at first why it refuses to penetrate under these vaultings. Because it is impossible to play hide-and-seek with one who will not hide. With us the light hides, steals away, we have to be ready for

it at the precise point where, at certain hours, it makes its appearance, seize it in carefully managed corners, sort of reflectors that hold it and multiply it as long as it can be made to last. Here, on the contrary, for the greater part of the year, at least, it inundates the land and its waves break upon obstacles made to distil, not to absorb it. The more dazzling the light outside, the less it penetrates, or seems to penetrate under the vaulting. If one is blinded by standing close to the windows, how can he be expected to see clearly upon turning toward the deep vaulting of an aisle?

"Thy temples, O, inaccessible King of the Spirits, forbid the Sun. . . . And yet the heavens are resplendent. . . ."

How suggestive that cry of the Italian, Carducci, on going out of a Gothic cathedral! The Gothic in Italy is gloomy. Entering a Gothic church from a burning street, one finds himself under arches where the sun's rays never linger. No traps should ever be set for the sunlight in this country. It already has too many of them. The Gothic architect knew that so well that he instinctively lowered his arches and walled up all the windows he could spare—that subterfuge, alas, only adding to the incoherence. We are but stabbed with double sadness. The first came, flagrant and direct, from the invading night which fell around our shoulders; the second, hidden, surreptitiously, from the contradiction between the object and the atmosphere. For a long time I have cherished a lively enough aversion for that dogmatic talker, Ruskin. Lover of Italy, he never understood her.

All the pains he has taken in his innumerable volumes to explain her works to us fetch up in regret that Italy refused to adopt the style of the cathedrals of the Anglo-Saxons. Perhaps it is because we Latins understand her better that we find nothing to forgive in her inability to plant the Germanic art in the land to which the son of Anchises brought the light of Simoïs and Scamander.

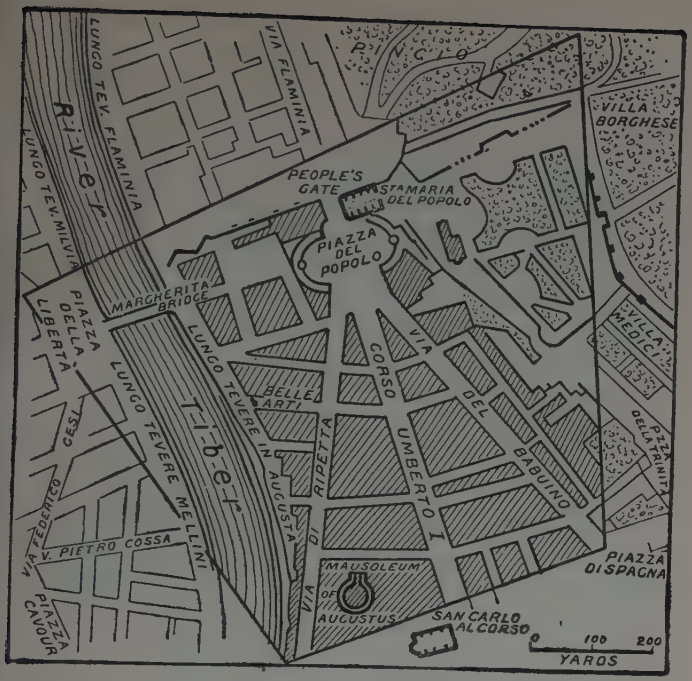
Where better could I finish this day than at the ancient Velabrum? Crossing it twenty times, I have never taken the hour requisite to see it. The monuments, neither numerous nor difficult to examine, are: San Giorgio, a small basilica,—a rarity to be prized,—the Arch of the Money-Changers, the Arch of Janus Quadrifrons, all three intermediate, while a little farther on is Santa Maria in Cosmedin, upon La Bocca della Verità, a small square which is one of the most charming in Rome. Here is something to confound all the *Gothicophobes* at one glance: the charm of this little Cosmedin, with its porch and its portal and its tower. A basilica with a belfry! Is not that vengeance on the Gothic? Italy did not adopt the belfry until after a long resistance, until, in fact, bells were imposed by the Church, in the eighth century, even then reducing it to the minimum in a mere campanile. This belfry reminds me of that of the old Greek Colony's little church—now Saint John's and Saint Paul's—over the memorable house on the Cælius. That campanile, however, dates but from the twelfth century, although composed, like this, of antique fragments in repoussé brick and

decorated with squares of marble. Who knows if it were not from this campanile as much as from Monte Cassino that the Cosmati took the idea of their variegated and useful art? Anyway Santa Maria in Cosmedin possesses important examples of Cosmato work. If you have not time to follow up their many beautiful pieces scattered over Rome, you can form a fair idea of what they did from these ambones, this choir enclosure, candelabrum, pavement, throne, and tabernacle.

Those who deny the paternity of the ancient basilica in their zeal to attribute the Christian architecture to other origin have not given sufficient consideration to this church which was not inspired by any model, nor moulded by any suggestion, but is frankly lodged within the pagan walls. Since the day of taking possession, the church has been transformed, enlarged especially, but the original structure still exists, principally in the wall of the entrance and more than twelve columns have never been touched. Some learned scholars have it an ancient court-house, others a temple, yet others a market. Why not a basilica and done with the controversy, that is to say a public place where a little of everything took place, according to the hour and the day? What have we here but the Christian basilica installed in the apartments of Jupiter without changing anything of his arrangements or of the Christians' either? When, in the course of the centuries, the Christians had occasion to enlarge their quarters, other spoils of the antique were added, but to me nothing equals the columns of Cosmedin; they

seem to me the most beautiful of any I have seen. It is because nothing swears at them in this little church. Should we be able to see her original stones spared the Baroque rehandling if she had been in any other than one of the poorest quarters of Rome? Even now, so little work would give it back its purely pagan aspect: the removal of certain famous confessionals would almost give us the basilica!

If one takes the trouble to note with what ease the religious requirements were accommodated to the ancient Roman buildings, it is foolishness to look elsewhere for the origin of the Christian basilica. If one notes how easily the basilica, once vacated by the gods, was adopted to the new religion, by its possibilities of grave intimacy, its protective development and the position and arrangement of its apse to which all eyes naturally turned, he will find that it is the part of wisdom to prefer it to all other forms of religious architecture in a sunny country. Compared with the round temple,—Mater Matuta, there across the river, —with what precision the Cosmedin shows the transition from the pagan to the Christian art! The columns mark the stage. In respect to the round temple, with its broad-brimmed hat, the Cosmedin tells us that it was possible to the Romans to observe the unchangeable laws imposed by nature on the architectural art, even in becoming Christians in this land where the gods of Greece took refuge. When they were driven out, did they avenge themselves by carrying beauty with them?




## Twenty-eighth Day

# CINDERELLA

## Porta del Popolo, Villa Madama

HOWEVER firmly one may be resolved not to bemoan the past and to accept his own times for what they are, he cannot help feeling sorry for himself, if, at the end of a month in Rome, he is obliged to admit that he has not yet passed through the People's Gate! Remembered later, in cold blood, how comic such a desperate regret

seems; but at the time it is a serious matter. To every stranger, especially to every Frenchman, the Flaminian Way should be an object of pilgrimage. Do you recall, in Michelet's description of Charles VIII.'s entrance into Rome, that masterly page wherein are noted even the shadows "picked out like torches by the lances on the walls"? The Porta del Popolo was the gate that opened to our ancestors—who came as conquerors and went away brothers, and since then all Frenchmen coming to Rome have entered by the same way, from Rabelais to Stendhal. The Flaminian Way was the great route from the North, and it was here that Rome gave her first kiss to her Northern lovers. At the beginning of the last century, Napoleon made the great square within the gate still more dear to us by creating the promenade of the Pincio above which the mighty oaks sway their branches. Since the building of the railway, we no longer come into Rome by the Porta del Popolo, and strangers know it chiefly because it is near the Piazza di Spagna, their particular quarter. Sometimes still, one passes through it to go to the Villa Borghese, but after that property was joined to the Pincio most of the other passages to it were shut. Only the villa of Pope Julius calls us to go out of Rome through the gate by which we formerly used to enter it. Now the Gate of the People is a victim of the blackest ingratitude. Not a traveller of the old days failed to fall into ecstasy on this first sight of the Eternal City, just as we do in the Piazza delle Terme today. Like Coppée's heroine, Rome, putting out her lips from behind her veil, makes

the hot blood rush through her lovers' veins; the veil may change, the same lips are always behind it.

As if that could excuse our ingratitude, it is only since the seventeenth century that the Piazza del Popolo has had the present physiognomy, and that has been modified by the walls of the Pincio. The two churches which flank the Corso date from the Baroque. The clearing of the square goes back only to Sixtus V., the Haussmann of his time, although it was Pius IV. Medici who in 1562 replaced the old Roman gate by this one of Vignola, finished by Bernini. Even so, this was the gate and the square seen by our fathers, and what has not been modified is Santa Maria del Popolo, the church fastened to the city wall, whose hospitable steps invited the traveller to thank God for the privilege of visiting Rome the very moment he was within the walls. You may remember that we have been in this church to see Pinturicchio's frescoes. On entering it for the second time, I note once more how the Italian taste, even to Michelangelo, takes no account of symmetry and space. Although the two churches across the square, at the beginning of the Corso, are companion pieces to and look towards Vignola's gate, Santa Maria del Popolo stands sidewise to the square. You must go back obliquely toward the Tiber to see it in the face. Two hundred years after it was built, in the seventeenth century, buildings were arranged somewhat more harmoniously. The little, catacornered façade is charming, however; yet its Renaissance seems a bit perverted, foreshadowing the dawn of the sixteenth century. In the interior,

on the other hand, the great fifteenth century triumphs, without restriction in Pinturicchio's frescoes, and in its tombs. Of the frescoes, I should, perhaps, prefer the lunettes in the Rovere Chapel—the church belonged to the Rovere family—even more than the great composition of the choir. Pinturicchio here shows a phase of his talent that we see nowhere else. I mean that sense of intimacy expressed by fine things in which his feeling for minutiæ is at ease. Among his works this Rovere Chapel plays some such part as the frescoes of Carpaccio at San Giorgio dei Schiavoni play beside his great compositions in the Accademia at Venice. Both Pinturicchio and Carpaccio, while having nothing comparable in their methods, possess something of an infantine charm which seems more at ease in a touching recital than in an allegory. Besides, both of them have treated this same subject in small pictures: the life of Saint Jerome. After all, it may be that alone which brings them together in my mind. Yet I believe that Carpaccio's *Saint Ursula* cedes nothing to his *Saint George* or his *Saint Jerome*. Certainly the frescoes in the cupola of the Popolo makes no impression beside those of the Rovere Chapel. Here we are still in the epoch when the artist was contented to portray what he saw. The more the subject permitted him to draw his inspiration from nature, the more truly was the painting an expression of himself. Before the coming of Raphael and Correggio, only the saintliness of an Angelico could attain unto celestial sublimities. The Quattrocentist circumvented the matter by bringing the

divine scenes into human proportions, but it was necessary in Pinturicchio's time to have the subjects not too far from the life of men. Pinturicchio could not "feel" the coronation of the Virgin, although he understood the life of Saint Jerome. The *Coronation* in the choir, therefore, is the work of a great decorator, but the *Jerome* in the Rovere Chapel is the expression of a great painter.

To examine the tombs of this church, one by one, would be nothing less than to undertake the study of the monumental sculpture of the fifteenth century, that is to say, in its greatest epoch. I have some hesitation in asking my travelling companions here in Rome to give themselves the trouble to look at my preceding books, yet I know of no other way to share with them the memory and the comparison of so many sublime examples of the beauty of this art of the tombs in Tuscany, the Æmilia, Venetia, and Umbria. Rome has but little of this art, but that little is of the best. The gentle Mino da Fiesole, aided by Bregno, has left at the Popolo the mausoleum of a Rovere which is as charming, as full of delightful good taste as the finest of his Florentine sepulchres. Andrea Sansovino succeeded, by his noble and simple figures, in making us forget the somewhat tormented architecture of Bramante in the choir, but his pose of Cardinal Ascanio Sforza asleep in the attitude of a gun-cock is ridiculous. Was it the architect, stingy of space, who imposed this attitude, or was it the sculptor who, in folding up his model, compelled the architect to place his pilasters nearer together?

The virtues and the angels on this tomb, however, compel forgiveness. Beside them, the works of the following centuries pale. It is impossible not to feel a shock of displeasure at the Baroque monument of the Princess Chigi, worthy of the cemetery at Genoa. The Chigi Chapel itself, in spite of Raphael, leaves us cold. One of the great benefits of Rome is the familiarity with the antique that furnishes us with the exact measure of things, inspires a taste for general harmony, gives us the standard of comparison. I see the merits of this Chigi Chapel: its colour, its proportions, its statue of Jonas whose model was designed by Raphael. But the one primordial merit it has not: it is anything rather than a tomb. The Chigi–Rovere, at the time when they finished the chapel begun by their ancestor, were of that century when Rome saw everything from the point of view of pomp,—of beauty, if you will, but surely not of suitability to anything but the idea of overawing display. Whoever is impatient with the Baroque will be irritated here. This chapel of the dead Chigi is the atrium of a villa, a palatial bath-room, anything you like, pretty, full of grace, elegance, and attractiveness, but it is not a sepulchre. The Chigi, even when they employed Raphael, never understood the great Roman lesson of harmony. As for the mosaics, already become a dangerous branch of art, although designed by the painter of the Farnesina, they only inspired the succeeding century with the idea of using them to increase the brilliancy of their showy chapel.

The end of my visit is near. As I pass through the

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The Piazza del Popolo

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St. Maria del Popolo

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**The Tomb of Cardinal Sforza, St. Maria del Popolo**

Porta del Popolo, I feel my predecessors and masters close about me, filled with melancholy like myself. They, too, are leaving, and I go with them a piece on their way. We all sigh together. They envy me even these two short remaining days of my visit. It is all well enough to promise to meet again soon; it is a way to cover regret, like talking of other things. At the Ponte Molle we must separate. While they are raising the dust of the Flaminian Way, I turn off to walk along the Tiber towards Monte Mario. After taking a few steps I hear some one behind me. It is Chateaubriand kept here by his diplomatic greatness as well as by his desire to conclude the business of renting of the Caffarelli in order to finish his days there. The walk that I have just started to take is one that he loved above all others. Starting from the Ponte Molle where, in the trousers of the emissaries of the Allobroges, Cicero came upon the letters which proved the villainy of Catiline, passing the Villa Madama and ending at the Angelica Gate of the Borgo, are these not three stages of a promenade in which Chateaubriand's literary taste must have delighted? Ancient Rome, Charles V., the Vatican! All Roman history is held in those three names! I invite the great disillusioned Celt to bear me company "under the light and crumbling portals of the Villa Madama," but he is afraid that "under this architecture changed into a farm" he will not again meet the shy little girl, that fierce young savage "climbing like a goat," whom he saw here in his youth. With a kindly and majestic bow, he goes on rapidly toward the Vatican where, as

he well knows, he will weary the Holy See with his disdainful remarks. I leave him to his contradictory thoughts of domination and repose, those thoughts which made his life so magnificent with sadness, and I cross the fields where no goat-girl is to be seen, and climb up to the Villa Madama. Then I understand why my master would not come with me. The ruin is lamentable, more desolate than it was eighty years ago. The Neapolitan royal family treats its Roman house as the late Austrian Archduke treated his Tibertine villa, letting the beautiful masterpiece built by Tuscan taste fall into ruin bit by bit. It was Raphael who drew the plans, but it was a Medici who commanded them, and the beautiful Florentine style of the sixteenth century is found here without a blemish.

The villa spreads out its terraces upon the side of Monte Mario above the bend in the Tiber, the hills of the Pincio and the Sabine Mountains opposite. Behind the villa, the hill rises abruptly, covered with oaks. I steal in like a thief. No goat-girl is to be seen, but the farm still exists, which, for the sake of antithesis, the noble viscount placed within the walls of the house. The farm includes only the dependencies of the villa, and they are quite enough. The farmer, who protests that he has no goat-girl, showing me the way, I mount a stair, lacking half of its steps, which is cut in the supporting wall, and so reach the great level of the garden with the cascades which fill it with the babbling of running water. It tries to keep me out with its brambles, its puny old trees, and its too wild

rose bushes. At the end of the garden the ruins of a summer-house are still more lamentable. I see that one of the last stones is falling into the rank grass under which the basin has disappeared. Is it by a miracle that the balustrades of the terrace still hold? Along the mountain some vague remains of rock-work cling to the soil, the one helping the other to keep from falling, as the oak and chestnut saplings form the same brotherhood of mutual aid with the rocks they cleave. On the western side, there where the entrance used to be, not a trace of the garden remains. The court only is indicated, thanks to the semicircle of engaged columns which compose the façade. Stone benches flank the door and some wild-roses hang languishingly about it. I have to push aside the snowy branches to make a place to sit. It seems to me that the mountain has slipped down on this side in front of the wall and just stops upon the little esplanade where the eglantines find excuse for their innocence. The finished grace of the villa invites me in vain to look at it. I know its delicacy, the slightly haughty charm of inimitable Florence which Raphael, capable of everything, made his own. These great, brown walls seem dry, yet a window, a bit of cornice, any single detail suffices to enliven them. In the garden, how exquisite was the idea of that semicircle, which balanced the loggia, now walled in! The almost perfect square formed by the entire edifice would have been cold, but the loggia and the semicircle first, then, on the southern side, above the Tiber, the large, open balcony, give warmth to it all. Why do not the poverty and ruin that pos-

sess it prevent it from still breathing an air of happiness? There is too much affectation in this neglect, and it makes me angry when I think of the slight effort it would cost to maintain the dignity of so beautiful a place. The site, on the flank of Mario, is magnificent, the haughty peak which dominated the dome of Bramante and upon which there is now talk of placing a statue of Dante, following the suggestion of a Frenchman, M. Jean Carrère. When the great Florentine can look on this work of the Medici, I am sure he will forget his Ghibelline wrath and calm his spirit with indulgence in contemplating so beautiful a souvenir of his native land. Alas, today I do not dare to lift my eyes to those heights of scattered stones, covered with moss and lichens! It is better to look at the little roses falling on my knees. The sojourn of the Medici in Rome left three buildings which are among the most beautiful we can see. Their villa on the Pincio, now French, is celebrated throughout the world for the works of him who became Leo XI. The Palazzo Madama—which the Medici bought about the middle of the fifteenth century—at present occupied by the Italian Senate, has a frieze that is a wonder of sumptuous delicacy. France and Italy have saved their Medicean treasures, whereas the royal family of Naples has abandoned that which chance confided to their hands.[1] Madama is the

[1] Charles V.'s daughter, "Madama" Margareta of Austria, was the widow of Alessandro de' Medici when she became the wife of Ottavio Farnese, Duke of Parma, and was afterwards Regent of the Netherlands. The Villa, built by Cardinal Giulio

Cinderella of the Medicean daughters. Is it because of the injustice which has pursued her that she touches us more deeply than the others? How earnestly we trust that some king's son will discover her charms through the fineness of her bird-like foot which rests upon Monte Mario with such grace.

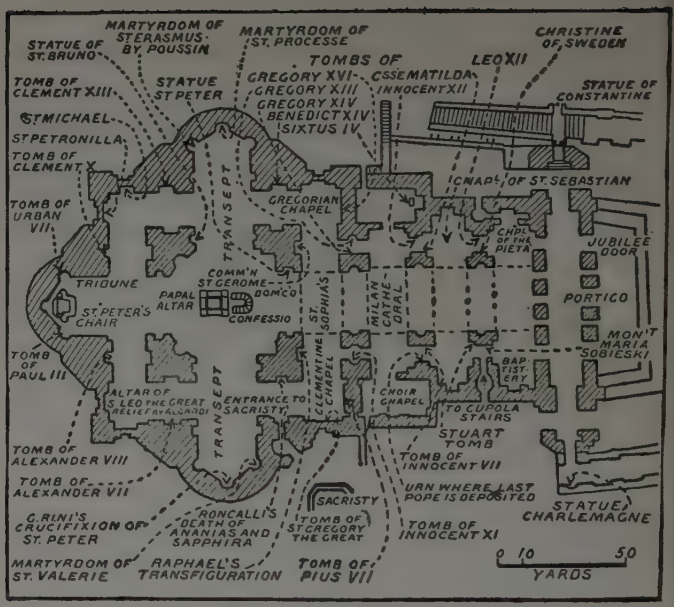
I have strolled into the loggia. "Has the king s son already come? Has a fairy granted my wish as soon as it is expressed?" I exclaim. An army of men with colours and brushes swarms the place, climbing high ladders, hanging upon the cornices, clinging to the windows, bending with twisted necks, even sitting tailor-fashion on the pavement, sleeves rolled up and blouses open, all whistling and singing at their work. Has the Count Caserta, and the Princess Maria Theresa of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, the proprietors, given heed at length to the laments of the visitors and begun to save the advancing ruin of the beautiful villa? Alas, no! These are not workmen, but bright young men from the Villa Medici, the French Art School, on their usual Saturday visit here to copy the work of Giovanni da Udine. The vaulting of the high, broad, luminous loggia is covered with most delightful decorations. Arabesques and garlands everywhere entwine medallions of mythological sub-

de' Medici, afterwards Clement VII., and the Palazzo, built on an old fortress, and in which was the Medici bank, were assigned to Madama Margareta under Paul III. Farnese. It was also occupied by Catarina de' Medici. Through Margareta's descendant Elizabetta Farnese, the Villa was inherited by the royal Bourbon family of Naples.—H. G.

jects in which the tenderest and most delicately changing shades of greens and pinks mingle with exquisite nude figures, an infinite variety over which reigns a masterly unity. In the festoons the flowers, light and fine, are all in bloom, none fade or wither. White and milky stuccoes curve over the ledges in the forms of nymphs and cupids.

Three vaultings and three apses thus round out under all the tones of joy and tenderness. Our young Frenchmen have long understood the charm of these loggias, rich in instruction, more characteristic, perhaps, than the loggias of the Vatican which are narrow compared to these, although more numerous. Perhaps the imposing pontifical palace constrained the freedom of the joyous fancy of Raphael's pupil, but in the shelter of the oaks of Monte Mario, in the villa where even the Cardinal hid his love affairs, Giovanni da Udine felt no other fetter than his own delicious good taste. The loggia of the Villa Madama is a model of decoration upon which artists may draw forever without fear of exhausting it. The moment that it marked passed rapidly. Raphael had just died and his posterity soon forgot his teaching. But this moment was before his influence had been blotted out. It makes us feel all the loss inflicted by the disappearance of the master at but thirty-seven years of age. If he had been able to prolong his lessons for another thirty years, two or three generations, at least, would have felt his inspiration and no doubt the Baroque would have been avoided. What a beautiful dream! Let us try to console ourselves by saying that if we

were to come upon it everywhere this loggia would seem less beautiful, less brilliant than it is here, animating these crumbling walls with the freshness of life. The whole of Monte Mario seems to rejoice in it, and I was filled with gaiety as I went down the hill toward the Porta Angelica, thinking of all those young French painters turning acrobats to plunder Giovanni da Udine's charming secrets.




**Twenty-ninth Day**

# THE THRONE ROOM

## St. Peter's

IT is the day before the last, and I have passed it all on the Vatican Hill. Different as the two spectacles are, it has not been time wasted to look at the works of Michelangelo and Raphael with eyes full of Myron and Praxiteles and *vice versa*. I have followed the influences of the one age upon the other, testing my own taste, verifying ideas in works.

And why? For the vast benefit of the pure pleasure it affords, this pastime is one to return to again and again. I have ordered myself to go elsewhere, plunged into other pleasures, hastened to form deliciously unfair judgments, but instinct has turned me back time after time; and now, when the parting hour has struck, how quickly I run to the spot where I am sure to be so happy! With the thought of *last time, last time* like an accompaniment to all my observations, I linger over the loved works, telling my mind to carry away only the highest and purest impressions. I have passed the morning with Michelangelo and Raphael, the afternoon with the antiques, and a rapid glance between at the Biblioteca and the Borgia apartments. Such a day would be overwhelming at the beginning of the visit, but, at the end, it is no more than enough to put one's sensations in order and settle one's judgments.

This last proof is what I believe everyone should put himself to with sincerity. I find no essential impression received during the earlier days of the visit seems changed, except that I have acquired a deeper wrath against the barbarous restorers of the marbles. When one has been day after day in the company of the most corroded antiquities, when one has learned to love their roughness, has been touched by their ruin and their scattered fragments, one finds himself unspeakably irritated by these prettily done-up statues, so clean, so complete, with every hole filled and showing such careful orthopædy. I want to pick out the restorations and try to imagine the statue without

them and to study and compare the different styles from that point of view. With such eyes I saw again the galleries of Pius VI., the Belvedere, the Braccio Nuovo, the Galleria dei Candelabri. It is rather a mad race, but for the fifth time! Alas, this is the moment when we all feel that to know Rome we must not visit it but live here! Yet one more gallery, and with a feeling deeper than regret, with remorse, I leave the Corridor Chiaramonti, more than half a mile of walls covered from base to ceiling with fragments and little sculptures. There are more than a thousand of them, not one indifferent and many sublime. When you enter the Chiaramonti you have much the same sort of feeling that took possession of you the first time you saw the gallery on the water side of the Louvre; that you cannot see everything, and, if you could, you could not remember it all. Fortunately the museums are shut at certain hours. How many of us would never go out of them, if they were not! Rome turns you out of hers early. At three o'clock I was obliged to leave the Vatican, but the doors shut upon a treasure of which I now have the key. I go quietly down the slope under Bramante's wall, round Saint Peter's and there I finish my day.

The difficulty is not to say what one thinks, but *not* to say it. Like everyone, I go into raptures over the Piazza, the fountains, the colonnade; I might recall that Napoleon wanted to pull down the houses opposite the church; I might condemn the façade of the church, regret that the drum of the lantern is hidden by that pompous front, admire the peristyle, distinguish the

work of Bramante from that of Michelangelo, trace the passage of the architect Raphael, lament the Baroque ornamentation, growl over what Bernini did, gape at the cupola, name the thirty tombs backed against their pillars, remark that the dome from the top of the pillars to the cross surmounting the lantern is higher than the Pantheon, that an entire church might stand in the space between the four pillars that support the cupola, and that the pontifical altar alone is higher than the pediment of the Louvre. I might talk of the invisible crowd and of the wonderful proportions of a temple which seems extraordinary in nothing but its richness. However determined I may be not to shirk any part of the task I have assumed, I cannot honestly linger over details to be found in every guide-book.

In the first place Saint Peter's does not seem to me smaller, I should say less large, than it really is. True, the eye is incapable of measuring distance. We are taught at school that everything appears "in a plan tangent to the eye." Only by the sense of touch can we learn the distance separating us from objects. No doubt education supplements this infirmity of the visual sense. In Saint Peter's education comes to the rescue efficaciously when we place ourselves at a certain point at the end of the transepts. From there its proportions of Bramante's work are apparent. If you do not find them so, it is because Saint Peter's advertisement of its extraordinary size, that is its harmony, has been broken by the three trusses added by the Baroque art in making a longitudinal church out of

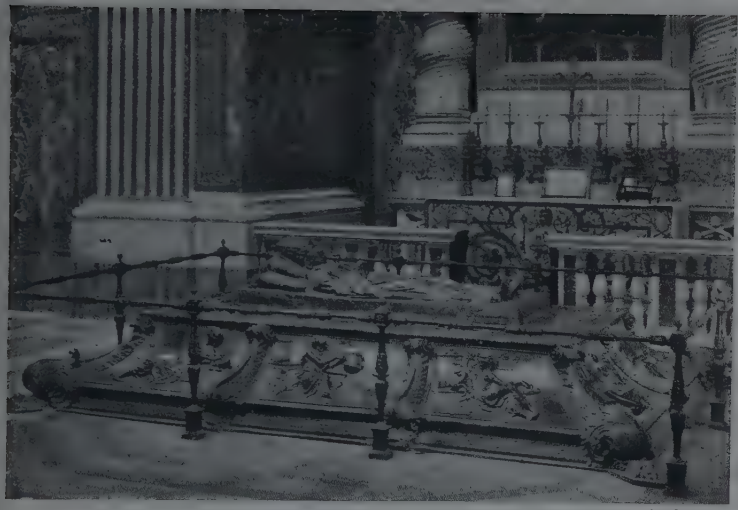
an equilateral temple. A great misdeed is there. Was it atoned for? Has Saint Peter's gained in any way to compensate for the impressiveness lost by this modification? Since majesty can no longer be seen with these balances, the loss should be made up at least by richness. Richness in great quantity certainly has been added, that, too, a means of giving grandeur to the edifice, numbering the elements which everywhere else would blind the beholder, but here are lost in immensity. In fact none of these surfaces but are carved, painted, covered with plaques, or do not carry some sort of decoration. Vaultings, pillars, arches, lunettes, domes, and panels are, from top to bottom, along and across, covered with paintings, mosaics, sculptures. Outside of the Corinthian capitals, which were excavated at the time they were placed here, and some columns, engaged, but with fillets, there is nothing rough or natural. Everywhere are heads of saints and of popes, coats of arms, angels, birds, flowers, branches, golds, greens, yellows, reds, marbles, porphyries, coffer designs, reliefs, and bronzes. Decoration, nothing but decoration! Not a pillar, not a corner, not a chapel that does not support or contain some monument, even many monuments. They are to suit all tastes, including bad tastes, happily unobtrusively submerged in the general effect. Other tombs are still to be added. You will see their places if you look; although care has been taken not to leave them too apparent by filling them temporarily with pictures, steles, bas-reliefs, and statues. Obviously the plan is to leave nothing bare

on which the eye can stare, nothing cold. Saint Peter's reminds me of the statue of a miraculous saint covered with jewels, but with this difference that the statue is so great and the jewels cover it with such a knowledge of the architectural and sumptuary necessities that it is only dressed and not disfigured.

So much for the *ensemble*, an effect which the details only accentuate. For instance, Bernini's bronze canopy over Maderno's *Confessio* in front of the high altar is enormous, magnificent, dazzling, crushing. Behind it Bernini's *Gloria* splashes its radiance, frightful in its massive heaviness and useless prodigality. The doors and grilles here and there are suitable for citadels and public gardens. The statues are cut for pediments a hundred feet above the ground. Where shall I find something simple, normal, something that is not extravagant? I find that, too, in plenty but not in the form I should like, for, suddenly I realize that nowhere have I found God. There is no end of altars. But not one have I seen that serves purely for the purpose to which it was dedicated; always some foreign object distracts my attention from the Divinity.

When the table of the Eucharist does not disappear under a monument, it is annihilated by some famous picture. It never stands out; I must remind myself to look for it. Just now Bernini's *Gloria* made me forget Saint Peter's chair—which it includes. The *Confessio* is surrounded by eighty-nine burning lamps —the rule calls for but thirty-six. Besides, a pope

stands at the entrance. It is Pius VI. by Canova, of which Stendhal said facetiously: "The head is treated with a softness that increases the resemblance." Is there not a corner of the vast church where one can be with God? Perhaps in those two great chapels shut in by iron gates fitted with glass where the offices are usually celebrated? Alas, they are even more overloaded than the others. The first contains, among other things, Thorwaldsen's excellent statue of Pius VII. The other shelters one of the marvels of the Renaissance, Pollaiuolo's tomb of Sixtus IV. Who but an ascetic or a dunce could look past these bronzes to contemplate the Cross? Could you pray before the tabernacle behind which stood Michelangelo's *Pietà?* When you wish to look thoughtfully at the ancient wooden episcopal chair of Saint Peter, as if Bernini's bronze fantasy of the *Cathedra Petri* were not distraction enough, you must find your eyes riveted upon his tomb of Urbain VIII. This tomb is the most restrained of Bernini's works, the most beautiful thing we have from that artist who belittled a noble genius. The tomb, in bronze and marble, is so superb in strength, the figure of the pope seated with such majesty, the expression is so true that it might have been signed by Ghiberti. Opposite, the Paul III. by Guglielmo della Porta is still more superb. Now we come to Canova who impresses me here as he did in the Villa Borghese and at the Belvedere. The monuments to Clement XIII. and to the Stuarts are masterpieces whose charm of sweetness and ease of line can never



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The Tomb of Sixtus IV

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St. Peter's

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La Pieta by Michael Angelo, St. Peter's

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The Tomb of Urban VIII

be sufficiently admired. They make us understand the furore created by their appearance in the world of art. Today, however, we are calmer, better able to compare Canova with those with whom he ranked himself, his neighbours of the Belvedere. This comparison is possible only to Canova's posterity who have taken the way he opened, and we should not forget that. We find Canova a little too soft, too fond of roundnesses, too anxious to please, but, with some reserves, we admire his effort, his rectitude, and his good sense. We see what he lacks, but let us not forget that he has given back to us the spirit of the antique which, before he came, seemed lost forever in the madness of the Baroque. We must not place him beside Pollaiuolo, but by his immediate successors, Bernini, for example, and then we shall know how to appreciate him. Although with feeble and much too languid grasp, Canova took up the ancient Greek traditions of pure and sincere expression in art, yet not even he can give to me the impression that I am in the world's principal house of God. Saint Peter's is that first church, and wealth and pomp are vying with each other to give it the supreme expression of power—whose power? I cannot believe that wealth and pomp express the supreme power of God; I believe that God is a higher power; but nothing here tells me that those who built and decorated this preeminent house of God were filled with the idea of making it speak only of the All Good, the Universal, the Almighty Father of Men. If it had been their object to glorify Him they would have shown, not

hidden Him. He has been assigned second place. Everywhere we see but human exaltation—with relation to God, we may be told. But why these intermediaries, why all these quasi-divine pontiffs between God and us? It is a dangerous game, so dangerous that I have lost by it. The old basilica would have been enough to move me, deeply, to great tenderness. This new one is the least religious of all the basilicas one may see in this religious Rome so full of attractive church drawing-rooms! Saint Peter's was rebuilt at the same time as the Vatican, that is to say by the popes intoxicated with the idea of temporal power. That tells the whole story.

Julius II., who is called the great founder and restorer of the monarchical papacy, and whom I once designated as the destroyer of the papacy, was, if not the initiator of the present church, at least its creator. The same mind that presided over the Vatican presided over Saint Peter's. That same mind, too, called into existence the Roman palaces we have seen to which the Baroque was so wonderfully suitable, the mind of which that art was the monumental and plastic expression. With Julius II. the papal monarchy was installed, the next necessity was to develop it monarchically, that is to say, with pomp and show, in the manner of the times. As the monarchy grew, Saint Peter's was enlarged, modified, embellished, parallel in taste and in the necessity to shine with dazzling brilliancy. Saint Peter's has been but an annex to the Vatican, the throne room where the monarch presides at the ceremonies which attest his

dignity. It was built to show the pope in his regal setting. It was necessary for the pontiff, as for every sovereign of that time, to appear superhuman, but more necessary for him than for any other sovereign since he was the emanation of God. If you accept Montalembert's expression, "the idol of the Vatican," Saint Peter's is the altar of that idol, and nothing but that. The decorations, the tombs, everything in it proclaim the grandeur, the formidable majesty of the master of the faithful. Some people have a feeling of respect for the pope, either in approaching the pontifical presence or in merely calling up his image from the depths of their hearts. With others it is necessary to make an emotional appeal to the senses. Saint Peter's is for the latter class, for the hundreds of thousands who feel more than they think. Like the Vatican, like the Roman palaces, it was built to give to the people—for whom it is a reception room—the most dazzling idea possible of the sovereign, to inspire them with adoration and submission. The services, the ceremonies, processions were devised to captivate, even to overpower the imagination. The people crush one another to see them and men have long been accustomed to yelling *vivas* as the chief—the humble Christ's resplendent representative—passes, blesses the innumerable throngs, and disappears. He is terrible, he is tutelary, also, watching over his children, and, even as they do, he withdraws to a little chapel in order to pray to God for them.

Seen in this light, Saint Peter's is perfect. It is flooded with harmonious reason. If it is lacking in

warmth to us, that is because we do not share the delirium of the faithful. That should not prevent us from understanding it. Saint Peter's is a wing of the Vatican. We must accept it as such, not as a church but a chapel of the pontifical palace. The palace being the proud residence of the king of God's earthly realm, the chapel should be an imposing one, corresponding to the terrible power of the sovereign and making that power patent to all beholders. What will be the ultimate outcome of this hypertrophy of the Vatican? We are all free to think of it. I spoke my thoughts on it at the time of my visit to the Lateran. Today I need linger only over the work itself, independent of its destiny. The work is satisfying because it perfectly expresses the sentiments which guided the hands of its architects. In the gallery of the Vatican Museum I was overcome with admiration for the painstaking popes who collected and arranged so luxuriously the masterpieces of antiquity. This pious and personal feeling of the popes is felt by the faithful in Saint Peter's. Under a religious form it is the same gratitude, the same reverence, the same deference multiplied and magnified a hundredfold by faith. I have looked with compassion at the windows of the palace from which the Medici, Farnese, Pamfili, Chiaramonti watched the moving of the treasures which they had amassed into the galleries of the Belvedere. What must have been the emotion of the faithful who saw appear in this magnificent room which is Saint Peter's a Gregory VII., a Sixtus V., a Pius VII., and some of the martyrs! If we

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**The Temple of Antoninus and Faustina**

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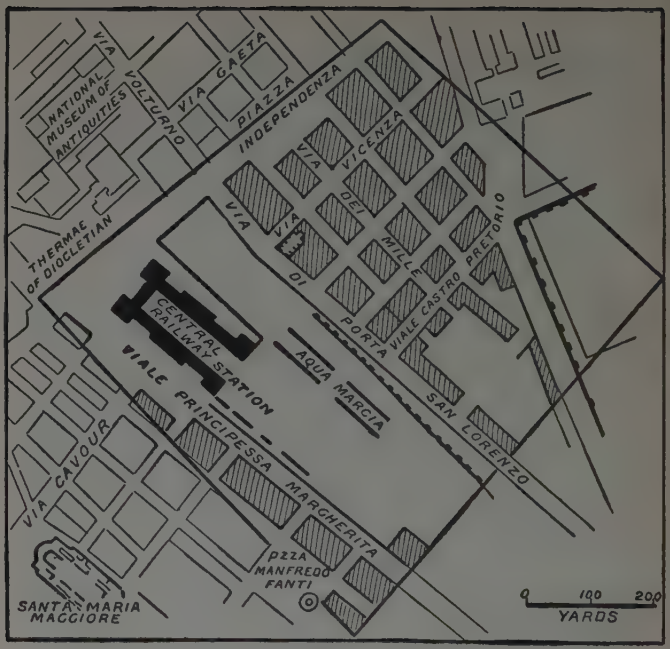
**The Arch of Constantine**

see Saint Peter's with their eyes, perhaps we may still be indifferent to certain portions of its art, but, at least we will hear its eloquence because we understand it.




**Thirtieth Day**

# IN EXITU

## Forum

WHERE shall we go today? What shall we see, re-see? I feel overcome with weakness, incapable of choosing, I am tempted to go to the railway station as soon as I am up and sit waiting on the platform, like an emigrant, until the train is ready to take me away. I tell myself that I will not say good-bye, but will go away brusquely, as when

one must leave the person one loves. Yet I am afoot the first thing in the morning, profiting by some early rising priests to enter a few churches. As soon as it is open I go into the museum of the Thermæ and my eyes gaze madly about trying to take in everything and give it a lasting stamp into my memory. In eating my luncheon, I take a farewell look at the Corso, the Piazza di Venezia, at the city whose illuminated evenings and soft nights I love. Then, after a long halt at the Capitol where I felt the old anger because I could not fix all the forms I saw in my memory, here I am for the last hour, seated on the steps of the Basilica Julia. The Forum has given me the noblest emotion of my life, and to it I dedicate my last look and thought. In it I feel the culmination of all my love of Rome, much more, my whole self, whatever I may have of culture—my Latin blood. To it I will confide my supreme thought and my sadness at leaving Rome. To it I will tell what it costs me to fill the last page of my note-book. Oh, I am not proud of these pages! Every writer in putting his words into final order finds them inferior, taxes his nerves in vain for expressions more apt for the feelings that move him. I know the writing malady! And if ever I have tested the weakness of words it is here where I seem to have said nothing of what should be said and that what I have said is not as it should be, insipid, colourless, not to the point. I have felt too much to speak, far too much to write! The only thought with which I can console myself is that I have been sincere. Is that enough? Every

author has need of indulgence, but he who dares rush in and attack Rome, can only ask his fellows to deal as kindly as they can with his peculiar form of the human weakness from which not one of us is exempt.

I hear the reproaches that will be raised against me; my own are more severe, but the criticisms that sting me the deepest of all are from Rome herself. Why did I not speak of this thing, of that, why not stop here and there? Ingrate, who has said almost nothing of the Roman fountains, when there are such gay and charming ones as the Tartaruga, the Trevi, the Quattro Fontane, and many others! Then there are the Colonna Gardens, the Trophies of Marius, Santa Croce, the Hospital of the Santo Spirito, Santi Apostoli, San Marco, Capucini, Santi Quattro Coronati, Minerva Medica, the Villa of Pope Julius, the Corsini gallery of drawings, the San Luca. Oh for another thirty days in Rome, and yet other thirties! I have seen all these places, however, but because I have not seen them well, I have said nothing about them. I wanted to make this book light enough to carry about; is it already too heavy? I excuse myself as did Stendhal at the close of two volumes: "I beg pardon for speaking briefly and in a way trenchantly. Often three words put in the place of one would add grace to the form, but they would carry this itinerary into three volumes." I have but one at my disposal.

Perhaps my enthusiasm will be found too indulgent. Of course one must give his reasons when he offers his criticism, and I believe I have not failed to furnish the motives of my admiration. Is it my fault if

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**The Temple of Peace**

Anderson

The Arch of Titus

almost all that I have seen seemed to me beautiful? But if that reproach is laid at my door, it will be but partly true since it be clear that I have taken pains to judge things not from my own point of view, by my own taste, but on their own merits, that is to say, I have tried to understand them. It has always seemed to me pretentious to say that a thing is beautiful or ugly, good or bad. When the object has pleased me, rather than condemn it, I have looked for the reasons behind it, why it was made as it was. My indulgence toward the Baroque art or toward Saint Peter's, for instance, may be despised. I am resigned even to that, preferring an explanation to an opinion. What is my opinion but the view of fallible and contradictory man? That which is much more important and that which all the world is not expected to know is the moral reasons which presided over the material presentation of the human monument, over the plastic expression of the artistic idea. In that a little book like this may be useful; it may help to draw in the claws and change a pout into a reasonable reflection and the simple question why. What an advance in the study of art and man! This method has its dangers which I certainly have not avoided: that of making us too indulgent toward what merits nothing but severe criticism. Even a rascal, when we know his heart, makes us find excuses for him. He loved his mother so! Things, too, have their mothers, who work upon our feelings and arouse our forgiveness just as soon as we begin to ask them about their detestable, and almost always pitiable, child.

Perhaps there is one more reproach that I should raise against myself. In fearing to make my visions embrace too much, have I not made them include too little? Why do I return to the Forum for the last hour in Rome when I have passed so many here? Because I am not completely satisfied with all that I have seen among these crumbling ruins? Rome, more than any other city in Italy compels us to be constantly changing our ideas of things. From the first day, I have seen it as a living museum. Imagination is as indispensable to the traveller as acquaintances. Before such monuments as the Palatine, the Thermæ of Caracalla, the Pantheon, and this Forum, artistic taste and goodwill are not enough; one must be capable of setting up again for himself the ruins scattered on the ground about him. He must feel himself inspired by the breath of enthusiasm. The beauty of Rome resides in that which no longer is as much as in that which we can see. Have I sufficiently expressed this profound feeling of perpetuity? I have if I have made clear my own sentiment. The most modest of men has an easy task when he is called upon to do nothing but feel. No one, however resolved he may be to have no emotions without tangible reasons, can walk about Rome in indifference to the past. In fact he comes here for nothing but the past, and at the end of two days he will be possessed by it to his infinite happiness, though he knows that he can never bring it back. At least that is what I feel here, and I am afraid that I have never made strong enough this perpetual con-

trast which is also a continuous harmony between the dead city and the modern city. But to have done so would have made an enormous as well as a tiresome book, and for avoiding the making of that I am sure of forgiveness.

In these last minutes in the Forum, I have learned a great lesson in wisdom. Not only, as one may think, the disdain of all vanities—which is no small thing—but also an indifference toward everything that does not contribute to my happiness. I expect you to laugh. I shall laugh at this myself tomorrow, but I still contend that you will say that I have been a happy man. Why? Because of the greatest and most beautiful work done by humanity. Two cities have created what constitutes the life of the Latin race: Athens gave us beauty, Rome gave us law and afforded asylum and pulpit to ethics in absorbing Greece and Christianity. To say this is to attest that nothing counts in Rome but the antique. I have already expressed my conviction that the two phenomena which may be cited in opposition to this statement we owe to antiquity: that Michelangelo and Raphael would never have been what they were if they had not received the kiss of the Belvedere. Undeniably, the antique dominates everything. The Forum has become such a powerful influence over me for no other reason than because in this narrow valley is the whole of the ancient philosophy. A visit to Rome can only be a hymn to antiquity. That alone soars above every other memory, dominating, leading, commanding all our thoughts. The thoughts

that swept me at the Vatican come back. Rome is the base of our modern life. He who knows her at the dawn of his maturity will be guided inevitably all his life by the sentiments then awakened in him. He who knows her only at middle life will have but one desire: to begin his life over again and direct it with a nobility hitherto wanting in his character. Will he succeed? That is another matter. The imperious desire to be worthy of what he has seen and understood, even the unconscious effort, hidden under the small matters of daily life, are not they the things we most admire, what we find pure and sublime in the past? Men are mean and hypocritical, passionate and contradictory. In the time of the Gracchi there were plenty of villainies lying deep in human hearts. Nevertheless we consider the Rome of the Gracchi as heroic. It was surely. So are we in spite of our pettinesses. We are so by the obscure instinct that leads us notwithstanding the selfish profit we draw from the silliness of the crowd of which we are a part. Always something of our aspirations abides with us under our most vulgar, even culpable actions. When a chapter in history is summed up we are surprised at the balance on the side of good. No city can show stronger units than Rome in that addition. If, with all the shortcomings of my book, it may inspire in any one the desire to know his Rome, I shall not have wasted my time in writing it, and, as the human heart so often makes up for failure in what it has set out to do, so I, falling short, perhaps as traveller, may succeed as man and citizen. Without too great

shame I may taste the ineffable pain of the memory of my effort and shed tears which, like those of Ovid, will not be sterile:

> "Cum subit illius tristissima noctis imago
> Quæ mihi supremum tempus in Urbe fuit,
> Cum repeto noctem, quæ tot mihi cara reliqui:
> Labitur ex oculis nunc quoque gutta meis."

At any rate, I shall have won the privilege of being able to quote from the Latin without making myself ridiculous.

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